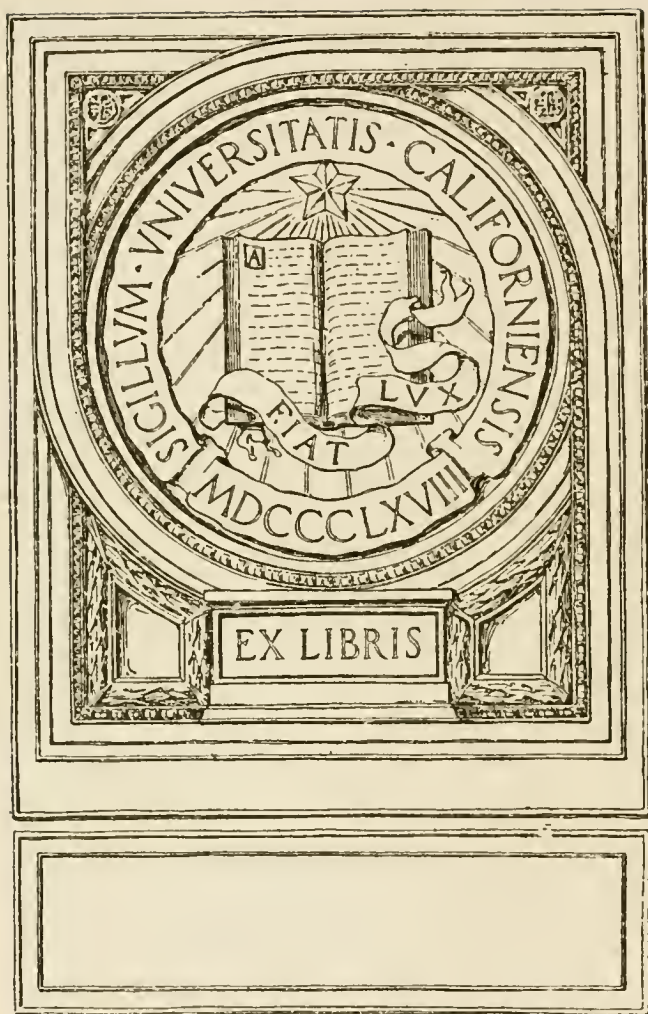


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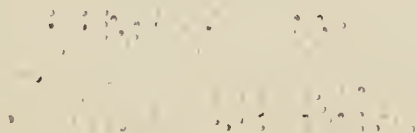
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BARCELONA, MADRID, TOLEDO
CORDOVA, SEVILLE, GRANADA

BY

FREDERICK H. A. SEYMOUR

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS



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Preface

FOR many reasons, the author of these pages decided to limit his tour in Spain to but a small portion of the Peninsula. He was desirous chiefly of visiting those Cities where the Moors had founded their greatest seats. And therefore Andalusia forms the greater portion of the volume. There is no country in Europe where hasty travelling is more to be deprecated. What is called a "scamper through Spain," leads to no profitable result. Not only is the Country so vast, but the distinctions of Race, and the divergencies of language are so marked, that each day of travel convinces the least observant that the term "Spain" is indeed a geographical expression. The Spaniards never talk of a "Spain." It is with them "Las Espanas."

Even if you call a Spaniard, a Spanish "Hidalgo," he is not flattered. *He* is a Catalonian: *he* is a Castilian: *he* is an Andalusian (as the case may be). These strong marked idiosyncrasies,—this provincio-mania: this superb parochialism of theirs,

greatly enhances the interesting character of the country, from whatever point of view it be regarded. It, nevertheless, has continued greatly to retard the political development. For the Spanish Provinces with their idiosyncrasies of race, language, and customs, and with their mutual jealousies and suspicions, have rendered real union impossible.

Such things make it difficult for the foreigner to acquire a real knowledge of the country as a whole, or to make much progress in an ever-varying language. From the Basque Provinces to Granada, you will encounter almost as many tongues as were prevalent at Babel.

At Madrid, *e.g.*, you have picked up a little choice Castillan, (the Spanish equivalent of the "lingua Toscana in bocca Romana,") and upon stepping over to Seville, you find yourself not "understanded" of the people. A man of Toledo, again, cannot comprehend a Sevillian, — and so forth.

Thus, many of the anomalies and contradictions, which become so apparent as you go on in your travels, may be explained by such ethnological diversities.

So many Races have poured themselves forth upon the Peninsula, from every point of the compass, that Spain may be regarded as a conglomeration of nations. In this regard she is the exact counterpart of Sicily. The same Races in the same order have descended upon her.

For the Normans, substitute the Vandals and the

Visigoths, and the parallel seems complete. It is an astonishing retrospect!

How many great names belonging to these nations have indelibly inscribed themselves upon her varied history, and how magnificent are the heroes that have swayed her shifting fortunes!

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HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MOORISH OCCUPATION OF SPAIN

THE Phœnicians,—those Yankees of the antique world,—with their skill in navigation and their bustling energy in the development of trade and commerce, were the first to acquaint themselves with the inexhaustible resources of the mineral wealth of the Peninsula, to which the indigenous population of the country have maintained a lethargic indifference.

To the Phœnicians succeed the bellicose Carthaginians, with even greater energy, and in a wider field. For Hannibal, the most splendid military genius that has ever appeared in History, made Spain the basis of operations for his astonishing campaigns in Italy.

The echoes of those tremendous conflicts,—the Punic Wars,—seem scarcely yet to have died out.

It was but natural that the ubiquitous Romans, who were on the road to universal Empire, would seize the slightest pretext for adding so splendid a region of the earth to their dominion. The quarrel between themselves and Hannibal, over the small

City of Saguntum (Murviedro), which led to the second Punic War, gave them their opportunity. Doubtless, had that *casus belli* failed them, they could have found another equally serviceable for their pretensions.

So it came about, that Spain, in her turn, had to pass beneath the Roman yoke, and that later on in Roman History the two greatest of the Scipios, and finally the greatest of all Romans, Julius Cæsar, have gathered some of their most imperishable laurels in that harassed land.

When, in its turn, the Roman Empire was tumbling to pieces, it was the Vandals, and then the Visigoths, in Spain, who were to complete the ruin of that once world-wide Empire.

The year 409 is given as the date of the arrival of the Vandals in Spain.

This Confederacy of Teutonic Races from the North Coast of Germany, seems to have been possessed of even greater restlessness than most of the tribes of similar origin. For we have scarcely met with them in the sunny regions of Spain, which to them should have appeared as a veritable Land of Promise, after their sojourn in the sterile tracts of Dacia and Pannonia; then they are found, twenty years after their arrival in Spain, passing over to Africa. Probably, only a portion of them, whatever too brusque chroniclers may have said. For the Vandals certainly founded a powerful kingdom, that of Vandalusia, one which still bears their name.

Kingdoms are not formed so rapidly, nor are migrations of whole peoples quite so cursory.

It may be assumed, therefore, upon very palpable grounds, that when the Visigoths came down upon Spain from Italy, where they had a hundred years previously signalised themselves under Alaric by the plunder of Rome, they may have been not at all hostilely actuated towards their kith and kin who had preceded them in the occupation of the country. Be that as it may, the kingdom of the Visigoths endured for over two centuries.

Perhaps a brief period in the life of a nation, but a memorable one in the history of Christianity.

For, in Spain was fought out to its end the long and bitter struggle between Arianism and the orthodox Faith. Ever since the days of Constantine, Europe had been divided into hostile camps, arrayed against each other upon this absorbing question. It need but briefly be mentioned in this place, that it was in Spain that the Arian Heresy was now totally and finally subdued. From that hour to the present, Spain has maintained her proud position of unswerving devotion to the Faith as promulgated by the See of Saint Peter.

In the course of subsequent centuries, we know but too well how mercilessly the Spanish monarchs have suppressed any swerving from the orthodox Faith. But we have no reason to believe that the cruelties inflicted by them have been obnoxious to the Spanish people. If the rulers have been remorseless bigots, their subjects have met them quite half way.

In the sufficiently long list of the Gothic Kings, there are but two names that need here be mentioned.

They are those of Wamba, 672 ; and of Roderic, the Last of the Goths, 709. In the earlier years of King Wamba, the African Saracens, whom we know as the Moors, had already begun to cast covetous glances towards the opposite coast. Letting "I dare not wait upon I would" was never an adage amongst Saracenic Proverbs. It was still early in Wamba's reign that, the Moors, having got together a large fleet, made a desperate attempt to land upon the Spanish coast. Wamba was ready for them, and having assembled a still more formidable fleet, was able to scatter the Moorish forces to the winds, even capturing, as it is said, two hundred and seventy vessels. This was the first occasion upon which the Moors and Spanish Goths had encountered each other. This defeat, disastrous as it had turned out for the Moors, would have been for many other nations annihilation. The Saracen is not so summarily to be disposed of. In the hour of unsuccessful battle, that fine tenet of his Faith, "Islam," or, Resignation, is no longer regarded as a cardinal point.

The Moor comprehends better than any other man "*se reculer pour mieux sauter.*" When the African Saracens made their second and successful spring, which was to give them the Dominion of Spain for more than seven hundred years, another monarch was seated on the Gothic throne. It was in the year 709 that, Roderic, the Last of the

Goths, commenced his brief reign, and it was in the year 712 that he was defeated by Tarik in the fateful Battle of Guadalete, a few miles from Cadiz. That victory, surely one of the decisive battles of the world, put an end for ever to the Gothic dynasty.

Tarik, who was merely a freedman of the Saracen Viceroy in Africa,—Muza,—has won an enduring monument in the Rock of Gibraltar.

For the name of Jebul-Tarik,—mountain of Tarik—was thenceforth given to what had been known as the Rock of Calpé. Roderic's fate has remained doubtful. The Arabs declare that he was killed by Tarik's own spear, and that the head of the defeated King was sent to the Caliph at Damascus. The Spaniards chose to hold otherwise, and occupied themselves, (or their poets did so,) in weaving many a legend in celebration of his subsequent adventures. Lockhart, in his "Spanish Poems," has translated one of the most poetical. Southey, in his "Last of the Goths," has employed himself in a similar spirit in a poem of considerable length. Walter Scott, too, wrote "A Vision of Don Roderic."

But all the legends of Roderic's survival seem summarily disposed of by the fact that Abdalaziz,—the son of Muza,—and who ruled Spain from Seville in the absence of his ill-fated father, espoused Roderic's widow, by name Egilona. But it is not important whether Roderic were killed or not. The Moorish dynasty was established by his defeat.

The astonishing rapidity with which the change

of dynasties was effected in Spain, and the wonderful success of the Moors in the establishment of sound government and good order throughout the Peninsula, whilst enhancing our admiration for the administrative genius of that great Race, cannot but cause our wonder that the Spanish Nation, (or, as we might term it, the Roman-Gothic) should have been so little capable of resistance.

There must have been something radically weak in the national character.

The besetting sin of the Race, a narrow provincialism, an incapacity for union, must, even then, have been working at the roots. Even religious feeling, that thirst for the triumph of their Faith, which has often, in Spain, been found to be a substitute for patriotism, seems at *that* time to have been, if not absent, inoperative.

It does not surprise us, therefore, that the Moors, dazzled as they were, by the extraordinary brilliancy of their triumph, should have been led into the fatal mistake of even under-rating the capacity of so weak an enemy. They should have recognised in the feeble opposition which they had met, the pernicious results of disunion. They had scarcely established themselves upon the seats of their predecessors, when they were agitated by all the evils which rivalries, jealousies, and dissensions engender.

The facile triumph which the Crescent had gained over the Cross blinded their eyes to the apparently insignificant, but really portentous fact that the ~~the~~^{re} still remained in Asturias a small Christian

Power, which would swell and increase until it finally attained such formidable proportions as to challenge the very existence of the Moorish Supremacy.

The Moors, as they well might do, over-rated their own strength. Strong as they undoubtedly had proved themselves to be, they were in too great a hurry to manifest their indomitable qualities to the rest of Europe. Like Alexander, they sighed for other worlds to conquer. But it was before that they had consolidated the conquests they had already made. It was but twenty-one years since that Tarik had landed at Gibraltar, when Abderahman, the Emir, burst over the Pyrenees at the head of an immense host and flung himself upon Charles Martel, at or near Tours, 732. It is a matter of history, the reception which Abderahman and his huge army met upon those disastrous fields.

Abderahman was killed, and such of his hosts, (there could not have been many of them,) as found their way back to Spain, had but a doleful tale to recount to their brothers of the Crescent upon the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

Charles Martel showed no inclination to complete his huge victory, by any pursuit of the vanquished army. Another surprising feature was, that the people of Spain should not have seized the opportunity of rising during the absence from the Kingdom of so large a proportion of their conquerors. It must be supposed that Abderahman had taken every precaution against such an eventuality. Yet not even the destruction of a

host so vast, it would seem, could put any heart into the cowed people of the Peninsula.

Recognising the fatal error they had made in their hasty attempt to subjugate the Frankish Race, the Emirs, thenceforward, directed all their energies to consolidate their Empire in Spain. So far as they could be assisted in their self-imposed labours, by inexhaustible supplies of the followers of Mahomet from all the regions which acknowledged his sway, their task was no difficult one.

Their only embarrassment was to find territories and occupations sufficient to satisfy the demands and expectations of the new-comers.

Singularly skilful hands are required so to apportion and distribute new acquisitions of territory to colonists whose imaginations have already been set aflame by travellers' tales of the Eldorados and Californias which await occupation in distant lands.

Each man, whatever be his origin, conceives himself to possess a peculiar claim and right to that far more advantageous strip of ground which may have been assigned to a less deserving neighbour. Eventually, however, it seems that all the motley hordes from all parts of the East were induced to settle down in the diverse regions allotted to them by the Emirs.

We hear of soldiers from Damascus planted in Cordova and the environs. They were fortunate men indeed, for Cordova was destined to rival, even to surpass, Baghdad in splendour and luxury. Upon the immigrants from Palestine was bestowed

Algeciraz. Toledo and the vicinity were assigned to Persians, and to Arabs from Arabia Felix. Egyptians gratefully accepted the Western Coast of Portugal (for Portugal, too, had passed into the possession of the Moors).

But the most fertile and attractive region of Spain,—Granada,—became the heritage of ten thousand Syrian horsemen.

These references to the different Races,—all sons of Mahomet,—who now spread themselves over Spain and Portugal,—may give some idea of the miscellaneous blood that has modified the character of the Celt-Iberian Stock.

Napoleon is reported to have said: “Scratch a Russian and you will show up the Tartar.”

What race would he have found uppermost had he caused that operation to be performed upon a native of the Iberian Peninsula, the which he in vain had sought to subdue?

It was in the year 750 that the horribly-famous Massacre of the Omeiyads took place at Damascus. It must be referred to, even in this outline of the Moorish occupation of Spain, because of the instantaneous and momentous effect that it had upon Spain and her subsequent history. For some few years previous to that shocking occurrence, Spain had been convulsed by dissensions amongst the Emirs. The jealous and short-sighted policy of the Caliphs at Damascus, had always been one of fomenting the rivalries of the eminent men to whom they owed the acquisition of the Spanish Peninsula. By such means Damascus gave herself

an excuse of ridding herself, by assassination or banishment, of such men whose inconvenient prominence might threaten her own predominance.

But the hideous Massacre of the Omeiyads, at Damascus, came as a final shock to the forbearance of the Moorish Chiefs. That forced them to determine that their own security as well as the welfare of the kingdom should no longer be at the mercy of some capricious Abbasid Caliph in far-distant Damascus. There must have been many adherents and friends of the great Omeiyad Clan at that time in Spain, and to them the rulers of the country would have naturally resorted for a solution of their difficulties. It was known, fortunately enough, that one of the great Race had succeeded in evading the pursuit of the blood-hounds who were upon his track, and that he had taken refuge in Africa.

Upon his being discovered somewhere upon the Coast of Barbary, he was immediately invited to land in Spain and to oust the unpopular nominee of the Abbasid faction from the throne. Abd-al-Rahman, (such was the name of the young Omeiyad,) elected to make Cordova his Seat of government, and forthwith assumed the title of Caliph of that City. His firm yet gentle character,—his virtues and accomplishments at once captivated the imagination of his new subjects, and inaugurated so happy a condition of things that the Epoch of Abd-al-Rahman, and that of his direct Successors,—a period embracing over 270 years,—has been always regarded as the Golden Age of the Moorish *régime* in Spain.

That remarkable prince, during the long course of his thirty years' reign, devoted his existence towards the improvement and development of his Country. He took under his special care the construction of roads and bridges,—the erection of Schools and hospitals, and the maintenance of Mosques. We may be sure that he did not neglect the embellishment of his own Capital, which, for splendour, and luxury, and learning, soon rivalled Baghdad.

He declared that he would build a Mosque which for size and magnificence should surpass that of Damascus. He kept his word. If he did not live to complete it, he commenced and designed it with artists under his personal supervision. It remains to the present day, although tampered with, by a Race even more fantastical than his own, the admiration of the world; a stupendous monument of the architectural genius of the Saracen-Race and of his own undying fame.

During the period in which Abd-al-Rahman flourished a remarkable change had passed over the character of the Arabian Race. The fiery and restless nature of the nation seemed softened by the progress of years. Since the repulse suffered by their arms upon the Field of Tours, we hear no more of the necessity for the subjugation of Europe. The delight of battle seems to have yielded to a desire for repose,—for the softer attractions of literature and for the indulgence of refined tastes. Not that the Arabs had been wholly insensible to the charms of a certain literary culture. During their

wanderings over their huge deserts in the course of centuries, their vivid imagination had often been fired by the contemplation of the boundless expanses of the starry heavens above them. Even more irresistibly the beauty of their maidens appealed to their ardent souls as they found themselves alone with the objects of their passion, far away from the bustle and hum of the haunts of men. Even the matchless qualities of one of their fleet steeds of unblemished lineage, or the swiftness of some camel, almost as valuable, would elicit from one of their Bedouin-poets an ode or a sonnet as full of fire and imagery as a poem of Hafiz or a song of Solomon.

Yet there had been nothing hitherto to account for the extraordinary thirst now suddenly manifested for all the great literary productions, and in all languages, of the genius of the Western Unbelievers.

It was little more than a hundred years since the blind and unreasonable hatred of fanatics for all the productions of European intellect had culminated in the destruction by Omar of the priceless Alexandria Library.

And now the dreams of Western Sages, the speculations of Philosophy, the researches of Science were being discussed and debated upon the shores of the Tigris or the Guadalquivir with as much ardour as they had formerly been upon the banks of the Ilissus. Never before or since have swords so unexpectedly and suddenly been laid aside upon book-shelves!

A short passage from Croly's "History of

Arabia" may be quoted here. His account of the Caliphate of Haroun-al-Raschid in Baghdad elucidates a very similar state of things at Cordova. Abd-al-Rahman, it may be stated, died very shortly after the accession of Haroun-al-Raschid, which took place in the year 786. Baghdad then became the resort of poets, philosophers, and mathematicians, from every country and of every Creed. Ambassadors and agents in Armenia, Syria, and Egypt, were ordered to collect the most important books that could be discovered. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Baghdad, laden with volumes of Greek, Hebrew, and Persian literature : and such as were thought to be adapted to instruction, were, by the royal command, translated by the most skilful interpreters into the Arabic language, that all classes might read and understand them.

It is further said that, the Arabs acknowledged as their chief Philosopher, Aristotle himself. And it is even alleged that through their medium it was that the works of the great Stagyrte were made known to Europe. Dr. Croly goes on to say that, Arabian learning shone with even greater brilliancy in Spain herself, and flourished to a later period than in the Eastern schools.

But to return to the attractive personality of Spain's first Omeiad Caliph. It is needful to inquire what was the attitude which Abd-al-Rahman assumed towards the Christians in Spain. Toleration towards heretics, once upon a time, had been by no means a characteristic of the Saracens.

The Moors in Spain now proved themselves a singularly adaptive Race. At no time in that country, not even upon their first landing, did they ever think it necessary to hunt down the Christians upon the score of faith. Abd-al-Rahman himself is certainly not open to the charge of severity in his dealings with his Christian subjects. Indeed, the Moors might rather have reproached him, for having relaxed too much the bonds of repression. For certainly in after-times, Abd-al-Rahman and his successors were indifferent to the growth of the small Christian kingdom in Asturias, and to another later on in Galicia, with that of Navarre in addition. All these small powers formed the nucleus of after-resistance to the Moors. For, thence was to descend in after-times Alfonso I of Castile, and Leon, himself, who became a Christian champion of the Faith scarcely inferior in popular estimation to the Cid who fought under his banner, and one certainly more dreaded by the Moors.

Abd-al-Rahman, however, though not reducing the rulers of these kingdoms to absolute dependence, as he should have done, forced them to become his tributaries, and in the case of Ismela, the King of Asturias, subjected him to certain tolls and tributes.

One of these tributes was a very curious one. Ismela had to send the Caliph annually a present of a hundred maidens. Fifty of noble birth, the others of lesser distinction. There is a weird old-world touch about this fanciful tribute. It sets

one thinking of the hoary legends of Theseus and the Minotaur.

A pretty and attractive feature in the character of Abd-al-Rahman is related. The first recorded poem and the first palm-tree in Spain were his. He brought from Africa the first palm-tree, that had been seen in Spain, and planted it at Cordova. In the graceful and touching address to his tree, he bewails his own cruel fate as an exile and that of his murdered Race.

A notable event occurred in Abd-al-Rahman's Caliphate. No less a one than that of the appearance of Charlemagne in Spain. It may be supposed that he desired to complete the victory of his grandfather, Charles Martel. Charlemagne's object was certainly not attained. The great rout at Roncevalles, in which the Spaniards and Moors fought side by side, was, in its way, as disastrous to Charlemagne as the Battle of Tours had been to the Moorish army. How history repeats itself! The modern Charlemagne also sought to add Spain to his own over-swollen Empire, with similarly disastrous result. Spain has never known so protracted a period of prosperity as that which she enjoyed under the sway of the Omeiad Caliphs. It had not hitherto been given to any country in Europe to be ruled by the same dynasty for near three hundred years. The fact speaks volumes for the conciliatory, firm, and intelligent qualities of the ruling Race. It was an epoch, too, when the Moors had convinced themselves of the necessity of union amongst themselves in order to preserve a firm

and serried front against any show of disaffection amongst the conquered.

Something has been said here of the remarkable toleration extended by the Moors to the profession and practice of the Christian Faith. The Spanish Christians were allowed full control over their religious establishments, and to worship in their churches when and where they pleased. Their bishops, and priests, and monks, and nuns were left undisturbed in the possession of the ecclesiastical and conventual building. Notwithstanding, however, the generous position towards their Christian subjects assumed by the civil power, it was inevitable that religious animosities would break out at times between the lower orders of both parties.

There were those, too, amongst the Christians, (it has been so in many countries,) who courted persecution,—who were irritated by the superior airs which a ruling power is thought to be giving itself, when it confers toleration as a favour, and refuses to confer the honours of martyrdom upon those who are ostentatiously seeking to become martyrs. In the reign of Abd-al-Rahman II, who was Caliph in 821, the Spanish Christians succeeded in forcing that ruler to persecute and punish them. It is very probable that the Christians often received public provocations from their enemies in the streets, although certainly not from those in authority. But whatever the insults may have been, nothing could justify the Christians for the abusive and outrageous terms which they sometimes heaped

upon the venerated name of Mahomet, even in the public Courts and Offices.

That the policy of toleration became much modified under Abd-al-Rahman II and most of his Omeiad successors "cannot be doubted. But it was certainly owing to the insolent bearing and language of the Christians themselves.

In the year 1031 the great dynasty of the Omeiyads, which upon the whole had been the means of conferring immense benefits upon Spain, came to an end by the deposition of Hixem III. This most untoward event put an end to the Caliphate of Cordova, and we consequently now find a whole host of conflicting rivals, each struggling to possess himself of a portion of the spoil. Almost every considerable place became a small kingdom under a separate king,—and all were at war one with another.

Towards the end of the Century, however, things mended somewhat. The weakest had succumbed, and by the survival of the fittest the general confusion that had ensued was dispelled, and Moorish Spain reappears governed by four Caliphs: of Seville, Badajoz, Toledo; and Saragossa with a portion of Portugal.

By a very remarkable coincidence, at exactly the same time when these events were occurring in Moorish Spain, the Christian portions of Spain also were found to consist of four kingdoms, those of Leon, Castile, Aragon, and Navarre.

It seems as if it were fated that these rival kingdoms should engage each other upon numeri-

cally equal terms,—as regards the number of provinces at least. And now again the ancient curse of want of unity amongst themselves, so beneficially averted during the generations of Omeiad Rule, was once more to exercise its baneful effects in the ranks of the Moors.

Very gradually and slowly, it is true, for the Spaniards were also divided amongst themselves; and it was not till the year 1085 that the first heavy blow descended upon the Moorish cause in the Fall of Toledo. And that first great success of Alfonso of Castile meant the loss to the Moors of New Castile.

Alfonso, encouraged by this startling feat of arms of his own, immediately set about to reduce the cities of Seville and Cordova. But Mohammed, the then King of Seville, was by no means prepared to yield up his kingdom even to the conqueror of Toledo. He determined to invite the aid of a peculiarly fanatical and warlike Tribe who had lately possessed themselves of the whole of Northern Africa. The Almoravides, (as they were called,) did not hesitate to accept the invitation of the King of Seville. War in any shape was their peculiar delight, and having specially dedicated themselves to the services of Allah and his Prophet, they were thirsting for an opportunity of manifesting their religious zeal.

It was a few months after the capture of Toledo, that Alfonso encountered the united hosts of the King of Seville and the Almoravides at Talaca, near Badajos, and was completely defeated.

Mohammed seems to have thought that a great victory, without any substantial fruits to his now inconvenient friends, would be its own sufficing reward. He expected,—very short-sightedly,—(having given them a much longed-for opportunity of smiting the soldiers of the Cross,) that they would forthwith pack up, bag and baggage, and return to their native shores.

But the Almoravides, quite contrary to his expectations, had come to stay. They found the attractions of the Spanish Peninsula very far superior to those of their native Seats, and under their leader, Yusef, determined to annex the kingdom of Seville. And now a startling event occurred. Mohammed, in the desperate condition in which he now found himself, had actually to beg the assistance of Alfonso, his late enemy, and whom he had so lately overcome by the aid of his new allies, to rid himself of the very formidable Tribe which he had just summoned from Africa.

This unhallowed alliance, however, led to no success. The Almoravides soon disposed of the united forces of Mohammed and Alfonso.

Mohammed was deposed and deported to Africa, to announce to the African Saracens that the Almoravides had no thoughts of returning. In the meantime, Yusef, their general, mounted the vacant throne of Seville, thus founding a new dynasty.

This event greatly alarmed the Moorish sovereigns then reigning throughout Spain. Yusef

was now the common enemy of Moors and Christians alike. Alfonso joined his forces to those of the petty Moorish kings, once more thoroughly united amongst themselves, and for some years the unique spectacle was to be witnessed of Moors and Christians fighting in unison under the same banners. Even the famous "Cid" (Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar), that stalwart champion of the Cross! was found willing to wield his blade on the side of the Moslems when State-policy required.

But neither his efforts nor those of any other of the present Moorish-Christian League could make head against Yusef.

And thus, in the year 1094 we find Moorish Spain once more re-united under one sovereign, and the Almoravides dynasty of Yusef and his successors paramount in Spain for half a century. Yet during this period, although the Moors were fairly united amongst themselves, the Christians had never been more active or more daring in their encroachments upon Moorish territory. Alfonso, King of Aragon and Navarre, who had married Urraca, the daughter and heiress of Alfonso of Castile, especially proved himself a redoubtable champion of the Christian cause. By his prowess he had gained for himself the title of "El Batalador," for he claimed victory over the Moors in no less than twenty-nine stubborn fights.

Saragossa and Taragona were wrested by him from the Moors, as well as the less important Daroca and Tudela. He substantially added to

his patrimony of Aragon and Navarre, and made greater inroads upon the South than any of the Christian Generals had yet dared. He was universally regarded as the most formidable antagonist whom the Moors had yet encountered, and his long series of successes were followed with the same expectant interest as those of his father-in-law had been in the previous century. But, in 1133, his good fortune deserted him. He sustained a defeat and died shortly afterwards. Yet his ill-success in the later years of his life must not be allowed to diminish our estimation of the immense progress that the Christians had made in the recovery of Spain. Both he and his father-in-law had been the means of severely shaking the general belief in the invincibility of the Moors.

Both monarchs may certainly be regarded as having been the *Avant-couriers* of the great St. Ferdinand, who was to capture Seville about a hundred years after. The death of Alfonso, King of Navarre and Aragon, who left no heirs, was the cause of considerable confusion amongst the Christians.

Aragon and Navarre, respectively, had to select new sovereigns. Leon and Castile went to Alfonso Raymond, his wife's son, though those kingdoms had been practically in the possession of Raymond during his stepfather's lifetime.

An infant niece of the deceased monarch succeeded to the kingdom of Aragon, and her betrothal to the Count of Barcelona was the means of uniting the then French Provinces of Catalonia

to Aragon. That was an occurrence of great historical import in after-times.

Just about this period, Portugal, which had been gradually slipping from the Moorish grasp for many years past, declared her complete independence, not only of the Moors, but of the Kings of Castile. For that portion of Portugal, which had been recovered from the Moors by Alfonso I, of Leon and Castile, had been for some years governed by a Viceroy. The name of the first independent King of Portugal was Alfonso Henriquez. (1139.)

Thus by this rise of another Christian Power upon her flank, the Moorish Power was becoming sadly hemmed in. And almost simultaneously a foreign enemy was engaging the attention of the Almoravid Ali, the then Caliph. A new tribe of Mussulmans again, the Almohades, were threatening Spain from Africa just as Ali's own ancestors had done. Neither Ali, nor his son, were able to put down these upstart brethren of theirs. Their successor fared very much worse. He was captured in Morocco and beheaded by the leader of the Almohades, Abdulmumen.

This event put an end to the sway of the Almoravides, and by the accession of the present Conqueror to the vacant throne of Moorish Spain, yet another Moorish dynasty came into power.

In the earlier years of the 13th Century, then, it seemed as though the two hostile Races in Spain were marking time. No leader of the first

rank upon either side was at this time to the fore.

Yet though no decisive blow was at present imminent, the comparative calm was deceptive. Each race kept grim watch within their tented fields. Their mailed hands never left their sword-hilts; their unsleeping eyes ever upon the alert, to watch any premature movement. Neither side seemed at this time to have yielded an acre, yet the influence of the Christians was spreading beyond their own borders.

They were advancing by the weight of a half-conscious momentum without the effort of any fresh enterprise of their own.

As we moderns could put it, the tide was with them, and public opinion was on their side.

About the year 1230, however, the aspect of affairs underwent a considerable though a gradual change. The presence of certain determined and energetic men in the Christian provinces pointed to a not far distant crisis.

Moorish Spain had again slipped into the hands of three Rulers, of Almohad blood, instead of one only. That fresh partition did not augur an increase of vitality.

Confronted by Leon and Castile under the energetic sway of the indomitable Ferdinand; by Aragon, ruled by the equally able James I; by Navarre, under Thibault I, (not to mention Portugal ruled by Sancho,) the Moors seemed fairly driven into a corner.

Indeed, they had no outlet left to them in

case of supreme disaster, but in the direction of Granada.

And the shadow of that disaster, and of the inevitable flight, was already upon them. Yet they had ample warning given them, and could give no excuses of unpreparedness, or of sudden surprise ; of unlooked-for panic, or even of being outnumbered.

St. Ferdinand and James of Aragon, the new Twin-Brethren who were at last to lead the Cross to long-expected victory, advanced into Andalusia with slow and measured steps,—certain of each yard of ground before they possessed themselves of another, never under-rating now the enemy they had to deal with, having learned by fatal experience how often fields had been lost by that folly.

And, above all, keeping alive in the breasts of their soldiers the flame of a religious ardour, not inferior to, or less hot, than that which ever blazed in the souls of their equally fanatical opponents.

Thus, slowly and gradually, cities and towns fell before the ponderous advance of these new Crusaders, and the undulating lands of Andalusia, which generations of Moors had planted, and watered, and reaped,—slowly, very slowly, became the prizes of the conquering Christians. And at last,—the greatest prize of all for which Moslems and Christians had ever contended,—the great City of Cordova was captured by St. Ferdinand in June, 1236 (some say 1235).

The fame of Cordova had gone forth into all lands. She had long been regarded by all nations as the great jewel of the South, the chief emblem of Saracen dominion in Spain, and as one of the greatest Cities of the world, the stronghold of Western civilisation and luxury, of Oriental learning and of Oriental art. We have a difficulty now in realising all that Cordova meant to the Saracen Race, for that Race has so completely vanished from our ken in Europe. But we may be sure that to the Eastern world the news came as though it were the fall of a second Nineveh. And, perhaps, even upon the ear of a Spaniard,—(it is not an imaginative Race)—the echo of the plaintive cry, “Pan is dead!” may have fallen, when Cordova fell.

The prestige of Mohammed had been for ever shattered in Spain, and his votaries must now have realised, if not before, that any hopes of extending his empire in Europe had been relegated to the Land of Dreams. Whilst St. Ferdinand was step by step rescuing Andalusia from the Moorish yoke, James of Aragon was harrying the heathen in the Eastern Provinces, and in 1238 or 1239, captured the city of Valencia, another ancient and famous stronghold of the Moors, and boasting one of the most considerable Ports of the Country. The Province had been the scene of one of the earliest conquests of the Crescent and had been placed under the control of Cordova. It had thrown over its allegiance to Cordova, at the moment of the fall of the Omayyad Dynasty, and had decided for

independence. But dissensions having broken out between rival factions, Spanish aid was called in. The City was the scene of some of the most famous exploits of the Cid, and also, if the Saracen historian may be credited, of some of his most cruel deeds. The Cid, dying in 1099, bequeathed the City to his widow, Ximena, who, after two years of nominal possession, had to yield the City to the Moors.

By the present victory of James, Valencia became an appanage of his ancestral dominions, and eventually passed to Ferdinand, the husband of Isabella of Castile.

St. Ferdinand, the captor of Cordova, was a cautious general, and decided thoroughly to consolidate his conquests before moving on. If his military qualities and the valour of his army are not to be disputed, he owed much of his success to the support of the Moors themselves, who had been for years past much more occupied by fighting for supremacy amongst each other than in stemming the progress of the Christians.

It is probable, too, that Ferdinand placed no great faith in such unstable allies, and was quite aware that any check to his arms would be the signal for a general rally against him. Whatever may have been the causes of Ferdinand's long halt, it was not till the year 1248,—some twelve years after the capture of Cordova,—that Seville surrendered to him. And then only after a siege of more than a year.

Although the fall of Seville was a final blow to

the Saracen cause in Andalusia, in moral effect, it was less important than that of Cordova.

The capture of that City had sounded the death-knell of the Caliphate. Seville represented nothing now. There was no bond of union or common interest left, except that of fanaticism, to soften mutual hatred, and to reconcile rival chiefs.

Ephemeral kings possessed themselves of a few hours of power, only to be dispossessed by successors of equally brief tenure. Indeed, at the time of the capture of the City, Ferdinand found a sort of Republic, with a nominal chief at the head of affairs. And he owed his success as usual to Saracen treachery quite as much as to the valour of his own army.

In the hour of victory, St. Ferdinand always showed himself calm and reasonable in his treatment of the conquered. When he had divided the spoils of the City of Seville amongst his soldiers, he proceeded to deal generously with the recreant Moors, who had assisted him in its capture. To Ibn-l-Ahmar, Sheik of Jaen, the chief instrument of Ferdinand's success, a splendid reward was assigned. The City of Granada and the fertile lands of its far-famed Vega, Jaen,—the small independent kingdom of which Ibn-l-Ahmar was the ruler,—is not far from Granada, and it may be supposed that the Sheik had long ago turned his eyes upon that Elysium of Spain.

That he was, in return for an acquisition so valuable and delightful, to acknowledge Ferdinand as his Suzerain, was no immoderate condition.

Ibn-l-Ahmar, upon his arrival in his new dominions, was greeted by his subjects with shouts of "Long live the conqueror!"

That was a rather too eloquent tribute to the part which the "Conqueror" had taken in the reduction of Seville! But that seems to have been regarded as a great "feather in his cap." It is said that Ibn-l-Ahmar, immediately after his arrival, commenced to build the Alhambra. But it is certain that the hill upon which that noble Palace stands, was built upon, centuries before the advent of the "Conqueror."

Meantime, St. Ferdinand and his army settled down in their new capital. For Seville now assumed that position, until Charles V thought good to transfer the seat of power to Valladolid.

It does not seem that St. Ferdinand had occasion to engage in any further crusades. He died at Seville in 1252, at a time when he was supposed, however, to be contemplating an invasion of Africa. His canonisation by Pope Clement IX took place in 1668.

It may have seemed to some, weakness upon Ferdinand's part to suffer a great Moorish City and province to grow up upon the flank of the recently recovered Province of Andalusia, a district to which it was certain that most of the ousted and disaffected Moors would speedily betake themselves. We hear, indeed, about this time, of the population of Granada as already numbering 450,000 souls. Probably, Ferdinand was of opinion that even if he had not killed the snake, he had

scotched it so effectually that it would be dormant in his time. It was better, too, to have the mischief brought to a head in one spot, than to be rankling in many.

In any case, the Moorish population was so large that he had no other means of dealing with it. And Ferdinand was too wise and humane to anticipate the insensate and wicked policy of the second and third Philips of later generations. Ibn-l-Ahmar, meantime, proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him, and ruling ably and intelligently, evinced no desire to renounce the allegiance which he had sworn to maintain. Granada increased and thrived under his successors, and became in the eyes of the Faithful all that Cordova had been. So great, so powerful, so luxurious, that her rulers soon forgot by what means the City had become theirs. And so for two hundred years the great struggle between the Moors and Christians,—only temporarily interrupted,—was recommenced and continued with all its former vigour,—in all its brilliant phases, and picturesque alternations of doughty deeds, of stirring feats of arms, of desperate valour.

It became one of the most protracted, absorbing, brilliant and romantic struggles ever seen in any part of the world. Again, the supremacy of the Cross or Crescent was in question, and Europe looked on at the development of this new and long Crusade, as though it were a struggle in an arena, or a duel between two perfectly matched gladiators.

The long contest was brought to a death-struggle just at the period when Ferdinand and Isabella had united, by their marriage, the larger portion of Spain beneath their sceptres, and when Muley-Aben-Hassan, one of the most able of the later rulers, was seated on the throne of Granada.

The *casus belli* of this last long struggle, which lasted from the year 1481 until the capture of Granada in 1492, was the refusal of the powerful Moorish Ruler to pay the tribute originally agreed upon between Granada and St. Ferdinand.

The conditions upon which Granada had been made over to the Moors were, that the kings of Granada should annually hand over to their Spanish Suzerain a sum of two thousand golden pistoles and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or if these latter were not forthcoming, an equal number of Moors, to be considered as the slaves of the Spanish Rulers. These latter, moreover, were to be delivered in the City of Cordova, which still was regarded in the eyes of the Moors, although no longer theirs, as the Spanish Mecca, and chiefly so because it contained their greatest and most famous Mosque. It may easily be imagined how this yearly consignment of their unfortunate brethren into the hands of their Spanish masters in the very stronghold of their Faith must have made the Saracen population wince. Any evasion of that clause must have gained all their sympathies.

Muley Hassan, as has been noted, had for some years refused to carry out any of these stipulations. And, accordingly, when Ferdinand and Isabella

sent envoys to Granada to demand the arrears of the tribute due to them, they received the haughtiest of replies: "The kings of Granada who used to pay what you demand of me are no longer in existence. My mint coins only the blades of scimitars, and lance-heads." That was the drift of Muley Hassan's answer.

Muley Hassan being the last of the heroic Moors, will always live in Spanish History, not only for his own surpassing qualities, but as the father of the last of the Moorish Sovereigns, Boabdil-el-Chico. He was but a phantom-king, a mere puppet; during the last days of his reign in the hands of Ferdinand, until it suited that sovereign to dispossess him altogether.

Yet the chequered career, the imprisonments, the romantic adventures, the melancholy fate of that "Child of Destiny," and more than all the pathetic exit of the last of his Race, from the gates of the City, upon the 25th of November, 1491, impress the imagination as much as any event in modern history. How many, whilst perusing the record of the final struggle, have echoed the *ultimo suspiro* of that last of the Moors!

In this rapid sketch of the Moorish Raj in Spain, however imperfect, the reader may perhaps realise as the writer has realised, that Moors and Spaniards during their seven hundred years' co-existence were not always at daggers drawn.

The two nations,—it cannot be conceived as otherwise,—must have come together at many points.

The immeasurably greater qualities of the Saracen conquerors moulded and influenced the national character of the Visigothic people to a far greater extent than we think.

All that they learned of the arts of peace, and much of those of war, came to that rude people from their conquerors. Nor had the Moors any scruples at all in taking to their bosoms Christian wives. The Roman-Gothic Spaniards were not less sensible to the attractions of the dusky daughters of their African conquerors. Intermarriages must have been very frequent. So much so, that if one ethnological feature be more apparent than another in the modern Spaniard, it certainly is that of the Oriental.

If every now and then the fierce feelings engendered by antagonistic creeds broke out, and urged them to undertake intermittent Crusades, doubtless those mutual ties of relationship mitigated the fury of them, and allowed the fires to burn down.

The triumph of the Cross or the Crescent, then, could not always have been the one predominant idea, even in those parts of Spain where the Moors were regarded as temporary invaders rather than as permanent rulers. In the case of two nationalities, whom long familiarity had nearly fused into one, mundane considerations would have had fully as great an influence as those of Creed. Occasions were often arising when it became of the first importance to join hands irrespectively of their beliefs.

One Moorish tribe was in arms against another, and the jealous Spaniards were only too proud that they still had swords to throw into the balance, and yet were not too proud to invoke the assistance of the warlike Moslems in their turn, when they also suffered intertribal disputes.

It has already been noted, that the Cid himself was not above brandishing his famous sword in alliance with those very heathen whom he a few years before had been scattering far and wide. As we have seen in the instance of Charlemagne's rout at Roncesvalles, Spaniards and Moors could put aside all their differences when the invasion of their common Country inspired them with a fellow-feeling. And, here it may be noted, that the authority of the legend which attributes Charlemagne's presence in Spain to the invitation of certain Saracen Tribes, is very apocryphal. So that, (it is fairly evident now,) in the long course of centuries the futility of incessant struggles between the two Nations had become palpable to both—that Moors and Spaniards had learned to settle down and to live in comparative harmony with one another.

And the Spaniards, moreover, even if not loving their conquerors, could not close their eyes to the immense benefits which the country had derived from the civilisation and the knowledge of the arts possessed by the Moors.

It is more than doubtful whether the Moors, upon their arrival, found any such advantages amongst the people whom they conquered with such facility.

Whatever may be said in favour of the Visigoths, they were undoubtedly *not* what we should term an "advanced" Race. Excessive pride is, generally, the companion of ignorance. Would it be a hard saying to express an opinion that those qualities have never deserted the Spanish Race?

If, in the days of the Moorish possession of the Country, they could not deny that they were indebted to their conquerors for many benefits, they were certainly not appreciative of those storehouses of learning at Cordova and elsewhere, which have already been referred to.

Although the Spaniards, in their superior ignorance, might smile at the enthusiasm which caused the Saracens to hunt after parchments and manuscripts inscribed with the writings of Aristotle and Plato, and of all the chief philosophers of the West, they were not indifferent to the medical science of their conquerors. Their knowledge of medicine and chemistry had placed the Saracens at the head of European professors of those sciences.

Even Spanish pride would yield when there was a question of the treatment of wounds, or the alleviation of fevers. Many of the drugs and preparations, which are still used in Europe, have Arabic names, and were first prescribed by Saracen Leeches.

"Ex oriente Lux" may emphatically be applied to the Moors. Upon what department of Science and Art did that strange people not shed light, when Europe was labouring along in that Slough of Despond which we term the "Dark Ages"?



THE MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

Their proficiency in the arts of agriculture, horticulture and irrigation still awaken our surprise and admiration. They made the desert blossom like the rose. Even now the luxuriance and verdure of the far-famed Vega of Granada,—the synonyme of plenty and prosperity,—remain as an enduring monument to the skill and foresight of the vanished Race. In architecture, religious and domestic, they originated another style which, in fascination at least, excels all other Orders. No building in Europe surpasses the Cordova Mosque.

The Alhambra,—of which the name alone conjures up a vision of gorgeous yet harmonious ornamentation, combined with a mathematical precision of construction,—has had no rival in the world.

And here we may thank the Saracen for his term of “arabesque.”

Chivalry, too, the “generous loyalty to rank and sex—the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise,”—is declared to be the discovery of the Crusaders. It was discovered by them, for they found it already existent in that Land of Saladin—which they over-ran for a brief period.

The Saracens have been justly belaboured for the fanatical cruelties perpetrated by the earlier Caliphs in the propagation of Islam. But the excesses of their blood-stained youth must not cause us to close our eyes to the serener greatness of their maturer years.

In this *résumé* of the substantial benefits conferred by the Moors upon Spain, enough has been said

to convince the reader that their *régime* was not so ephemeral as has often been imagined, and it will, perhaps, encourage him to follow up his researches in Moorish Spain. In Andalusia and Granada the Moorish spell is very potent still. In cities such as Cordova, Toledo, Seville, and above all Granada, the complete Exodus of the old conquerors is not easily realised. What Granada was,—what it is still,—the eloquent words of Washington Irving, in his History of the “Conquest of Granada,” well summarise.

“The renowned Kingdom of Granada, was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking-up within their embraces deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the Kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy Mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley which divides them, through which flows the River Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence: the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders amongst its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy

and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time. Opposite to the hill, on which stood the Alhambra, was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain covered with houses and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses and interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates. So that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers.

“The elevation of the city and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of the summer : and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its ‘vega,’ or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of the river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain.

“ Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it as if it had been a favourite mistress.

“ The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, citron, fig, pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest of silk” (Washington Irving has omitted to mention the silk-worms who fed upon those trees).

“ The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasant’s cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky, that the Moors imagined the Paradise of their Prophet to be situated in that part of the heaven which overhung the Kingdom of Granada.”

Such were the main features of the enchanting region which then passed into the possession of Ferdinand and Isabella. What Kashmir is to the burning plains of Hindustan, that is Granada to Spain. What Noormabal had sung upon the Lake of Kashmir, the Moors had often repeated in *their* Shalimar. And Ferdinand and Isabella, too, though not giving it utterance, may well have felt the sentiment. The struggle had been very long and arduous, but the triumph had been worth a hundred such struggles.

And it was not Granada only that had fallen into Spanish hands. That conquest had completed the capture of the kingdom of Andalucia. “Los Cuatros Reinos de Andalucia”—the four Kingdoms of Seville, Cordova, Jaen and Granada. And Andalucia gone, meant that Spain was in Spanish hands, and that Ferdinand and Isabella ruled from sea to sea,—from Cadiz to Valencia,—and from Leon to Gibraltar. It was indeed a moment to render dizzy the coolest of heads. It is much in the favour of the joint-sovereigns that they retained the balance of their souls and showed themselves calm and even conciliatory in the hour of their triumph.

The conditions of Surrender were even remarkably lenient, and ample time was given to the Moors to comply with them. For the Sovereigns did not enter into their new Capital (January, 1492) for two months after the capitulation.

The Moors were allowed to retain their property, their horses and arms (artillery excepted): they were to be free in the exercise of their religion, and even to be governed by their own laws under their own Cadis. They were to be exempted from payment of tribute for three years: and to those who desired to leave the country within the same period free passages, from whatever Port they might select, were to be granted.

Nor was it desired *then* to get rid altogether of the fallen people. To Boabdil-el-Chico was assigned a territory in the Alpuxares Mountains, where he could have played with his followers around him with a semblance of Sovereignty.

But he found the position an impossible one, and soon elected to return to the home of his forefathers in Africa.

The leniency of the Spanish Monarchs,—creditable to them at first,—did not prevail very long. The mania for proselytising,—that ruling passion ever uppermost in the breasts of the Spanish Kings,—soon manifested itself.

The bigotry of Ferdinand and Isabella was more than seconded by their chief adviser, Cardinal Ximenes,—a sort of Spanish Wolsey.

Accordingly we find those Moors who had been promised free exercise of their own religion, but ten years before, now forced, often at the sword's point, to embrace the religion of their conquerors. And not Moors only but Jews. Thousands of both races accepted baptism to save their lives.

Thousands of others fled to Africa to avoid it. The cruel policy of persecution, inaugurated by Ferdinand and Isabella, was fully developed by their successors, until it attained a climax of ferocity in the reign of Philip III.

For under the atrocious edict of that Monarch even Moorish converts suffered. It was not only infidelity that awoke Philip's wrath, it was race-hatred. He expelled a million of his subjects from the Kingdom only for the crime of being of Eastern blood. But even he could not shut his eyes to the superior qualities of the Moorish people, nor to the ignorance of his own: six families were selected from each hundred to remain in the country to

teach the Spaniards the arts of their whilom Conquerors.

Yet if "Peace hath her victories no less than War," even in that hour of ruthless and insensate barbarism, the Moors remained the Victors.

CHAPTER I

BARCELONA

The Moors—The Wise Men of the East—"The Traveller wishes to get upon their track"—A Spanish Manchester—The Rambla a City-centre—Flower-market—Ethnological peculiarities of inhabitants—Paséo de Gracia, Chief Promenade—Hill of S. Pedro Martir—The Montagna—View of Montserrat—The Game of Spanish Tennis—Commercial Prosperity—Merchant-Princes—Their embellishment of the City—Churches of the 10th Century—The Cathedral—Church S. Maria del Mar—Mediæval Palaces—Casa Consistorial—Casa de la Disputacion—Casa Lonja—Relics of Roman Power.

I IMAGINE that three-fourths of the travellers visiting Spain have the Moors uppermost in their minds, and that their chief object is to get upon the track of that remarkable Race, those wise men from the East who taught the Spaniards all that they themselves knew in science, art and war. I fear that since those far-removed days the Spaniards have not learned much more ; have even forgotten what they learnt. The traveller then will not tarry long in Barcelona, although that celebrated city is by no means devoid of objects of interest. For the commercial and mercantile classes indeed,

if not the only City of the kind in Spain, it is certainly the most important. The numerous and industrious population which throngs its factories, and loads the steamers with their produce, not unworthy of Manchester itself, is proud to regard the City as the Spanish Manchester. But you will observe no resemblance in its gay thoroughfares, in its spacious and well-planned streets, or in its tasteful residences, to the grimy Capital of the Midlands. Barcelona, historically, should be of great interest to British eyes, for it was the scene of one of the many brilliant successes of that dashing hero, Lord Peterborough, during the War of the Spanish Succession. The Spaniards are a forgiving if not a grateful Race, so they have doubtless forgiven, and even forgotten, our abandonment of them and the cause of the Austrian claimant to the Spanish throne.

Directly that you have landed, and ascended an imposing flight of steps, whereon you will behold a sufficient number of picturesque dawdlers and slumberers, you find yourself confronting the great Columbus Statue, which terminates one of the principal thoroughfares of the City. It is called the "Rambla," and is one of the chief resorts of flaneurs and pedestrians, and the site of some of the best hotels and buildings of the City. You will be reminded much of the Unter den Linden of Berlin. Here is a collection of flower-stalls, which in the spring or summer quite dazzles the eyes. Nowhere in the world will you see such a blaze of colour, such banks of roses and carnations

of all hues and sizes, and in such quantities, as must be far in excess of the needs of even this large City. All this colour is very grateful to you, for with the exception of these profusely poured out cornucopias and the gaily ornamented houses, you will not meet with much that is cheerful in the appearance and demeanour of the inhabitants. Indeed, for gravity of carriage, absence of comeliness in both sexes, and sadness of attire, I should award to the Spaniards of Barcelona, at least, the first place amongst all the nations with whom I have any acquaintance at all. A small race generally, of very serious, if not sad aspect, with small, cheerless eyes, and of complexion yellow rather than sallow. The mouth is the characteristic feature, and of a type cruelly persistent throughout Spain. Not good-natured mouths, with pinched cautious lips, ever upon their guard. From such lips you are like to get but scant information, and no one, I think, much love. They sigh, if they stop to put questions one to the other, as though they were being asked tiresome and stale conundrums. And if their pinched lips should break into a smile, they are rapidly pulled back into their former shape, as though they were reproving themselves for conduct so derogatory to nature's own caballeros. Saving your presence, there is a serene "Be d—dedness" in their bearing, quite *sui generis*. Therefore, (and it has its saving virtue,) vulgar chaff, giggling, and pushing, are unknown to these impassive caballeros. You do not meet with many of very dark hair, colouring and eyes. You will

see far more of that type in Italy, and in Southern France. Here, the character of face and colouring is almost Eastern. Not Moorish, however, but, oddly enough, something of a Siamese flavour about them. You could not for an instant mistake these insouciant pedestrians for Italians or Frenchmen. I try to satisfy myself where, ethnologically, I should place this Race, so different in appearance from any other. Despite the long Roman *régime*, there is nothing Roman about them. What the Visigoths may have been like it is not easy to pronounce. Could one be justified in ascribing their unique plainness to the Carthaginians? I am inclined to think that the Hannibals, the Hasdrubals, the Hamilcars, were just such men as you may see here, promenading in the Rambla. If the noblest study of mankind be Man, (and certainly the most interesting one,) an hour passed upon a seat here will certainly not be misspent. The "Rambla," though always thronged by pedestrians, and at times by carriages, has been superseded of late years by the great Paséo de Gracia which extends through nearly the whole length of the city skirting the suburbs, as far as *the* "Gracias." It is quite double the width of the Rambla and has two avenues of trees, and is immeasurably longer than the old promenade. Here, at evening, you will see all that is gay and fashionable in Barcelona,—in smart carriages, or upon horseback. And upon either side of the drive, immense and luxurious cafés thronged by idlers. You may prolong your drive indefinitely, skirting charming villas, and

country houses, all boasting beautiful gardens, until you come to the hills of S. Pedro Martir. A fine carriage-drive has been made beyond, and you ascend what is generally and almost affectionately known as the "Montagna." The views, as you continue the ascent of wooded hills, of the great city, and of the sea beyond, are very fine. There is a big Hotel, (some seven miles from Barcelona) situated in the midst of beautiful scenery, which you must visit in order to gaze at the splendid mountain of Montserrat.

Every one has heard of the Monastery there, famous for Ignatius Loyola's dedication of himself to the Church. But whether you go there, or not, you must look at the mountain, which is one of the most splendid shapes of all hills in the world. Whatever hue it assumes, it is sublime in colour, as it is in mass, and fantastic in its details of serrated peak and crag. It is a vision of those "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers," of which Prospero spoke. Were it not so substantial, it would resemble nothing so much as one of those huge masses of cloud, which upon a summer's day overspread the heavens, and wherein you can figure to yourself the phantom shapes of gods, and heroes, or the serried masses of contending hosts of celestial armies. Should your tastes urge you in that direction, you will have many opportunities at Barcelona of witnessing bull-fights, (the "ungentle sport" of Byron)—even female ones! Not wishing to attend one myself, I excused myself to a Spanish friend, upon the honest grounds of detesting cruelty

to animals in any form. He replied: "My objection lies rather in the stupidity of the show."

Thereupon he took me off to quite another form of amusement, and one which I shall always remember, Spanish Tennis. It is in the vernacular called "Juega de Pelota à cesta"; *i.e.*, game of ball with basket.

To give an idea of the commercial prosperity of Barcelona, it is said that out of a population of some 500,000, 100,000 are employed in spinning and weaving. There are some 4,000 factories and workshops, 100 soap factories, and 200 tanneries. It need not be inferred from these figures that Barcelona owes her phenomenal wealth to any sudden and feverish demands for her productions. She has, from the earliest times, enjoyed a reputation for commercial enterprise. Like Genoa in old days, her unique maritime position has always given opportunities of acquiring wealth. There are those who trace her name to that of "Barca,"—Hamilcar Barca, the Carthaginian. The subsequent rise of Tarragona, under the Romans, somewhat eclipsed for a time her pride of place, but the destruction of Tarragona by the Moors was the means of restoring to her the commercial supremacy which she has ever since maintained. Her prosperity, indeed, has been in such marked contrast to the rest of Spain, that her dream has always been to cut herself adrift from that much-suffering land. Catalonia has always sighed, and is still sighing for independence. "We are Catalonians, we are not

Spaniards," is the cry ever upon her lips. The wealth that Barcelona has so honourably acquired, has been for the most part nobly spent. The generosity and taste of her merchant princes have been manifested in the erection of charitable institutions, and hospitals, as well as in the encouragement of art and science, and in the embellishment of the City and the environs. The laying out of fine parks and beautiful gardens are amongst the undertakings fostered and encouraged by the enterprise of private citizens. Catalonia can boast of great artists, and amongst the foremost names is that of Antonio Viladomat, born at Barcelona 1678, and that of Fortuny. A few walks in Barcelona will suffice to prove that Barcelona is no mere mushroom commercial city. You will see several fine mediæval palaces, three or four of them dating as far back as the 14th Century. The Casa Consistorial, for example; the Casa de la Disputacion (Parliament House) which face each other, and the "Casa Lonja" (Exchange). These are all extremely picturesque. Some small relics of the Roman epoch are elsewhere to be seen, in the way of columns, sarcophagi, and in the remains of an aqueduct. It is unusual to find in Europe churches of the 10th Century. There are two here, viz., San Pablo del Campo, and San Pedros de Las Puellas. But save as landmarks of Christianity, in an age when the greater part of Spain was overrun by Pagans, they possess little of interest now. For those who have already visited the great cathedrals of Spain, Toledo, Seville, Granada, Burgos, and

others, the cathedral of Barcelona may appear inferior. Certainly in the more than dim religious twilight which prevails throughout the building, you are, at first, conscious of nothing, save that you are standing in a church of vast proportions and of majestic height. Gradually, as your sense of vision adapts itself to the solemn obscurity, you become aware that the Coro, in compliance with the almost universal custom throughout Spain, is placed somewhere about the centre of the nave. You perceive later that the lofty painted windows are enriched with glass of the finest antique period. The Coro is historically famous for an installation of the "Golden Fleece" held here by Charles V. It was the solitary celebration of the kind ever held in Spain, up to recent times at least. Upon one of the stalls are emblazoned the arms of the English Henry VIII. The Cathedral is of the 14th Century, and it possesses one architectural peculiarity which is interesting. The great buttresses, by which the thrust of the vaults are met, are brought inside, and are made to serve as division walls between the side chapels.

Nor should the other great Church of Barcelona, known as "Santa Maria del Mar," be overlooked. It is of the same epoch as the Cathedral, and, therefore, must have taken its name from the old Chapel of the Goths which it replaced. *That* may have been washed by the waves of the sea, and if so, what an antiquity it must have claimed! "There where the long street roars, hath been the stillness of the central sea!"

The Church is of vast size, and much resembles in construction the Cathedral. After having seen the beautiful painted windows of the Cathedral, you will not be able to admire the glass here. All is modern, I think, though some is good.

CHAPTER II

MADRID

An attractive City—Puerta del Sol, much the reverse, and a “Pandemonium”—Avoid Hotel de la Paix—Pleasing change to the Hotel de Rome—Royal Palace—The Plaza thereof—Guard-mounting—The Armoury—Historical memories and records—The Accademia de San Fernando—“The Junta in Session”—The three great Murillos—Obstacles and Hindrances to studying them—Other Pictures here.

MADRID, after Barcelona, will be found a notable change. The latter city is in all respects Spanish, or rather in deference to the prejudices of the inhabitants, Catalanian. Madrid might be, excepting in the physical aspect of the people, which is purely Spanish, a portion of Paris. The City and the environs thereof have been so much disparaged by guide-books, and by those who follow suit, that I was agreeably surprised to find Madrid one of the gayest and prettiest capitals with which I have become acquainted. It is distinctly modern, it is true, but it has not claimed to be otherwise. It possesses all the attractions of a fine Capital in excessively broad thoroughfares, beautiful and stately buildings, public and private, smart

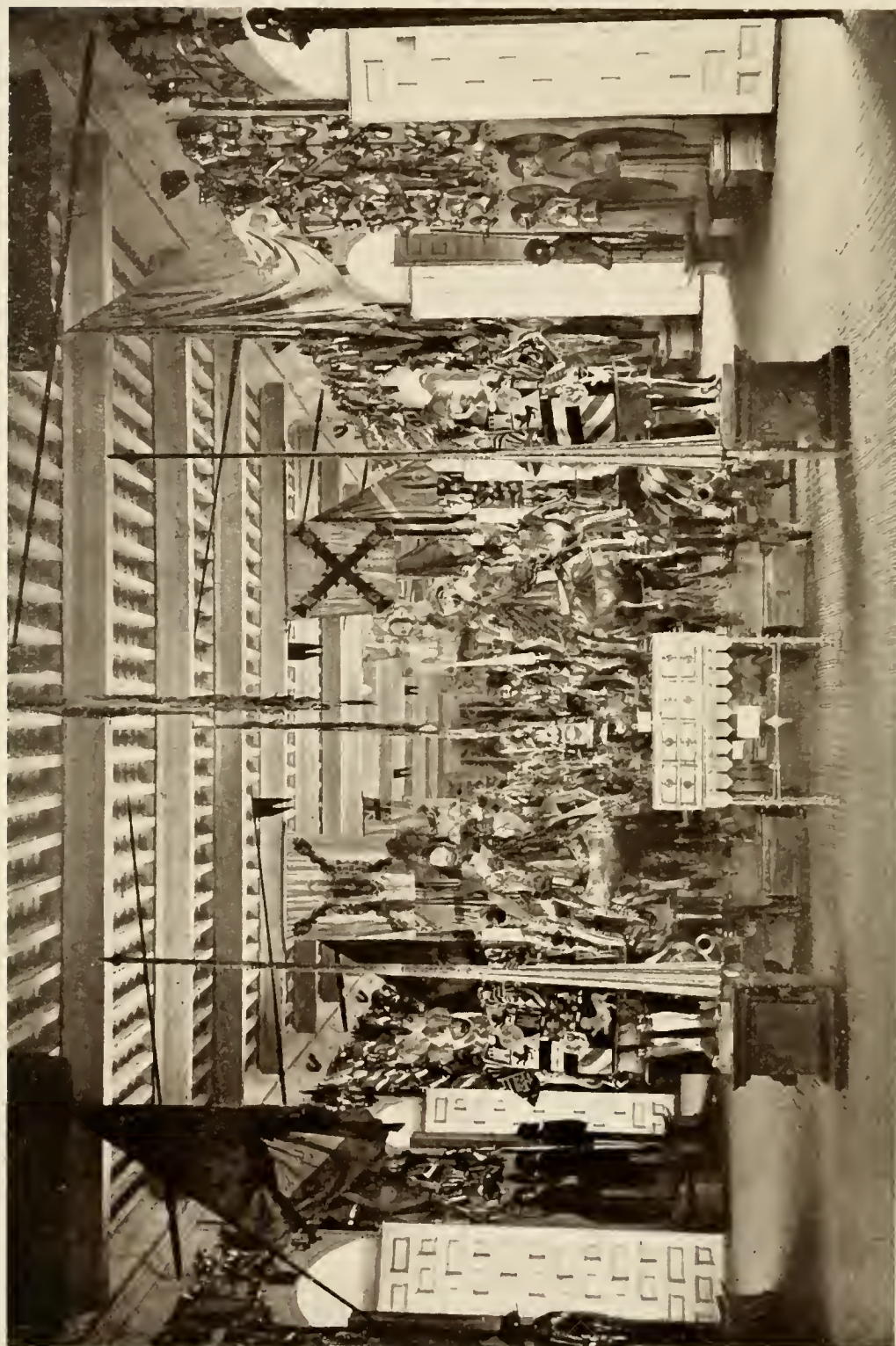
shops, and delightful parks and gardens. The streets and boulevards are clean, and well looked after, and are in general thronged by smart and well-turned-out carriages, and by pedestrians as well-clad, and as orderly and self-respecting as any you will see in Europe. I should not consider myself as spitefully used were I sentenced to take up my abode in this bright and cheerful town. It is true that I was here in May, and it is possible that in the winter, were snow lying upon the streets, and if keen blasts from the Guadarrama pursued my footsteps, along the great broad thoroughfares, a counterblast would be forthcoming to anathematise the climate.

The one spot of the City which not to visit once, were to manifest an indifference to the most historical, most frequented, and most often referred to of all places in Madrid, is also the most vulgar, noisy and antipathetic.

The reader has already anticipated me when he says, "Of course the Puerta del Sol!" The sight-seer must inevitably, in the course of his peregrinations, stumble upon this centre, for here almost half of the streets converge. Here all the tram-cars and public vehicles, and all the idlers, and loiterers, and unoccupied of both sexes, pour in from morn to midnight. Here, beggars and hawkers, and pedlars, vendors of latest editions, lucifer-matches, sweets, fruits, old umbrellas, straw-hats, cigarettes, socks, needles, walking-sticks, and of all rubbish unneeded, and unclean, unite to make a pandemonium of deafening cries and of not over

odorous smells. It is as much as your life is worth to thread your way across the Plaza, amongst opposing currents of tramcars and omnibuses. It is as much as your pocket is worth to tarry, and survey the seething multitude. Indeed there is no temptation to tarry, except to find means of extricating yourself from the swarm. There are no picturesque shapes to gaze upon, no costume to admire. So far as apparel goes, you will see nothing more gay than you have seen in the Piazza del Duomo, at Milan, or in the Piazza Colonna at Rome, or in the Piazza S. Ferdinando at Naples. And that means that the crowd is clad in the most familiar costermonger type. Just such as you may see in Trafalgar Square, or in St. James's Park, or wherever else the lowest class of European humanity resorts. The writer, not having sufficiently instructed himself in these aspects of the Puerta del Sol, was ill-advised enough to pitch upon this site for his Hotel, the Hotel de la Paix (Pay?). Thence, he, upon the morrow incontinently fled, and to the Hotel de Rome, situated in the cheerful and not ill-named "de Los Caballeros." That he found to be in all respects a most agreeable and economical abode. So that, if these pages may so far weigh with the traveller as to induce him to shun the Place of Fearful Noises, and to avoid the meaningless and ceaseless clamour of the Hotel de Paris, and the cool extortions of the Hotel de la Paix, the writer will not have written in vain.

— The Royal Palace, built by Philip V, (after



THE ARMORY, MADRID.

the conflagration of 1734 had destroyed the old Palace,) occupies nearly the western extremity of Madrid. For beyond this point there are but few buildings, and those Barracks, or the Northern Railway Station. It commands fine and varied views upon the Western and Southern sides, of gardens and woods. The much descried river Manzanares flows beneath, and beyond its bosky banks and woods an undulating landscape is backed by the mountains of the Sierra Guadarrama. So that, when you gaze from the Palace at least, Madrid does not seem to be quite the featureless, waterless, grim monotony as generally described. The Building is vast and even stately, but, externally, does not possess architectural merits greater than those of most Royal Palaces in Europe. It is worth while coming to the large Plaza, or Palace Courtyard, to see the Guard-mounting one morning. The singularly brilliant uniforms of the soldiers, whether of the Cavalry or Artillery or Infantry, render the spectacle very gay and animated. I imagine, however, that it will be neither to see the Palace itself, nor the ceremony of Guard-mounting, that will bring the visitor here. His first visit at least, will be to the world-famous Armoury. That unequalled collection will be found at the Eastern Extremity of the Colonnade, which surrounds the Plaza del Palacio. This saloon, 227 feet long, is said to be the only portion of the old Alcazar which occupied the site of the present Palace. There is but one step from the outer air and the threshold of this Hall of Enchantment. There is but one step,

it seems, between the prosaic and the romantic, and as you put down your foot you have entered into the "Land of Dreams." Has some necromancer, such as old Michael Scott, just waved his wand and summoned from their sepulchres those ranks of dead Monarchs and Princes, and even Queens, of Bishops, and Discoverers of new Worlds, and Conquerors, and great Captains. All warriors, all, for they are clad in armour, and with vizored helmets, as they lived and fought. It is an incarnate poem of another Wizard, another Scott—Walter Scott. Thus you have entered into the Spanish Walhalla. These be the Demi-Gods of the Spanish Race. Their Princes and Kings (or "Koning"-men as Carlyle will have it, and most cunning ones,—those Kings of craft and fraud) to whom in life their subjects and their countrymen slavishly bowed down. Men of iron will, and brazen impudence, mostly with feet of clay! What phalanxes of panoplied warriors on horse or afoot! Life-size all of them, with features carved and copied from the most authentic pictures. With stony gaze, but, perchance, not stonier than when in life, some of them, fixed with icy glare, both foe and friend. The colour is bright upon their cheeks, brighter much than in life, and upon their lips, too persistently hereditary as they were, those malformed swollen lips, as though they had grown so by sucking the life-blood out of their fellow-Christians' veins. See, there, upon armour-clad black horse, Charles-Cæsar, as they, his subjects and flatterers, called him, (others Charles "le Triche,") the man himself,

arrayed in the very armour and casque, which he wore upon that day, of one of his many triumphs, Mühlberg, and with his lance in rest, just as he harried the Protestants, and John the Elector who commanded them. The man himself, just as you see him in Titian's still glorious masterpiece in the Muséo. Every other suit of armour or weapon here, defensive, or offensive, seems to have belonged to Charles; and what wondrous suits! Damascened, gold-inlaid, arabesqued, repousées. There can be no more splendid examples of the armourer's craft (Italian and German chiefly) to be seen in Europe. Not far from Charles, you will see his captive, (but not *his* prisoner,) the Elector John, (for one of his Generals was the actual captor, upon that day of Mühlberg, 1547). *There*, glorious in armour, which he seldom used, is Philip II, a name fraught with interest for the English. A man without genius, without talent, without heart. Merciless, bigoted, most "Catholic," most sensual, most cruel. Not incapable of merriment at times, (unlike his successor,) and at the announcement of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, roared with laughter, and incontinently, despatched off 6,000 crowns to the assassin of Coligny. And he was not a wealthy or a generous sovereign, as Don John of Austria knew to his own cost. There is Isabella the Catholic, in the armour which she is supposed to have worn before Granada and the other Moorish towns, captured in the later years of the 15th Century. Others say that, the monogram "Isabel" worked upon the vizor refers to another

Isabel, daughter of Philip II, and Regent of Flanders, and that her husband wore it. Isabel "The Catholic" possessed some fine qualities, and knew how to be merciful at times, even to the Moors, and gained some of their hearts even. Had she not fallen under the accursed influence of Torquemada and his Inquisition, she might even have been called "Great." But unblemished greatness was not to be found amongst the monarchs of Spain. There stands the splendid effigy of the only monarch amongst them that can be said to have a claim to true greatness, "Saint" Ferdinand. He captured Seville, and Cordova from the Moors, but was clement, and generous towards them. He made a sacred vow and kept it, which is a rare thing in the annals of Spanish monarchs, that he would never draw his sword against those that held the faith of Christ. Would that some of his successors had been equally magnanimous! He was canonised by Clement IX, in compliance with the wishes of Philip IV. He was grandfather of our Queen Eleanor, who inherited his virtues. The effigy here owes what resemblance it may bear to him, to a portrait at Seville. Certainly not the one in the Madrid Muséo, for that appears to be by Murillo, who lived some four hundred years later. There stands another effigy of Philip II, wearing the identical armour as in one of the pictures of him by Titian in the Madrid Muséo. What graceful elegance in those rows of young princes! all so slim and boyish in their beautiful suits of full armour, one of the young wearers

being Philip III, and given to him by the Duque de Ossuna of that day. Philip III. was one of the worst of the Spanish line. He is reported to have smiled but three times in his life, one of those occasions, doubtless, was when he committed one of the most hideous crimes in modern history, the abominable expulsion of the Moors from Spain in 1609. The uprooting and dispersion of an entire race! Such a colossal piece of iniquity set in motion by the agency of one man has never been equalled. And the folly was as immense as the crime. Spain has never since regained the fruitfulness, the fertility of her lands. She owed them to the Moors. Her barrenness since has been her curse. You might spend days here amongst these avenues of armed men and armour, and teach yourself the history of Spain, of her rise and her decline and fall. There stands Hernan Cortez, one of her greatest sons, and there, likewise in the same suit of full armour which he wore at his victory of Lepanto, stands Don John of Austria.¹ *There* was a man whose too early death cut off the ripening of the great qualities of which he had already given many a proof. It is always to be regretted that he was not the legitimate son of Charles V. What

¹ Don John has an additional interest for Englishmen in that Queen Elizabeth desired to entangle him in one of her very numerous flirtations. She did not find him at all responsive to her "maiden-meditations." He expressed himself very vigorously to Philip, his brother, upon the subject, and upon the damaged character which he considered that the "Imperial votaress" had acquired in the eyes of Europe.

misery and suffering might not Spain and the Netherlands have been spared. Near him is another great man, Columbus, in armour, black and white. He is one of the glories of which Italy can boast, though it was his misfortune to have served Spain and to break his heart in her service. And to how many of her own sons did that occur? The "Great Captain," Gonsalvo de Cordova, for example, a name scarcely less cherished by his countrymen than that of the national hero, the "Cid," how were his immense services repaid by his master, Ferdinand the "Catholic"? As handsome and as brave as Don John of Austria himself, his talents and his virtues had much impressed Isabella "la Catholica." It was she who induced her husband to give him the command of the Spanish army in Italy. Thence he expelled the French, and gave his master the Crown of Naples in 1503. For his successful services there, he received—gratitude,—and all sorts of promises from Ferdinand, which "in more hispanico" were unfulfilled. He was therefore shelved at Loja, (a second-rate town upon the road to Granada,) and of which he received the thankless post of Governor. He appears here four times, clad in superb armour, and with the sword with which he shaped out a kingdom for his perfidious sovereign. The great Captain's motto: "Ingenuity surpasses strength," should have been made over to Ferdinand, with the added words: "of services."

The other memorable effigy, one of a youth whose name has excited far more warmth among sympathisers than it deserved, will be therefore

regarded with some interest. That of the ill-fated son of Philip II, Don Carlos. He is superbly clad in armour, which seems not to have been worn so constantly as it should have been by a Prince, who was in the habit of openly expressing his hatred and contempt for his royal parent.

He seems to have been a very malicious, cruel, and contemptible youth. According to the modern phrase, "quite impossible." There is no proof whatever that he was made away with by any other hand than his own, and his paroxysms of outrageous temper render suicide as the most likely explanation of his death. And now, having passed in private review, in battle order, the monarchs and heroes that have greatly striven upon historic fields, or that have left names, some of them "at which the world grew pale," you thread your path, and still with bated breath, among ranks of lesser "light and leading," but as splendidly accoutred. The Alfonsos, and Pedros, and earlier Ferdinands, Kings of Leon or Aragon, or Castile, who passed their stormy lives in the harrying of the Pagans, for some five hundred years, until their interminable Crusades culminated in the final crash at Granada. Here most of them are in glittering array. Brave in morion and casque, with nodding plumes, in breast-plates and greaves, and coats of mail, all of splendid workmanship and of temper indestructible. And who will be bold enough to affirm that the day will never come when such triple brass may again be needed? We have had to clothe our ships of war in steel, we may yet have to revive an art that

seemed to have had its day, for the protection of those that man our steel-clad vessels.

The walls of this grand Hall are encrusted with, and ablaze with weapons of all kinds and sorts, that have ever served for the slaughtering of enemies public or private. Swords, poniards, stiletos, daggers, rapiers, axes, maces, halberts, spears, guns, muskets, pistols,—everywhere gleam and sparkle, o'er-canopied by flags and banners, the spoils of many a long campaign.

What tales of blood ; what infamies of treacherous thrusts ; what agonies ; what massacres,—these innumerable weapons might recount ! You seem to smell the blood which once trickled from those nefarious blades. What trophies indeed of man's cruel hate to man !

Amongst the most famous of these weapons, they point out to you, the sword,—the legendary “Durindana,” of the famous Paladin, Rolando, or Orlando, with which the hero clave the Pyrenees. The sword of “Bernardo del Carpio,” a highly mythical personage, but none the less venerated by the Spaniards. The sword of St. Ferdinand, and that of Isabella the Catholic, with a jewelled hilt. The sword of the immortal Cid, the hero of Valencia, whence he drove out the Moors. Then those of Pizarro, and the famous Duque de Alva. Here is the sword of “El Gran Capitano,” one still in use. For so honoured it is, and honourable, that knight-hood is still conferred with a touch of the great man's blade.

Here also is the halbert of Don Pedro the Cruel,

of Castile, whose history is so connected with our own. For the Black Prince fought for him, and reinstated him upon the throne, after the Battle of Navarate. And John of Gaunt married Don Pedro's daughter. No one will contemplate without interest the sword and the helmet of Boabdil, "El Zogoybi" "The Unfortunate,"—the last Monarch of the Moorish dynasty. Who that has perused the touching history of the last years of Moorish dominion, has not felt disposed to shed a tear over the misfortunes of that ill-starred King? He whose sad destiny it was to connect his name for ever with the verb "to weep." Even upon the "Cuesta des Lagrimas," nigh to Granada, where he halted to take one last, long, despairing look at the proud paternal Towers of the Citadel—Alhambra,—and which, for six hundred years, had been the home of his ancestors. There is here another sword connected with the history of Granada. It is that of Garcilasso de Vega, who slew, in the vicinity of the City, a Moor that had mocked at an "Ave Maria" to the Madonna. You must admire also, two splendid shields of the finest repousée work, representing the "Rape of the Sabines" and "The Triumph of Love." You should also visit the trophies of the Battles of Pavia and Lepanto, those two victories which have conferred immortal fame upon the Victor, Charles, and his natural son, Don John of Austria. Turn over, before you leave this bewildering armoury, a parchment book that lies open for inspection. It is the catalogue of Charles's armour and arms. Many of the speci-

mens are illustrated. Were it possible, how one would like to linger on here, and to lie concealed until nightfall, when the moonbeams might be pouring in through those huge high windows, and flooding with mysterious splendours this world of armed monarchs and knightly forms. What a magical aspect this room would then assume! One of the wizards, aforesaid, would wave his wand, and would call back to life, and motion, these petrified lords of the vanished Past. Then, all these cold, mailed, silent warriors, on horse, or afoot, would stir, would advance, and gather around the most potent of their race, even Cæsar-Charles.

There would be joy, and rapture of meeting, and warmth, and clasp of mailed hands. But there might be also upbraidings and recriminations, angry words, and daggers once more drawn. Bigots would reproach bigots, and hypocrites revile hypocrites. Better not to await such magic rites! And now, as at length, with aching eyes and fevered brow, you issue forth into outer air, and hear and see again the common sights and sounds that make up daily existence in a modern city, do you not feel that you have just emerged from some Hall of Eblis? That, by invisible hands, you have been made to traverse the grim abodes of petrified monarchs and warriors?

You have been threading the silent avenues of a Necropolis, of a splendid City, not quite of the Dead, but rather one of suspended animation. You have been in the world of Arabian Nights. Had you touched one of those mailed warriors, had you

reached your hand towards one of their jewelled stilettoes, had you grasped at one of their shadowy crowns, you would surely have been transfixed by the sudden thrust of a Charles's spear, or have been crushed by the ponderous mace of an Alfonso. So rash you were not, for your skin is whole and sound. No! you did but weep, (your eyes are yet moist) in sympathy with that old Vizier of the Eastern tale, who stumbled upon some subterranean City of the Dead, and tottering amongst the superb ranks of Caliphs, and Emirs, and Knights, all frozen to silence, "wept till he became insensible"! Wept for the exceeding mournfulness of human destiny; wept for the melancholy brittleness of human glory, and for the endless unfruitfulness of human endeavour! Your dream, too, in this enchanted palace, has been much of the same nature, almost, indeed, a sort of gorgeous nightmare. Neither have you, any more than the Vizier, solved the riddle of Destiny. Yet you feel yourself nearer to Wisdom than you were before you entered.

The Sala des Sessiones in the Accademia de San Fernando, where are placed the three finest works of Murillo, is unfortunately dedicated to the purposes of a Board, and possibly when you visit the Gallery, you may be informed by the jealous janitor who stands guard over the mysterious proceedings of the Junta referred to, that you cannot upon any account be admitted until their deliberations are terminated. It will seem strange to you that world-famous pictures, such as these, and

annually visited by hundreds, should be, as it were, mere parentheses in the pompous records which these gentlemen have met to draw up. But we are in Spain, and that kind of thing ought never to surprise you. However, if you have to wait upon the pleasure of these potent, grave, and reverend Senoros, you will find in the rooms leading to the Council-Chamber some pictures quite worthy of your attention. These are, two by Antonio Pereda, (ob. 1669) with which I was much taken; one an Allegory,—an Angel watching over a sleeping youth. Upon a table nigh to the youth are piled treasures of gold and silver goblets with a mask and a skull. The Allegory is triteness itself, but the picture is very finely painted, in the strong contrasts of light and shade, so much in favour with Spanish Artists. The other, “Pereda,” is of a man in armour, kneeling before a skull. Zurbaran, Caño, Ribéra, Morales, and some other notable Spanish Masters, are represented here. There are two, also, by Murillo, of St. Francis. I had at length to represent to the functionary aforementioned, that I could not leave the Gallery without seeing *the* Murillo, and that he must get the gentlemen, who were apparently quite unnecessarily protracting their proceedings, to give me permission to enter. I found them sitting round a table in all possible Spanish solemnity, but they were courtesy itself, and allowed me to stay as long as I chose. And the three pictures are so beautiful, (Murillo quite at his best,) that no one would choose a short visit to them. Of course they were once

carried off to Paris by the irrepressible Soult. They are said to have suffered many things from over-cleaning and over-restoring. But the craft of the restorer, or the cleaner, seems for once to have been most mercifully exercised. I have rarely seen pictures of the 17th Century so fresh in appearance and so little injured. The "Tinoso," that in which St. Elizabeth of Hungary is represented as washing, or medicating, the head of a "Tinoso," or "ulcerous" beggar, with other mendicants about her, is a marvel. The face of St. Elizabeth is quite divinely beautiful, with her expression of holy benevolence. The beggars are painted with startling force, and with the realistic power which so especially characterised Murillo in his treatment of such subjects. The two other pictures of Murillo in this room, represent the famous legend of the erection of the Church now known as Santa Maria Maggiore, upon the Esquiline Hill at Rome. In the first of these pictures, a Roman Patrician of the 4th Century and his wife are asleep. A book has fallen from the hands of the Senator, and no doubt his dream—the vision of the Virgin Mary, who is appearing to them,—arises from what he had been reading. The Virgin directs him and his wife,—for they had besought her, not being blessed with children, to point out to them how they should dispose of their wealth. They are told to build a Church to her, upon a spot where a miraculous fall of snow—for it was summer—should be found upon the following day. In the second picture, the Roman couple are seen,

kneeling before Pope Liberius, and narrating to him what had been divulged to them, on the previous night. The Pope had, also, been vouchsafed a vision of the same nature, and therefore has no difficulty in pointing out to his fellow-dreamers the site of the future Church, Santa Maria della Neve,—as it was first called. Nothing can exceed the beautiful simplicity with which Murillo has represented the legend. Both pictures show Murillo at his best, and Murillo at his best is very high perfection. These pictures alone would have sufficed to have placed him in the first rank of the greatest. Merely as a detail,—but as an instance of Murillo's extraordinary bold and rapid touch,—remark the procession in the background, of the Pope Liberius picture, wending its progress to the Esquiline. At this point my jealous janitor, who seems to think that I have been making arrangements to pocket these splendid works “in more,” Marshal Soult, again appears upon the scene, and, like the Ghost of Hamlet's father, waves me forth.

CHAPTER III

THE MUSÉO DEL PRADO

What is to be seen here—Preponderance of Velasquez—Murillo and Ribéra—Quantity, rather than quality as regards Murillo—Zurbaran—Other Spanish Masters—Titian's preponderance, a "revelation"—Raphaels—Tintoretto's—Paul Veronese—Astonishing numbers of "Luca-fa-presto," and Rubens—Antonio Moro—J. V. Eyck—Beauty of Rembrandt's one Portrait—Thirty-one Vandykes—Two thousand works here—Deficiencies and Absence of Florentine and Lombard Artists, and of the lesser Venetians, and of the Bolognese—Several Galleries more comprehensive and representative than the Prado—Many Pictures from the collection of Charles I—Our gratitude to Philip IV—The love of Art covers a multitude of sins—Titian's Pictures—Notices and comments—Murillo, Ribéra, or Lo Spagnoletto; Rubens—Velasquez—Zurbaran—Other Spanish "Lights"—S. Coello, his Portrait of the Infanta Isabel—Anecdote of her and the siege of Ostend—Other S. Coellos—Pantoja—Religious Art of Spain previously to Velasquez—Antonio Rincon—Moralez—Juanez—Absence of Spanish Landscape-painters—Moralez and Juanez again—Navarrete, "El Mudo"—A. Berrugette—Ribalta, J. Roelas, J. de Pareja, A. di Caño—Del Mazo, often taken for Velasquez—Villaviciencio, Murillo died in his arms—Resemblance to his master—Claudio Coello, last of the great Painters—Few of his works here—Carreño de Miranda—His Portrait of Charles II and his mother—F. Rizi—His "Auto-da-Fé"—Comments thereon—Caxes—Goya,

"Ultimus Romanorum"—Dutch and Flemish works here—The *one* Van Eyck—"Luca-fa-presto" again—Antonio Moro at his best in Madrid—Anecdote of him and Philip II—Raphael's Pictures here, "The one great disappointment"—Notices—His "Cardinal Bibiena," the best—Velasquez purchased Tintoretto's—Notes on them—Vandyke's super-eminent specimens—Paul Veronese—"Pietà," D. Crespi—Mantegna—Correggio—G. B. Tiepolo and his son—Paucity of Landscapes by foreign Artists also—Injuries to, destruction, and neglect of works of Art in Madrid.

WHETHER we subscribe or not, to the rather glib verdict, that the Madrid Muséo forms the finest collection of pictures in Europe, it will be as well to ascertain not only what is to be seen, but what is not to be seen upon the walls of this Gallery.

That Velasquez, so numerically strong here, (there are three or four apartments entirely dedicated to his works) can nowhere else be seen in such plenitude and power, forms doubtless the chief attraction of this collection for students and connoisseurs of Art. Sixty-two of his best pictures are to be seen here. Of Murillo, the greatest of the Spanish Religious School, although there is much and notable work,—(forty-six pictures are here assigned to him) the finest examples are to be seen elsewhere. Of Ribéra, who, although he passed most of the years of his life in Naples, was one of the foremost of Spanish Artists, there are no less than fifty-eight works. Of Zurbarán, whose bold and vigorous style, almost recalls Velasquez, there are fourteen specimens. To the lesser lights of the Spanish School, the Coellos, the Pantojas,

the Caños, the Goyas, reference will be made as occasion offers. That the Spanish School should be numerically strong in this Gallery was only to be expected. But that Titian should be represented by nearly as many pictures as Murillo, *i.e.*, by forty-three, was, to the writer at least, a revelation. Of other great Italian artists, there are ten Raphaels, thirty-three Tintoretti, twenty-one of Paul Veronese, and the astonishing number of fifty-five by that astonishing Luca Giordano, (Luca-fa-presto). Of the great Flemings there are sixty-two Rubens, and thirteen by Antonio Moro.¹ There is, further, one splendid Jean V. Eyck, one of the greatest glories of the Gallery. Rembrandt is also represented by only one picture, but it is one of the very greatest works that ever came from the easel of that immortal artist. It is of a lady fair and rosy. I think it is a portrait of his first wife, Saskia. There are, further, twenty-one pictures by Vandyke, and some of them as fine as anything he ever painted. I think that I have named the chief artists that are represented in this Gallery, and though there are upwards of two thousand works to be seen here, there are very numerous deficiencies as regards the representation of other Schools of Art. The Florentine Schools, (both the Early and the Late ones,) are scarcely represented at all. From Giotto X down to Fra Bartolomeo, with all the great names, that may be included within their

¹ The number of pictures by the different artists is only approximate, for since the catalogue was printed, pictures have been added from the Escorial, and other places.

respective epochs, no artist, with the exception of Fra Angelico and Andrea del Sarto, is represented upon these walls. No Massacio, no Botticelli, no Roselli, neither of the Ghirlandi, no Lorenzo da Credi; neither of the Lippis. The Gallery possesses nothing of the Lombard School, so distinguished by the great names of Leonardo da Vinci, Bernardino Luini and Guadenzio Ferrari. It is surprising that Charles V did not see to that in the instance of Leonardo da Vinci. It is also surprising, considering the vast numbers of the Venetian School to be seen here, in the shape of Titian and Veronese and Tintoretto, that there should be so many others of that great School unrepresented. There is a great Giorgione, it is true, but only one Mantegna, (although he is properly of the School of Padua,)—none of the Bellini, neither Carpaccio, nor Bonifazio, nor the Palmas, nor Crivelli. The Bolognese School, too, is very poorly represented. Of the Sienese School nothing. Guido has one or two inferior pictures here; Domenichinò, who, although he has to answer for some inferior productions, has certainly given a stupendous masterpiece to the world, in his “Last Communion of St. Jerome,” has but one inferior production. Nor has Francia anything. Unless we place Raphael and Pinturicchio in the Umbrian School, there seem to be no others of the School here, and there is not one Perugino. Michael Angelo’s “absence” is not “conspicuous,” for he painted but few easel pictures. As Ribéra was the head of the naturalists in Naples, it is strange that with the exception of



CHARLES V.
By Titian.

To face p. 93.

his own works here, there should be none or few of the works of Caravaggio and of Salvator Rosa to be seen. I think it must be conceded, then, immense as are the attractions of this Muséo, unique of their kind, perhaps, that Dresden, Florence, London, Berlin, and even Munich, possess far more comprehensive collections. In all of those Galleries, I think, the history of Art, from its dawn to its twilight, may be more profitably studied. Generally, those Galleries are more representative of Schools, and with the exception of two masters only, they can boast the best specimens of the greatest men.

To an Englishman one of the greatest attractions of this Gallery will always be that there are forty-four pictures that came from the collection of the unfortunate Charles I. Englishmen, then, will pay the tribute of their gratitude to Philip IV, for having rescued them in time from the hands of Oliver Cromwell and his Puritan myrmidons. The love of Art covers a multitude of sins. And whatever crimes are to be attributed to the Spanish Monarchs, we may place to their credit side this fact, that from Charles V, to Philip V, a passion for art and artists was one of their ruling characteristics. We all know that Velasquez was the Apelles of Philip IV, even as Titian had been of his great-grandfather, Charles V. I will commence with the first Apelles.

Charles V on Horseback.—Appears as the Victor of Mühlberg, 1547; a more monumental portrait-picture does not exist. Like many other monu-

ments, it has suffered from time, burning, and "restorations." But it is still glorious, a magnificent ruin. He bestrides us all like the Colossus of Rhodes, and we petty men peep about betwixt his huge legs. It was really a chestnut horse that Charles rode that day, though it has been rendered black. Fresh from the easel, it must have been *facile princeps* of all portraits ever given to the world, and alone would have immortalised the artist. No one could help remarking the extraordinary senility of a man who was then only forty-seven years of age. In the prime of life, and yet an old man! Gout, stone, dyspepsia—the results of astounding gluttony—say some. Incessant campaigning, say others. His abdication was doubtless owing to attacks of indigestion. What surprises us then is, that when he took the cowl at Yuste he did not take the vows of abstinence. He appears, there, to have continued his gluttonous habits. We do not wonder then, that he died within three years of his abdication. "He who ruleth himself is better than he that taketh a strong tower." Charles had not that prime and chief requisite of a Ruler.

Portrait of Charles V (Titian).—The Potentate has his Irish wolf-dog by his side. A grand-seigneur picture. Serious but affable, thoughtful but not severe. It is Charles in his every-day mood, taken at a moment when he would be approachable and conversable, and had even time to caress his dog. He might just then have stooped to pick up the paint-brush which Titian

had let fall. But that story is told of the "Charles V" now in the Munich Gallery. The dog is alive.

Most great painters have loved dogs, and have painted them surpassingly well. Titian, Rubens, Antonio Moro, Pourbus, Murillo, P. Veronese, Millais, Landseer and others. And we meaner men love them too. (If you cannot be a hero to your valet, you are always a god to your dog.) This is the sort of picture to hang over your fireplace, and to live with. This masterpiece was given to Charles I, when he came to Madrid in search of an Infanta, by Philip IV. I think Charles well rewarded for his journey, though he failed to obtain his Infanta. It was purchased back by Philip amongst the other English pictures after Charles's death. Few pictures have made more suggestive journeys.

Philip II in Armour (Titian).—This is the Portrait that completed the Conquest of English Mary; in the self-same armour that is preserved in the "Armeria." Portraits of this Spanish hero are so numerous that his face is as familiar to us as those of our Elizabeth, or our Charles I. Here he is shown to us in his youth, but whether we see him in his early years, or in his maturity, he always looks as though he saw a ghost. Likely enough that he saw myriads of ghosts, the Spanish or Flemish victims of his insatiable cruelty. The face, nevertheless, possesses a certain degree of shrewdness, and is less uncomely and stupid than those of his son and his grandson, who succeeded him upon the

throne, of which he had made anything rather than a bed of roses. His whole existence is a record of terrible crimes against humanity. And his death, of long-spun-out terrors more frightful than, though similar to, those of Sylla and of Herod. Titian, almost to the end of his immensely protracted life, continued to paint for the son, as he had done for the father. There is no other instance of a patriarchal artist preserving command of sight and manual dexterity, almost undiminished, to his latest years.

La Gloria (Titian).—This was the favourite picture of Charles V. He carried it with him, upon his abdication, to Yuste, and left directions in his will that it was to adorn the place of his interment. When his body was removed to the Escorial, it accompanied his corpse, and was afterwards, (within very recent years,) placed in this Muséo. It is, therefore, a most interesting picture, though as a work of art, if still astonishing, a wreck. Charles, his Empress, his son Philip, and his daughters are here represented in their night-gowns, in presence of the Trinity, and of the spiritual hierarchy, Noah inclusive, with whom they appear to be upon quite intimate terms. The Venetian painters were much in the habit of thus representing their doges, monarchs, and other great men. Titian, if he had any sense of humour, must have smiled when he had to present men such as Charles and his son, in guise so highly spiritualised. But he gives us, notwithstanding, his own portrait below.

The Victory of Lepanto (Titian¹).—Not a representation of the Battle, but an allegory, much of the same kind as the “Gloria.” Philip II is represented, smartly arrayed, as offering his infant son to Fame, who in return presents the boy with a palm or plume, which he somewhat hesitatingly accepts. Philip and his son take all the glory of that great battle, which was won for them by Don John of Austria, Philip’s half-brother. Titian painted this picture in his ninety-sixth year. The child, Fernando, did not live to grow up. The battle, 1571, was the greatest victory of Don John, and it may be considered as the Navarino of the 16th Century.

Duke (Alfonso) of Ferrara (Titian).—A very fine portrait, of one of Titian’s greatest and most importunate patrons, (you will remember the finer portrait in the Pitti Palace). He was famous as an Art-collector, and also as the husband of Lucrezia Borgia. She does not seem to have had *her* portrait painted by Titian, or by any other artist. She *has* been painted by history, or scandal, much blacker than probability at least warrants. Alfonso possessed the adjacent picture by Titian, known as the “Fecundidad,” or “Worship of Venus,” as “Goddess of Fecundity.”

Fecundidad (Titian).—The most delightful Romp of Cupids below, and Cherubs above, that

¹ It is noteworthy, as regards this picture of the “Victory of Lepanto,” that Sanchez Coello made sketches of this amongst others for Titian, and took them to Titian at Venice. This shows the estimation in which Coello was held by Titian.

was ever imagined, since Greek artists frescoed with similar decorations Pompeian walls.

This picture, when in Rome, became a sort of *culte* amongst the artists. Domenichino is said to have shed tears when the picture was removed.

The Empress Isabella (Titian).—Painted after her death. Probably from Titian's sketch. Her husband Charles V was so fond of this picture, and indeed of her, that he took it with him to Yuste, and it was before him in his dying hours. It is said that had she lived longer, she would also have taken monastic vows. It is to be regretted that she died so early, for Philip their son, who was then only twelve years of age, might have been a different man had she lived to influence him.

A Knight of Malta (Titian).—Unnamed. An extremely fine portrait of a man dressed in black with large red cross embroidered upon his breast.

Portrait of the Painter (Titian).—It is the well-known, handsome Head of the Artist in his old age. Most, too, of Titian's religious subjects in this Gallery were painted in his very mature years, and many of them have been injured by repainting; of such is the "Entombment," a grand work executed in his eighty-second year.

It is very similar to that in the Louvre of the same subject, painted much earlier in life.

Christ Presented to the People by Pilate (Titian).—A fine picture, interesting, too, because it is mentioned by Velasquez himself as "muy bueno," and also as being "restored" even then. The "Mater Dolorosa" (on slate), beautiful in

itself, also has an additional interest in having been before Charles's eyes upon his death-bed. Titian's principal "profane" subjects in the Muséo are the "Venus and Adonis," the "Danaë," the "Abandoned Ariadne," and the "Repose in Egypt" (?). The last picture referred to is now classed amongst the "uncertified" Titians. It is one of the reposeful, poetic Idylls, which Titian has so often, and even lovingly, put before us. There is the delicious, dreamy landscape of his own country, bathed in a light as of sapphires, an interchange of tender blues and greens, melting into each other, and blending into the haze of the horizon. It is scarcely to be doubted that this picture, so Titianesque, issued from a Venetian studio, and probably from that of Titian. The family of Vecelli, son, brother and cousin, Orazio, Cesare, Francesco, were famous for reproducing Titian's manner and colouring. Very many of the "Titians" in the Galleries of Europe, public and private, are works of his relatives.

The "Ariadne," or "Bacchanal," forms one of the series, of which the magnificent example in the National Gallery of London stands pre-eminent.

The "Venus and Adonis," too, is another instance of the kind. There are many replicas elsewhere. But both of the pictures here noted, are full of the power and charm which distinguish Titian's idyllic subjects. The "Danaë" is a very fine example of Titian's genius in mythological subjects, but this picture is probably a little inferior to a splendid rendering of the same, or nearly the

same picture in the Museum at Naples. Another is at St. Petersburg. There are two copies of famous mythological pictures by Titian here, "Prometheus" and "Sisyphus." The *originals*, together with "Ixion and Tantalus" all painted for Mary of Hungary, the sister of Charles V, were destroyed by fire in 1604 or 1608 when the Palace "del Pardo" was burnt. It therefore seems as if some artist copied them, with a kind of prescience of their coming destruction. These copies are always affirmed to have been by Sanchez Coello. It is certain that Sanchez Coello died 1590-91.

Murillo (1618-1682).—If there be an artist towards whom we feel almost a personal affection, I think, it is Murillo. And I believe the reason to be that his personal individuality is so impressed upon his works. His goodness, gentleness, and simplicity, were as remarkable as his sense of beauty and his genius. His intense love for his kind, for Humanity, comes out in all his pictures. It is demonstrated in depicting what we should term "ugly" subjects, such as his beggars, cripples, peasants, fully as much as in his Madonnas, Saints, and sacred pictures generally. He saw the inherent beauty of human nature, even when he was representing physical defects, and the lower types of man or woman. He never caricatured the ugly or the misshapen. And therein I think lies his superiority to Velasquez, who often uglified his dwarfs and mendicants. The Saints, and holy men and women, who clothed the naked and fed the hungry, or who bathed their sores and alleviated



THE INFANT SAVIOUR AND ST. JOHN.
By Murillo.

their sufferings, irresistibly appealed to Murillo's heart. It would have been a St. Francis, rather than a St. Domenic, to arouse Murillo's sympathy. Not the least, too, of the former great Saint's great qualities in the eyes of Murillo, would have been his tender compassion for animals. Another characteristic of Murillo.

St. Francis of Assisi, "La Porciuncula."—The little strip of ground (near the modern Railway Station of Assisi) which was given to St. Francis to build his little Chapel. Here St. Francis has one of his many visions, as he prays before the Altar. It was here that in buffeting the assaults of the Evil One, he cast himself into the thorn-bushes, which were transformed, as if in response to his supplications, into red and white roses and which cherubs are showering down upon the Saint's head.

Here St. Francis died, and upon the place of his death a fine Cathedral has in recent times been erected. His ashes, as we know, were transferred to the magnificent Church that crowns the heights of Assisi.

St. Francis de Paulo (Murillo).—He is kneeling before a veil whereon is written "Charitas." His motto, and of Murillo, too.

The Infant Saviour and St. John (Murillo).—Murillo's children have never been surpassed. This is one of the best examples. The Infant Baptist drinks heartily from a shell, which the Infant Saviour presents to his lips, and a beautiful lamb looks on as though he would also drink. The scene is suffused in a vaporous glow. That "vaporoso"

softness, which is peculiar to Murillo. From above, the heads of cherubim are contemplating the scene.

Holy Family, "El Pajarito" (Murillo).—To my view the most beautiful and entirely satisfactory of Murillo's larger compositions in the Gallery. It has the repose, and the softness of light and colour of one of the Venetian masters. The gentleness and sweetness which characterise the countenances of the Infant Saviour and of the Virgin and St. Joseph are peculiar to Murillo. They are all types unmistakably Spanish, but of the highest and noblest kind. It is purely a domestic scene, sufficiently idealised, but not too much so. I think that the bird, whence the picture is named, is too tightly squeezed in the Infant's hands. That rather "jars" in the thoughts of the spectator. Otherwise the execution is wholly admirable. There may be something in the colour to recall Ribéra. Perhaps in the *treatment* of the "bird," but not of that of the picture.

The Immaculate Conception (Murillo).—There are two or three in the Gallery of this subject so congenial to Murillo. They vary much in merit. Two of them hang close together, and those two are the best here. There are several others of the same subject at Seville and elsewhere in Spain, but they are all surpassed by the famous picture at Paris, one of Marshal Soult's numerous thefts. But in all, Murillo maintains the same type of the Virgin. No semi-divine or even divine, person, was the Virgin as he conceived her. He has no sympathy with those artists who desired to elevate



THE HOLY FAMILY. "EL PAJARITO."
By Murillo.



THE VIRGIN AND ST. ILDEFONSO.
By Murillo.

her into equality with the Sacred Trinity. He had no idea of her being "Deipara." A beautiful, youthful, simple, lowly-born maiden whose crown was that of purity, innocence, and holiness, and from such a type he has never swerved.

Of Murillo's other pictures here, I believe that the best will be considered to be the following :—

The Apparition of the Virgin to St. Ildefonso, in which the Virgin, and Angels, appear, bearing a "Casulla," or Chasuble, for his acceptance. St. Ildefonso was a Benedictine Monk and Archbishop of Toledo in the 7th Century.

The Vision of St. Bernard (Murillo).—The execution of this picture is worthy of all praise, but "the literal representation of a spiritual idea," does not commend itself as beautiful to the ordinary mind. "The Annunciation," and the "St. Anna teaching the Virgin to read," are the two others of Murillo's which chiefly deserve notice.

Ribéra, called "Lo Spagnoletto" (1588–1656).—Almost all the numerous works of this powerful Master are placed together, so that the sombre colouring, the weird masses of strongly contrasted "chiaroscuro," and the equally sombre choice of subjects, which distinguish this artist, can be studied better here than anywhere else. He, no doubt, owes to his chief master, M. A. de Caravaggio, his preference for blackness. His choice of wild and painful subjects is peculiarly his own. It is with relief, that you turn from "martyrdoms," and "Tortures of Saints," however vigorously, and even splendidly painted, to gentler subjects equally

finely represented, such as " St. Peter released from prison " ; " Heads of Silenus " ; and of the " Sibyl " ; and above all and before all, " Jacob's dream."

A superb young man in clerical garb, a long black cassock, and with sandals upon his feet, lies prone upon the earth, in most serene and undisturbed repose. Slumber, so profound and happy, that it gives no space to dreams, of " Jacob's Ladder " or of anything else. A gnarled tree upon Jacob's right hand partly shelters him. The picture is, evidently, a portrait, and worthy of Titian himself, —the black dress included. I would that the artist had given us more such " dreams."

Ribéra has nevertheless given us one, (as I believe) of the great masterpieces of the world. The " Pietà " in the beautiful St. Martino Chapel, upon Monte St. Elmo, at Naples, No one who has ever beheld it, but must wish to see again that most touching picture. Another very great picture of his ; a most splendid " Saint Simeon with the Infant Christ." It belongs to Lord Bristol, and was in the year 1901 exhibited at the Guildhall.

Ribéra (1588–1656) forsook his own country as a youth, and settled at Naples. It would be more correct to say that he "settled" everybody else. He seems to have been of a violent and tyrannical temper. He made himself head of a "Camorra" of painting. He may be considered as one of the founders of that autocratic establishment which in other branches continues to flourish to the present day.

No one was allowed to paint, unless he was a

“Naturalist” or a “Tenebroso.” War to the knife was declared against the “Eclectic” School. Domenichino was rash enough to visit Naples, but was soon driven away in danger of his life. Stanzioni, one of the foremost Neapolitan painters, had the satisfaction of seeing one of his greatest pictures destroyed with vitriol by Ribéra, who had been good enough to volunteer to clean or “improve” the picture for him. Yet whatever defects of style, or temper, Ribéra may have had, I never see a picture of his but I acknowledge what a very great painter he was.

Adam and Eve (Titian); Copy by Rubens (1577-1640).—This copy was made for Charles I.

The two pictures have been placed near to each other. The original is not in the condition that it was, when Rubens made this fine copy. We may therefore look upon the copy as being the best of the two, at the present moment. It is remarkable how Rubens has suppressed his own flesh-ideals, in order to give a faithful rendering of the flesh-tints peculiar to the older master. Rubens has, however, permitted himself to make a small addition to the original, and also a small subtraction. The former is that of a gorgeous “macaw”; the omission is that of Adam’s fig-leaf. Rubens’ passion for the human form divine, was so consistent that he sometimes grudged a figment of a fig-leaf. He was historically wrong here, for the event represented is the “Fall of man, (and woman,)” and Genesis tells us that they thereupon “made unto themselves aprons,” (or “breeches,” as one version has it).

A "burst" of Rubens' triumphant themes salutes you in the entrance-hall, and in the adjacent rooms of the Gallery. The light here is not of the best, perhaps that is the reason why these rooms have been assigned to personages of a Pantheon, who have not only not made any toilettes at all, but wish for no other garb than that which our primitive Mother Eve is wearing in the picture noted above.

We are conscious, rather than critically observant, of vigorous Syrens, mature enchantresses, of Dianas and Venuses, Pomonas and Cereses, splendidly unashamed, and all heartily alive.

Flashes of golden tresses, and rose-like lips, and laughing eyes. Dreams of fat women, and of god-like men, with glowing muscles, swelling contours, herculean limbs, fanfaronades of pink flesh. A carnival of colour, and of luxuriant healthiness.

All recklessly thrown off, as it were, from an anvil of the gods. And all instinct with the glow and fire of a sort of volcanic artist.

You have almost to look through your fingers at the profuse and dazzling splendour of them all. But you *do* look, much like the famous "*Vergognosa della Vendemmia*," in the picture of "Noah Intoxicated," on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa. Where did Rubens meet with that peculiar type of woman,—a type from which he rarely departed? You do not come across such massive, golden-haired ladies, with complexions of lilies mingled with peonies, and with curled poppy lips, in Belgium. Vandyke, likewise a Fleming, and Rubens' foremost pupil, did

not see them, and Rubens, a much-travelled man, could not have met them in Spain, or Italy, or in England. The fair daughters of those countries might have given him other models. His wives, Isabella and Helena, *were* on the large scale, however. Rubens adored his wives, and beyond them, perhaps, did not care to look. Rubens was very fond of the "Judgment of Paris," as a subject. Naturally, or even necessarily, the subject demanded an abhorrence of drapery. But how difficult he made for Paris, the award of the apple. For Juno and Minerva are merely repetitions of Venus. But, at moments, this great artist has risen, and triumphed over the flesh. In such a moment he painted:

Moses' Serpent.—A most pathetic picture, and a very noble conception of a touching subject. Here, Rubens has not thought of "showing off," or of demonstrating his powers in depicting unclad Humanity. It is a triumph of execution all the same. I know of no more expressive or impressive work of his. The woman, who is struggling to live, and to fix her eyes upon the life-giving serpent, is sublime.

Rubens was born in 1577,—in the year after that of Titian's death. He was born opportunely. All the great Italian Masters had disappeared when Rubens began to study painting. He may be said to have re-kindled the sacred flame which had become extinguished in Italy. He became to monarchs, what Titian had been, and what his contemporary and friend, Velasquez, was to be to Philip IV of Spain. And what eternal gratitude

do we not owe him when we think of the wondrous Raphael-Cartoons which he bought for Charles I.

A headlong genius, excelling in all subjects upon which he laid his hand. Whether it were a "Crucifixion" or a "Judgment of Paris," or a "Rainbow Landscape," a "Gambol of Cupids," or a "Garden of Peacocks," or of flowers, or a portrait, or animals, always unsurpassed and pre-eminent. Immense Artist, also Diplomatist, Ambassador, trustworthy friend, loyal companion, genial spirit, *bon-enfant*, loved, admired, and honoured of all. You have, in spite of (and, perhaps, just a little because of,) all your swimming buxomnesses, and your flamboyant nudenesses, chained us all to your triumphant car. You were a law unto yourself, even as Shakespeare and Turner.

You used your giant strength most tyrannically, but we all bow down to you and take off our hats as you sit enthroned in the front rank of the Immortals, side by side with V. Eyck and Rembrandt, with Titian and Velasquez.

Velasquez (1599-1660).—Passing from the glowing splendours of Rubens into the presence of Velasquez, is like leaving the glare of the midday sun, to shelter in the shade of avenues of cypress trees, bordered by hedges of clipped yew. The sun still shines there, but his rays are broken and subdued. Velasquez possesses this suite of apartments by right of genius, as he held the others in the old consumed Palace of the Alcazar as King Philip's "Apasentados Mayor," or "Master of the Household." It is in one of these now-consumed rooms, then,

adorned as it was with pictures of his artist-friend Rubens, that we find Velasquez putting the finishing strokes to his just completed and wonderful picture known as :

Las Menīnas (*The Maids of Honour*).—The handsome, swarthy artist stands up before his easel upon your left. The little Infanta Maria, the daughter of Philip IV, and of his second wife, Mariana of Austria, is seated, receiving from a “Menīna” kneeling, a cup of water, which she doubtless needed after a protracted sitting. Another Menīna is at hand, and in the foreground are two dwarfs, one a female with a dog, who is being teased by one of them, which must have rather interfered with the sitting. An officer and a lady of the Court are in the background, for it would not have been seemly that an Infanta of Spain should have been left with the scanty retinue in front. There is another figure, too, in the background, in the open door. A mirror upon the wall reflects the most Catholic Sovereigns, who are with you, contemplating the scene. So delighted was Philip with this picture, that he then and there took up the painter’s brush, and painted with his own royal hands the red cross of the Order of Santiago upon the artist’s breast. And thus, as he said, he supplied the only thing lacking to make a perfect picture. And perfect it is, as every one has said, who has seen it for the last three hundred years or more. Strangely enough, it does not seem to have been swept off to Paris with all the other art-loot of the insatiable French Generals. But *en revanche*, the Church

S. Juan, where Velasquez was buried, was destroyed by them, and the immortal artist's ashes dispersed to the winds. It was the last great picture that Velasquez painted, for he died shortly afterwards, in 1660.

The Surrender of Breda (Velasquez).—The greatest of the historical compositions of the artist. It immortalises one of the few victories that can be credited to Philip IV. Spinola took Breda for him, June 2, 1626. Prince Justin of Nassau is presenting the Victor with his sword. Nothing can exceed the courteous demeanour of the chivalrous conqueror as he hastens, with genial smile, and with deprecating hands, to reassure the vanquished General. Both of them are painted with extraordinary skill, and the character of both heads are noble in the extreme. The picture is crowded with knights, and soldiers, Spanish, Italian, and Flemish, the individuality of each Race being indicated with immense force, not alone as regards the features, but also by details of costume. Velasquez, it is supposed, has introduced his own head into the picture. That, upon the right, with a plumed hat. But it did not strike me as very similar to the undoubted Portrait, in the picture of the "Meninas." The picture is known in Spain as "Las Lanzas," from the pikes and lances that bristle in the painting. After having admired the lofty, and chivalrous character, expressed in the countenance and bearing of Spinola, it is sad to remember that the hero's services were so ill-repaid by Philip, that his life was shortened by the cruel treatment of his Sovereign. In Spain it seems to

have been in the natural course of things, that Sovereigns should neglect and defame the Ministers who served them best and should break the hearts of the Generals by their ingratitude.

Don Balthazar Carlos (Velasquez).—This sturdy little boy, whose features we so well know, is represented as riding a pony, as full of life and spirit as himself, full tilt at you. You, involuntarily, turn aside to avoid being ridden over. The joyous abandon of equestrian youth, and willing steed united, has never been more skilfully expressed. The picture lives, and moves,—and gallops. Don Balthazar's father, Philip IV, was as good an equestrian as was to be found in Spain. It is evident that the father intended the son to be as good as himself upon a horse. The boy was as often as his father a subject of Velasquez-canvases. There are three other pictures of him here, and several also in English collections, *e.g.*, those of the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Bristol.

The death of the Prince, at the age of seventeen, was a serious blow to the cause of monarchy in Spain. Had he lived, there would have been no King called Charles II, no War of the Spanish Succession, and no Bourbon dynasty upon the throne of Spain.

Four Dwarfs (Velasquez).—It is to be regretted that the wonderful powers of the painter had to be so often exercised in delineating the ugly or unsympathetic features of dwarfs, beggars, fools, etc. Dwarfs and fools, however, were amongst the adjuncts of the rigid and serious Spanish Court, and the Spanish Monarchs, some of whom could rarely

be induced to *smile*, found relaxation, I suppose, in the grimaces and antics of such creatures. Dwarfs are generally conceited, and in these instances seem to have been endowed with a singular appreciation of their own surpassing merits. Their looks express boundless satisfaction with their appearance, as well as the supreme honour they were conferring upon the great artist, by condescending to sit to him.

There are other specimens of the kind in the Gallery, also by Velasquez; one known as "D. Antonio el Inglés" (the Englishman).

Philip IV on Horseback (Velasquez).—This magnificent portrait disputes, with that of Charles V by Titian, the right of being the greatest of equestrian portraits. Certainly the art of portraiture could no further go. Philip bestrides his splendid Andalusian charger, with the calm consciousness of being the best horseman of his day. He is in armour, with a bâton in his hand. Serious, impassive, unapproachable, with lack-lustre eye, he might be marble. His horse, full of life and spirit, is in the strongest contrast to his master.

Philip, here, indeed, reminds one of some stern Commendatore, rather to be figured in marble than painted on canvas. Would any Don Giovanni have ever been bold enough to invite this unearthly-looking warrior to a banquet at his house? Or would he have rather gone to Charles V, in the Mühlberg picture? It would have demanded all imaginable courage to address either of these potentates in festive terms. He would have had better success, with Charles, who loved any chance of



PHILIP IV. ON HORSEBACK.
By Velasquez.



QUEEN ISABELLA.
AN EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT.
By Velasquez.

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eating, and would also, have equally enjoyed the chances of consigning his godless host to the flames beneath immediately afterwards. It is said that Philip IV enjoyed reading "Don Quixote." He does not look here, as though he were fresh from the perusal of that humorous book. There is here a more pleasing portrait though not so splendid a picture, of Philip IV, as a stripling in shooting dress, with gun and dog. There are six other portraits of him here by Velasquez.

Queen Isabella (Velasquez).—The first wife of Philip IV, and mother of Don Balthazar, (of the pony-picture) and sister to Henrietta Maria. She is dressed in black velvet embroidered with pearls, and seated upon a white horse. A very fine and stately picture of a beautiful woman. Her daughter Maria Theresa married Louis XIV, through which alliance he based his claims to the Spanish succession.

Equestrian Portraits : Philip III and Queen Margaret (of Austria) (Velasquez).—Both very much to be admired. Supposed to have been copied from originals by *Pantoja de la Cruz*. For, Velasquez was not painting in their lifetime. This Queen seems to have been a good and sensible woman. She even loved her weak and gloomy husband, and sought to cheer the man, (who is reported to have smiled but once in his life,) by dancing boléros with him. Of Philip, one or two anecdotes are told. It is said that he was actually sentenced by the Holy Inquisition to the punishment of bleeding as an atonement, for having

shuddered at seeing a young Jewess consigned to the flames at an "auto-da-fé"!

He came, himself, within measurable distance of an "auto-da-fé." The room in which he was seated upon one occasion became overheated. It was against etiquette that he should remove any of the burning coals from the fire, or that he should remove himself. The servant, whose office it was to attend to such matters, could not be found. It was not the etiquette that any one else should meddle with the fire. In the meantime Philip got hotter and hotter, and by the time that the missing servant had arrived, the Sovereign had not become a cinder, but had contracted a fever from which he had not strength to rally. He was entirely governed by his Chamberlain, favourite, and first Minister, the Duque de Lerma. But Philip, despite his insignificance of character, has been placed in the pillory of everlasting infamy by one surpassing crime. The expulsion of the Moriscoes. The immensity of the wickedness has rescued him from oblivion.

Don Gaspar de Guzman Conde, Duque de Olivarez.—One of Velasquez's greatest equestrian portraits; so well known from replicas and copies. In this picture the horse is galloping away from the spectator, and the equestrian duke, whilst turning a sardonic glance over his shoulder from his treacherous and cruel eyes, has got perilously forward upon the noble animal's neck. Again, it has been Velasquez's fate to have to represent one of the most repulsive of faces. Notwithstanding



THE CONDE-DUQUE OF OLIVAREZ.
By Velasquez.

he has triumphed nobly, *with* horse and *over* rider.

The rider was for years the omnipotent Minister of Philip IV. When he was in power, Charles and Buckingham came down to Madrid, to seek for the sister of Philip IV as a bride for Charles. Buckingham took a violent aversion to Olivarez, and was in return heartily disliked by the Minister. Perhaps the animosities of the two favourites may have contributed to the failure of the expedition. Both favourites—Olivarez and Buckingham—had risen to the highest rung of the ladder in the estimation of their Sovereigns.

Both were to experience the blows of untoward destiny. Buckingham fell a victim to the dagger of an assassin. Olivarez was relegated, like Wolsey, by the fiat of a capricious monarch to meditate in obscurity upon the excellence of the Psalmist's counsel: "Put not your trust in princes." Artists only could do that, (and it is something to the credit of Spanish Kings,) and Olivarez was a great lover of the fine arts and a generous patron of artists. He shared with his master Philip IV that one merit at least.

Queen Mariana, Second Wife of Philip IV (Velasquez).—This highly-rouged lady was the niece of her husband. She had been betrothed to Philip's son, Balthazar Carlos. The sadly premature death of that youth left her disengaged, and so she became the second wife of Philip. I think that Velasquez must have portrayed her not displeasing features as often as those of the saturnine Philip.

There is more than one picture of her here, and visitors to the fine show of Velasquez's works at the Guildhall in the year 1901 will have seen three more portraits of her. Very pink, very fair, with her hair parted on one side, and with ample hoop, she makes a memorable if not a very handsome portrait. Beauty, so fatefully absent from the Spanish line of monarchs (indeed that family seems to have disputed with the Florence Medici of glorious memory, the palm for plainness), appears not to have been imported by marriage into Castilian blood. Only Isabel, daughter of Henry Quatre, Philip's first wife, possessed that fatal gift, and she died too early to make much impression upon the hopeless stock. Mariana possessed, however, a sense of humour, and showed herself susceptible to the fooleries of Court-jesters. One cannot imagine why such creatures were appended to Courts, unless to make a little diversion for their solemn masters. Yet Philip reproved his wife for being amused by their antics, and pointed out to her with Spanish gravity that Queens of Spain did *not* laugh. Her more cheerful disposition, no doubt enabled her to outlive Philip and to observe, (not with laughter I fear,) the antics of her half-crazy son, Charles II. There is a picture here of Mariana in widow's dress. It is by Carreño de Miranda, who was portrait-painter to Charles II, and had been introduced to royal notice by the ever kindly Velasquez in the previous reign.

The Crucifixion (Velasquez).—It seems to be the very moment of the "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabach-



ST. ANTHONY'S VISIT TO ST. PAUL.
By Velasquez.

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thani?" when the Redeemer of the world, abandoned by all, believed Himself to have been forsaken by His Father also. That terrible cry of insupportable anguish seems to sound in our very ears, as we contemplate this sublime and solitary Figure. Velasquez must have rent his own soul in realising the awful moment which he has here pictured with such terrific force and pathos. Never equalled, I think, by any artist, unless it be Guido in his picture in the "Lorenzo in Lucina" Church at Rome, also a solitary figure.

St. Paul of Thebes and St. Anthony of Alexandria (Velasquez).—This is another instance of the devout artist at his best. It is instinct with religious sentiment and suffused with the mystic glow of an Egyptian atmosphere. The conception and treatment of the subject is so original, and yet you are somehow reminded of the best moments of John Bellini or Mantegna. These two Saints had betaken themselves to the Egyptian deserts, trusting there to find the peace and tranquillity of soul which their own cities had been unable to afford them. St. Anthony, as we know, from many a legend and picture, had been wrestling with the temptations to which his peculiar temperament had predisposed him. And now, in the desert, he fights and strives and vanquishes himself and confides to the crowds who visit him in his seclusion those secrets by which they too may gain the victory over the flesh. But now St. Anthony is assailed by another tempter. He has only just issued forth, clean and pure,

from the Scylla of Despond, to find himself being pulled down into the Charybdis of Self-Righteousness. Then a dream is vouchsafed to him. He is directed to seek the counsels and the guidance of an even stauncher brother,—of a still more steadfast Saint, even St. Paul of Thebes. In this picture we see in three scenes the accomplishment of the journey. St. Anthony seeks admission into St. Paul's cave. There in the foreground of the picture the two holy men are seated together, whilst a raven ministers to their bodily needs. But the time for St. Paul's removal from the earthly scene has now arrived, even during the visit of his brother.

There two lions are seen digging a grave meet for the dead Saint, and wherein the much-travelled St. Anthony is to place the earthly remains of his lately found and revered companion.

The final scene is that of St. Anthony kneeling in ecstatic prayer, prayer for himself certainly, and praise to God for the translation from earth to heaven of the best of men.

There is extraordinary fascination in this picture. The point of view, whence it was painted, is altogether dissimilar from that of the Spanish religious painters.

Teniers has a picture here dealing with the same subject.

Las Hilanderas (The Weavers) (Velasquez).—The beautiful craft of weaving, would naturally enlist the sympathies of an artist such as Velasquez. Madrid was famous once for the productions of its

looms, famous no more, I fear. Here is a representation of a scene which Velasquez saw with his own eyes, and painted with the truthfulness and vigour so characteristic of him. In the foreground an old woman is seated at her wheel, whilst a girl is engaged in winding off the spun wool, and other girls, less inclined for work, are playing with a kitten. In the background a possible lady purchaser is examining with critical eyes a piece of tapestry. The light and atmosphere of the picture are worthy of Rembrandt.

Portrait of Juana de Pacheco (Velasquez).—For forty years the devoted wife of Velasquez. She was the daughter of Pacheco, Velasquez's master, from whom, however, he did not learn much. This portrait is not that of a beautiful woman, but that of a simple and unpretentious one. She nursed Velasquez through his sudden short illness, and died eight days after his death. That looks as though her grief for his loss had been aggravated by fatigue.

Don Ferdinand (Velasquez).—A manly figure, not a handsome man, for he was brother to Philip IV. Like him, a sportsman, and here represented with a big dog and gun. He was known as the "Cardinal Infante." An infantine Cardinal he really was, in the curious manner of those days, and also gained a battle early, that of Nordlingen.

He died very young, like so many of the princes of the house, aged only twenty-nine. This is one of Velasquez's great portraits. Com-

pare this with Rubens' and Vandyke's equestrian portraits of the same subject. I think that Velasquez's great qualities of disposition shine out upon his canvases. A portrait-painter expresses himself in his pictures, nearly as much as his subjects. Absolute truthfulness is the characteristic of Velasquez. He never beautifies the uncomely, or softens down the unbecoming. "He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder." Boswell said once, in answer to some one who wished the great Jove-Johnson's asperities to be toned down, "No!—I won't cut off his claws, and I won't make a cat of a tiger for any man's pleasure."

It was the same with Velasquez; he was truthfulness itself. And that I take to be the mission of great painter and of great historian alike. And what a kind and generous man! Nothing small or jealous in his nature. He loved the unfamous artist, as much as he loved Art. He befriended all who sought him. It was his happy, self-chosen lot, to encourage and to bring forward Murillo himself. And to him it is to be attributed, that men like Zurbaran, Claudio Coello, and Carreño de Mirande, did not have to wither in the shade of obscurity. Even in the wayward nature of Ribéra, his kindly eyes detected something sympathetic, and he made a friend of that turbulent and disturbing personality. He travelled in Italy to collect work, especially of the Venetian School, for his master Philip IV. Too many of them perished in the frequent fires which have destroyed Madrid

Palaces, but there are still some, (especially Tintoretto) to remind lovers of Art, what they owe in so many ways to the great Velasquez. *Not the least memorable* event of his life was his friendship and admiration for Rubens. Kindred spirits they must have been. One can picture those two consummate artists and most genial men learning from each other in Madrid. In this Gallery we are so overpowered by the best works of Velasquez and Titian, that certain painters of great note are liable to be overlooked; *Zurbaran*, for instance, 1598–1662. Those who have seen two noble pictures of his in the London National Gallery, will have already become acquainted with his great powers. His three best here, will be considered, probably, “The Infant Saviour sleeping upon a Cross,” and “San Pedro Nolasco,” a Saint of the 13th Century, (also dressed in white,) and the same Saint, transfixed upon the cross, appearing to the artist. He is to be better studied elsewhere, especially at Seville. He was called the “Caravaggio of Spain,” but he was a finer artist, I think, and does not indulge in the exaggeration of style peculiar to the Neapolitan Master. He was very fond of representing figures clothed in white, especially Carmelite Monks. In the Guildhall Exhibition of 1901 there was a noble picture of the kind called “Un Fraile Carmelite.” Philip IV had immense admiration for him, and going one day into the artist’s studio, placed his hand encouragingly upon the painter’s shoulder, and exclaimed: “Painter to the King, and King of Painters!” The foremost portrait-painters of

Spain, before the days of Velasquez, were Alonso Sanchez Coello, and his pupil, Pantoja de la Cruz, both of them in the service of Philip II. The former was a friend of Antonio Moro, who also was in high favour, for some time, with Philip II. A. S. Coello might be termed rather the Spanish Moro, although Philip was accustomed to call him the "El Tiziano Portuguez," and further, "my beloved son"! Amongst his best works in this Gallery are: "The Infanta C. E. Isabella," the much-beloved daughter of Philip II. "His mirror and the light of his eyes." He bequeathed the Netherlands to her, and a very large share of his illimitable bigotry. She made a vow to the Virgin, that she would not change her linen until Ostend was taken. The famous siege of that city lasted for three years. The condition of her underclothing when the place was finally captured, may therefore be described as "indescribable." An idea only may be formed of it by the fact, that the supposed hue of her linen was the origin of a new and fashionable tint called "Isabeau"!

Portrait of Antonio Perez, by Alonso Sanchez Coello (1513-1590).—This man was at first Secretary to the Prince of Eboli, Minister to Philip II, and afterwards Minister himself. He became the tool and accomplice of Philip in some of his worst crimes. He, subsequently, not only fell from power, but was imprisoned for long years, tortured, and finally buried, in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He had the luck, however, to be rescued, thanks to a popular insurrection. He escaped to France and

soon afterwards to England, where he published an account of his sufferings and those of his wife and family. But he never returned to Spain, and worn out by disgrace and misfortunes, died in poverty at Paris.

Don Carlos (Sanchez Coello).—As a boy of twelve or fourteen. He died mysteriously, aged twenty-four. He was the son of Philip's "first wife" Maria of Portugal, who died a few days after his birth. Isabella of France, Philip's third wife, to whom Don Carlos had himself been betrothed, showed great sympathy and compassion for the youth during his quarrels with his father, and his subsequent imprisonment. She also died mysteriously within three months of her step-son's tragic death. It was natural that her death, as well as that of Don Carlos, should have been attributed to Philip's jealousy. There are no proofs, but strong suspicions, and upon such Schiller has founded his dramatic romance. There are several other portraits of the princesses of Philip's house to be seen here, and all are good. Sanchez Coello's famous copies of Titian's "Prometheus" and "Sisyphus," have already been referred to. Sanchez Coello also devoted his talents to the painting of religious subjects, but not with any marked success. Observe another most excellent Portrait of a Lady dressed in white.

Juan Pantoja de la Cruz (1551–1609), his pupil, was his worthy successor, as a portrait-painter. It is very probable, that the fine equestrian portraits of Philip III, and his wife, Margaret, which bear

the name of "Velasquez," were painted almost entirely by Pantoja, for Velasquez never saw those royal personages.

Portrait of Charles V (Pantoja).—A copy from some picture (artist unknown). A very striking picture nevertheless. Pantoja signs himself thereon "Traductor."

Philip II (Pantoja).—One of the best, and certainly most interesting portraits here. Philip is presented in his sixtieth year, old and grey-headed, with a rosary in his hand, every bead of which represents a crime. Bigotry and intolerance are the only expressions of that expressionless and too faithfully rendered countenance. One wonders what Philip thought of his own portrait. He was not without vanity, it is said, and touchy upon the subject of grey hair. *Pantoja* does not seem to have turned his attention to religious subjects, like his master Coello. *Pantoja* may be looked upon, I suppose, as the third in rank of the great portrait-painters. As regards the religious Art of Spain, previous to Velasquez, and Murillo, I do not perceive any striking instance of original genius. It is to be remembered that Italian or Flemish Art dominated the earlier School, so much, that we can scarcely find a Spanish picture that rises above the level of the second-rate artists of those countries. Spanish Art was a singularly late one. The encouragement of Italian artists by the Spanish Monarchs, from a date as early even as that of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the overwhelming influence of Titian, especially, must have contri-

buted to the tardy dawn of an independent Art in Spain. Again, the baleful influence of the Inquisition more than explains, the absence of originality in Spanish treatment of religious subjects. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that there never was in Spain, the spontaneous and prodigal outburst of Art,—that prodigious manifestation of the aspirations and the yearnings for the divine-in-life of an entire nation, and which we call the Italian Renaissance. Such Art as there was in Spain, was never a national movement. Pictures for churches, the decoration of chapels, and altars, (but always strictly in conformity with the conventional treatment prescribed by the Inquisition,) would naturally be required. Where there was a great Cathedral for instance, as at Toledo, Antonio Rincon, and his pupils *e.g.*, may be considered as the earliest of Spanish artists employed in that way. Even then, the date would not be previous to the middle of the 15th Century. Too often it was by artistic monks, that such works were to be carried out, and it was not probable that the treatment would be considered from an original point of view.

Pictures such as these may often interest, and in certain instances, may awake admiration. But, so far as I have been able to judge, you will not meet in Spain, with any works of this epoch that would bear comparison with those of the best second-class works in Italy. *J. Van Eyck* travelled once in Portugal and Spain, and doubtless, the influence of that extraordinary artist may have long rested in

the country, and have been handed down by inferior artists to the days of Rincon, and later, of Moralez. But I should not say, with the exception, perhaps, of the latter artist, and of Juanez, 1523, that any one in Spain in the early 16th Century ever rose to the best level of Mabuse or Matsys.

As regards Italy, I doubt whether any Spanish artists, before the days of Murillo, approached Lorenzo d. Credi, or the Lippis. Juanez, 1523, whose best works are in Valencia, excellent also as a portrait-painter. Alonzo Caño, (but here we come to the days of Murillo,) and works of his date may be considered as we meet them.

One remark, *en passant*, may be added about Spanish Art. That is, as regards Landscape Painting, or rather the nearly total absence of it. One would have thought, that Granada at least, which has been such a fruitful scene of inspiration to Spanish artists of late years, would have furnished subjects to some Spanish Claude or Poussin. But save a few of Velasquez, in that branch of Art, there are scarcely any landscapes to be seen. Perhaps, the prevalent yellows and browns of Spanish landscapes, may have deterred artists from expending their talents in that field!

But, whatever may be the merits, or demerits, of the Spanish Religious School, the best exemplars are not to be found in this Gallery. I speak of artists, of course other than Velasquez, Murillo, Ribéra, and Zurbaran.

Moralez (1509-1586).—"Ecce Homo" and "Virgen de los Dolores."

Painted in the marked devotional style, characteristic of this master, but showing the influence of the Flemish School, and in no way dissimilar to the usual treatment observable in the works of that School. Moralez was styled "El Divino"—because he devoted himself to the portrayal of sacred heads.

Juan de Juanez (1523).—A series of pictures representing the "Martyrdom of St. Stephen," and "The Last Supper." I imagine Juanez to be the greatest of the Præ-Murillo School. But it is at Valencia, where his works abound, that his great talents are to be appreciated. He studied in Rome, under Raphael's pupils, and has been rather extravagantly styled the "Spanish Raphael." He regarded his profession as a sacred calling, and was accustomed to pray, and even to receive the Holy Sacrament, before commencing a picture. Another picture of Juanez' may be noted, "The Visitation." Fine, yet not so original in treatment, as to give a just idea of his powers. "The Descent from the Cross" is a better instance.

Navarrete el Mudo (1526-1579).—"The Baptism." It is rather from the touching circumstances of this artist having been deaf and dumb, than from the superlative merits of the artist that this picture will interest the spectator. He was a careful student of Titian, and may even have met him at Venice. Philip II had a regard for him, and this work was painted for the King's colossal Mausoleum, the "Escorial." His works at the Escorial have been immensely admired.

An Auto-da-Fé (*A. Berrugette*, 1480-1545).—

There are several reasons why this picture should be looked at and remembered. It is the first representation of such a subject, and it is presided over by "Saint" Domingo de Guzman; the *Holy* Inquisitor.

It makes one shudder to think, that the "Holy" ceremony in all probability conducted to the *Saint's* canonisation. A course of his "miracles," appropriately enough, are to be seen close to the above picture of horrors. Berrugette has given his name to the "Cinque-cento" architecture in Spain, and he is therefore sure of immortality. His pictures are very few, and doubts have been thrown upon the above. But he seems, nevertheless, to have been "painter" to Charles V and Philip II. But as architect, and sculptor, he is really famous, and he was actually one of Michael Angelo's pupils.

Of *Ribalta* (1551-1628), one of the most famous of the School of Valencia and master to Ribéra, there appear to be but two in this Gallery. They give a very high idea of his powers. One represents "An angel appearing to St. Francis." (The "lamb" in the picture was the favourite companion of the Saint.) The other is "Christ supported by angels."

Juan Roelas (1558-1625).—Of this painter there appears to be one example in this Gallery, and even the authenticity of that is doubted—"Moses striking the Rock." At Seville, Roelas's native city, his works are numerous.

Juan de Pareja, the half-caste servant of Velasquez, must be referred to, in a fine work entitled,

“The Calling of St. Matthew,” and one which, curiously enough, does not recall the style of his Master (doubly his Master!).

His history is a touchingly curious one. As a servant, or a slave (for it appears that any of the hated and lately expelled races, still existent in Spain had not the rights of men) it fell to his lot to look after Velasquez's paints and brushes. But during his services in Velasquez's studio, he became inspired by his master's talents, and when alone would attempt to do likewise. He accompanied Velasquez to Rome, and there also, he studied and imitated in secret. One day, Philip IV, a constant visitor to the great artist's studio, saw hanging upon the wall a picture reversed. He had it put before him, and at once asked for the name of the painter. The slave fell at the monarch's feet, and acknowledged his own art-child. This incident gave rise to one of Philip's gracious speeches to artists. “A man who can paint like that must not remain a slave.” But Pareja, though a free man henceforward, could not leave the studio of a master so honoured and admired. You will see, in the background of this picture, the dark features of the faithful artist-servant. I know not if this picture be the one discovered by King Philip.

Alonzo di Caño.—“Virgin and Child.” “St. Benedict.” “The dead Christ.” To my mind Alonzo di Caño is the most pleasing of all the lesser lights of the Spanish School. In his predilection for the less than life-size of some of his works, in his grouping, and even in his colouring, he distantly

resembles Titian. He has been, (surely very absurdly,) styled the Spanish Michael Angelo. Such titles, and they abound in Spain, always damage the artist's reputation. He has eight works here, all pleasing. But he, like so many other Spanish artists, is most favourably seen elsewhere in Spain.

Alonzo Caño was also a priest, and a sculptor, likewise a friend of Velasquez. Philip IV had a regard for him and had him made a Canon of Granada Cathedral. The Chapter did not like it, or him, and remonstrated. To which Philip made reply, "I can make you all canons; God Almighty alone can make an Alonzo Caño." Perhaps the fact that he had been married, caused the Chapter to object. Anyhow he was a very religious and charitable man. He also was the pupil of Pacheco, father-in-law, and second master of Velasquez. Many of his works are to be seen elsewhere in Spain. His statues and sculptures at Toledo, and elsewhere, are noteworthy.

Del Mazo (1630-1687).—Although not a painter of religious subjects, this artist's works are much prized, both for their own very great merits and for the fact that some of them have been taken for original Velasquezes. He was one of the great artist's pupils, and married his master's daughter. "*Don Tibuecio do Redin*" is one of his great portraits. Look also at his "Zaragossa," a fine landscape, with figures, the latter needlessly attributed to Velasquez. He painted a portrait of the often-depicted young "Balthazar Carlos," son of Philip IV.

Indeed, after the death of Velasquez, he was appointed Court Painter to that Monarch.

Villaviciencio, a pupil and friend of Murillo (who died in his arms), excelled in the representation of peasants, and "ragged boys," such as his master delineated with such brilliant success. There is one such picture here, quite a Murillo, "Boys playing at Dice." It is said, that many such works of his, in European Galleries, are attributed to Murillo. Certainly, the Munich series of five such subjects, however, can be assigned only to Murillo. Never did that great artist paint more brilliantly, and successfully than in those extraordinary representations of Spanish peasant-boys. It is surprising that the second, *Coello*, *Claudio Coello*, should be so little to the fore in this Gallery. His greatest work, 'La Santa Forma,' it is true, may be seen at the Escorial. But he was a fine portrait-painter, like his namesake of the days of Philip II. He was nominated by Philip IV as one of the Royal painters, and was employed by that Monarch chiefly at the Escorial. He is generally considered as the last of the great Spanish painters of the Præ-Goya epoch, at least. He is said to have died from jealousy of the irrepressible Luca Giordano, to whom had been entrusted the decoration of the grand staircase of the Escorial. The ceiling above was painted in seven months by "Luca-fa-pres-tissimo!"

Carreño de Miranda (1614-1685), cotemporary with C. Coello, has here a portrait of Charles II, one very life-like, if the term can be considered

appropriate of a poor creature, who was never but half-alive. His most animated moments were those spent at "auto-da-fés." His only redeeming quality was his adoration for his beautiful Queen, Marie Louise d'Orleans, daughter of the equally beautiful "Madame." She, like her mother, died young and like her after a mysteriously sudden illness of two or three days. The Kingdom of Spain passed into French hands after Charles's death, and the country was devastated by the "War," known as that of "The Spanish Succession." Truly the Spanish Race is a strange one. You are lost in wonder, that Spaniards should have endured for fifteen years, the imbecile rule of a man like Charles, and then, that they should have suffered themselves "bag and baggage," to be handed over, as though they were the King's personal effects, to his nearest neighbour. A good artist, though, Carreño de Miranda, as this, and another portrait, the Mother of Charles, in her widow's dress, and a portrait of a buffoon of Charles, named "Francisco Bazan," testify. Also to be remarked Potemkin, Russian Ambassador to the Spanish King. To exhaust the list of Spanish artists in the Gallery, the name of *Francisco Rizi* must be mentioned. In his picture of an auto-da-fé, of the year of grace 1680 (little over two hundred years ago), Charles has been made an inheritor of undying disgrace, and not Charles only, but his wife and mother, and the grandeur of the Spanish Court, the hidalgos, and the high-born of both sexes, are gathered together in their bravest attire, and most elaborate toilettes, upon "grand stands," smiling

and sparkling, to feast their ogling eyes upon their fellow-creatures being agonised, and done to death, because—because they did not believe in a wafer being the body of Christ, because they did not believe that the Grand Inquisitor was the appointed Minister of God upon earth, or that the Roman Pontiff was immaculately conceived, or that all those gaudily dressed sovereigns and courtiers, in those boxes up there, were saints from Heaven. So, all these poor huddled-together creatures, so piteously weeping, so crying out for mercy, so bereft of all that made earth desirable, and so stripped of all the hopes that Heaven had promised and all mocked at in grotesque costumes, one and all to be butchered to make a Spanish holiday! It is because of such things having been possible, *having been*, that the Spanish Monarchy met its “Mene, mene, tekél upharsin.” It is because that such horrors were enacted two hundred years ago, that Spain almost passed away from the ken of nations, that her history since then, has been one constant record of blood, bloodshed, battles, rebellion, massacre; of evil monarchs, corrupt statesmen, Messalina-Queens.

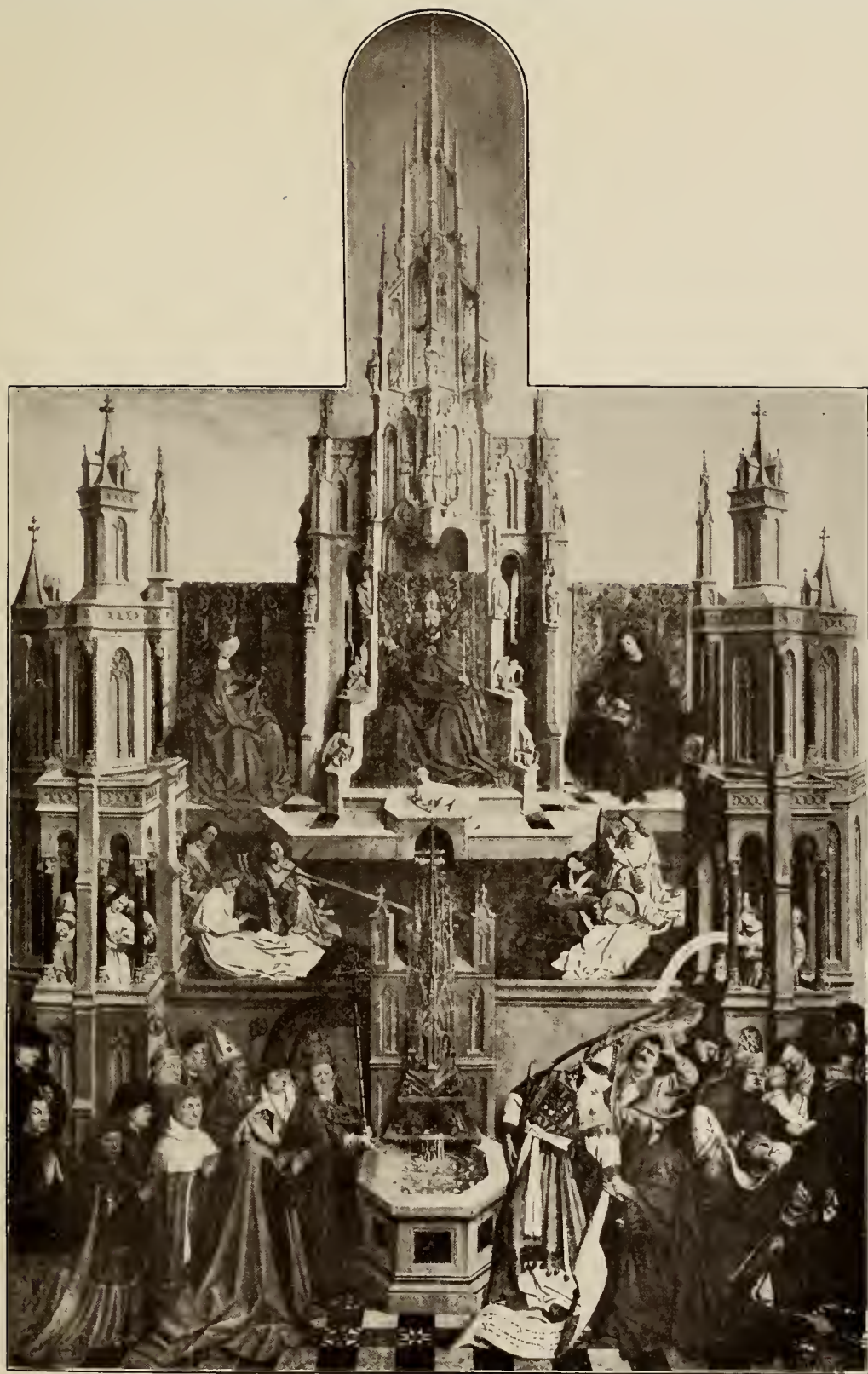
Happier days have now commenced. Let us pray and hope, that her long penance may at last have ceased.

Caxes (1577–1642) must not be omitted from a list of Spanish painters, no less so, because of his “Philip IV”—a masterly portrait, and of which the London National Gallery possesses a replica. Remark, too, “Siege of Cadiz by the English in

1625," under Lord Wimbledon. Of Goya, "ultimus Romanorum" of the Spanish School, as Tiepolo was of the Venetian, a versatile, original, and sometimes powerful master, this Gallery possesses very numerous examples. He had the ill-luck to have to portray the Kings, Queens, and families of the Bourbon race, who excelled, if it were possible to do so, in eccentric uncomeliness, those of the Spanish Royal Race.

There are many works of this painter in England, a large number of which found their way into the Guildhall Exhibition of the year 1901.

However wanting in examples of Florentine Art, and of other Schools of Italy, this Gallery may be, it cannot be denied that Dutch and Flemish Artists are very numerous, and, in many instances, worthily represented. The Spanish Monarchs had unequalled opportunities for the acquisition, not only of the great works of Rubens, Vandyke, and Antonio Moro, but also those of the Teniers, Breughel, Wouverman, Bosch, Van der Weyden, Cranach, Patrin, and others. But the one Van Eyck here, is worth all the latter. I should consider it as nearly rivalling the immortal "Adoration of the Lamb" at Ghent. It is said to represent the "Triumph of the Church over the Synagogue." In the upper portion of the Picture appears the Almighty with the Lamb at His feet. Below are a vast crowd of angels, saints, and doctors carrying the sacred emblems of the Mass in the midst of Gothic Architecture and grouped round



THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH.
By Hubert Van Eyck.

To face p 134.

fountains through which runs a stream proceeding from the Throne of God. It is a miracle of minute work, and permeated with a mystical spirit of holiness, impressive beyond words. The finish of the details is wonderful, and the freshness of the picture astonishing. It is certainly one of the greatest, as it is one of the rarest works, of that early School, that has come down to our times. I have been on thorns, since first seeing it, for fear lest I should hear that it was a copy. Who knows? That terrible Luca Giordano was capable of anything in the way of imitation, and there's many a super-eminent master here and elsewhere, that would be proud to claim for his own, some startling copy of his handiwork by the Neapolitan Proteus. That despair, and wonder of the 17th Century, known as "Luca-fa-presto," was summoned from Italy by Philip IV, ever on the *qui vive* for talent, with the desire chiefly, of employing him in the decoration of the Escorial.

Luca came, and drove every one half mad with jealousy, and envy. Claudio Coello died because of him. But Luca went on throwing up his scaffoldings, and painting ceilings, and roofs, and behaving rather like an Art electrical-machine, than an everyday artist. Even in this Gallery, there are fifty-five pictures of his. And there is not a Gallery in Europe which is not made more glad by his ubiquitous presence. The pity was, that with his enormous talents, he should have preferred to show all artists that he could equal them in their own styles, upon their own ground, rather than

paint masterpieces of his own "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." Rather than be himself, he elected to "pose" as *all* the Masters.

He presents himself in the jousts of Art ready to combat all the past-masters of the Art. He overcomes many with their own weapons and *unhorses* most of those who oppose him. Then he rides off, and disappears. No one has been much hurt, but everybody's "tone" has been a little lowered. He is the Fregoli of Art. He outdoes Tintoretto, who blazoned over his studio door, "The colouring of Titian and the composition of Michael Angelo."

He waves away with a sweep of his magic brush the infallibilities of imperious oracles, such as Titian, with his "black, red and white, and all well in hand." He wrests from their glowing palettes the secrets of Rubens, and Tintoretto, and of Titian and Raphael. He will weave you a Correggio, with all the magical chiaro-oscuro of that painter, and he will delineate you a Venus or a Danaë, such as might cause Titian uneasy tremors in his Venetian Mausoleum. Luca is startling here, in two pictures especially. Naturally, I was at first taken in, for I was murmuring, "What a Rubens!" "And that Raphael is far more Raphaelesque than the Perla!" Now I would call in any Royal Academician you will and ask *him*. But the pictures are, first, Rubens' "Peace driving away War." Rubens is seated at his easel in the centre of the picture. He is as well dressed as ever, with his plumed hat upon his head as we know him so well in

pictures of his own, and he is engaged (I suppose) in dashing off the congenial bravuras of the "Triumph of Peace" which Luca has depicted in a grand flourish *à la* Rubens, quite in the style and colour of the great Fleming Artist. And then straight from this Rubens "impressions," to be whisked off to a Luca Giordano "after" Raphael! A lovely Madonna and Holy Family with the little St. John kissing the foot of the Infant Jesus. And neither artist would have felt humiliated to have claimed as his own one of those surprising facsimiles. And yet Luca cannot be said to have had no "convictions." He is *himself* every now and then; *e.g.*, two or three very fine works in the S. Maria della Salute in Venice, and in a tremendous *tour de force* in the Church of the Gerolomini at Naples in which our Saviour is depicted with all the force of Rubens or Tintoretto, as in a whirlwind of wrath, putting to flight the vendors of all kinds of merchandise out of the Temple. There can never be another Luca-fa-presto, and though in the cause of Art perhaps it were not to be wished, yet, if there were, how one might fill one's private gallery with "undoubted" Rubens and Morones, and with how many other notable works.

Antonio Moro.—I think that for an adequate notion of what Antonio Moro is at his best, one must visit Madrid. Charles V first made him welcome here, and also sent him to England, to paint that fine and most realistic portrait of Queen Mary for his son Philip.

The painter brought it back with him, and

strange to say it did not cause Philip to renounce at once, and for ever, any idea of mating with his singularly uncomely cousin. He could never complain that he had not had the bare and ugly truth presented to him, (unlike his great uncle by marriage, Henry, who incontinently, and in high-swelling disgust, packed off Anne of Cleves, so falsely had his Court-Artist misrepresented her).

Poor Mary! here she looks capable of all the worst crimes of bigotry and fanaticism, and had she lived a little with her congenial spouse, what refinements of torture surpassing all previous attempts in that line, might not she and Philip have contrived together!

There is another very cross lady here, (possibly one of Philip's daughters). She has a very cleverly painted dog under her arm.

A. Moro certainly did not flatter. Rather too blunt also, in his ways. For Philip II one day, whilst standing over his favourite painter's work, placed his arm approvingly round the artist's neck. *A. Moro*, so far from being flattered by this mark of condescension, responded by dabbing his wet brush upon the Royal Hand. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Artist's brush was not afterwards in any request at all. Indeed, it is said, that the Inquisition, suspiciously soon after this little adventure, was not quite satisfied about the religious opinions of the Dutch Fleming Artist, and that his departure from Spain was much accelerated in consequence.

Some of his best portraits here may be men-

tioned. "Queen of Portugal" (Sister of Charles V). Parjeron, a Jester, a masterpiece. "Princess Juana" (daughter of Charles V). "The Emperor Maximilian and his wife Donna Maria" (daughter of Charles V). But all the portraits by Antonio Moro are good. They are generally of ladies, Spanish or Austrian Princesses. But in many cases their identity has been lost, or not established.

Sir A. Moro was knighted by Queen Mary in acknowledgment, I suppose, of his services in painting her portrait.

Raphael.—The one disappointment, (it is a considerable one,) of this Gallery is that the glorious name of Raphael, should be associated with so many pictures unworthy of his fame. Your feeling is that your beloved Raphael has broken faith with you. The most Raphaelesque, and best preserved, are two small pictures, one called the "Agnus Dei," and the other "A Holy Family," in which the Infant Saviour is mounted upon a Lamb. The latter also might be called an "Agnus Dei." But the former has been thus termed, because the Infant St. John holds a scroll inscribed with those words. It should more appropriately be termed, "della Lucerta," from the lizard that is gliding from beneath a broken column. Indeed, I believe that it has been so named. Both these pictures are full of the religious beauty, and serenity, peculiar to Raphael, and they have not been tampered with, and discoloured—or miscoloured, like most of the others of his.

"La Perla" (so called, as all the world knows,

from Philip's delight in it,) has been terribly maltreated. It was painted for the Duke of Mantua, obtained from him by Charles I, and came into the hands of Philip IV, with forty-three others of the collection formed by our ill-starred King. One can scarcely doubt that the hand of Raphael designed it. But to whom is owing the black-red, confused colouring? That we shall never know. The Virgin is sweetness itself, but her legs are out of drawing, and the St. Anne is out of temper. Philip paid £2,000 for this picture, an enormous sum for that time. It must have been quite another work then. By its inevitable journey to Paris in Napoleonic times, it could not have been improved. Near "La Perla" is "El Pasma di Sicilia," famous for its almost miraculous sea-voyage, and for a land journey also to Paris, and where it was transferred from wood to canvas. One does not wonder, therefore, that the colouring should be quite otherwise than Raphaelesque. The vessel which was conveying this picture to Sicily, for the Convent or Church known as "La Madonna del Spasimo," was wrecked, and the chest containing the work floated to Genoa. Had a lesser artist painted this picture, it would have been deemed a masterpiece. But as Raphael's handiwork it leaves the mind unsatisfied. The attitudes of the principal personages seem to me strained, and the whole picture is unconvincing. The "Salutation of Elizabeth" was made to suffer the same fate at Paris, as the one above referred to. Surely never was there such a "Salutation"



CARDINAL DA BIBIENA.

By Raphael.

as this. A masculine woman, with giant strides, bears down upon the justly shrinking Virgin, about to sweep her from the path of the Saluter. It must be said, however, that the Virgin in her lovely humility is worthy of Raphael.

“The Madonna del Pez,” also transferred to canvas from wood at Paris. Here again the colouring is strangely red. But the grand “drawing and graceful treatment are certainly Raphael’s own.”

“Cardinal da Bibiena.” A great portrait by one of the greatest of portrait-painters. There is a very fine copy here of Raphael’s “Transfiguration” by his pupils, G. Romano and F. Penni. It may have been one of the numerous acquisitions, made by Velasquez, and if so, probably in his second journey to Italy.

Amongst those which Velasquez purchased for the King, in his first visit to Italy, were several by Tintoretto. Velasquez had a very great admiration for Tintoretto, and some Art critics have considered that he founded his “second manner” upon the great Venetian.

There are as many as thirty-three pictures in this Gallery by Tintoretto, and amongst them there are, of course, very many to be admired. One very noteworthy picture, historically remarkable at least, is the original sketch for the immense “Last Judgment” in the Doge’s Palace at Venice. It was purchased at Venice by Velasquez, for Philip IV. “Judith and Holofernes,” and “Joseph and Potiphar’s Wife,” are two subjects represented

ad nauseam. But these are splendidly painted, although one wishes that Tintoretto had left them alone. "Turkish pirates attacking Christian Ships" is more adapted to his dash and vigour, and this picture has them in full measure. His portraits should be looked at, for he excelled in that line, and one especially to be noted is "Sebastian Vinier, a Venetian General." It is not surprising, considering the high estimation of all the Philips for the great Flemings, that Vandyke should hold a conspicuous place in this collection, both as a painter of religious subjects and of portraits. Amongst the latter most to be remarked are: "Lord Bristol" and the "Artist"; "The Countess of Oxford"; "David Ryckaert," the painter; "Henri Comte de Berz"; a small "Charles I" on horseback; "Princess of Orange"; the "Infante Cardinal," Don Fernando of Austria" (see also the same by Rubens, and also by Velasquez). I am not much impressed generally by Vandyke's religious subjects, but there is one of that kind in this Gallery, which gives me a very high idea of Vandyke's powers. It is the "Betrayal of our Lord." Although the picture shows the influence of Rubens, it is nevertheless one of the finest works here.

Paul Veronese has some very splendid pictures amongst the large number assigned to him. I should especially mention, as amongst his best, "The Cana Marriage Feast." This work was a possession of Charles I, and was much admired by Velasquez. "Cain and his Wife"; "The Magdalene"; "Venus and Adonis" (purchased at Venice



THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.
By Vandyke.

by Velasquez) ; "Christ preaching in the Temple." I think that Paul Veronese gives you as much pleasure, and satisfaction, as any artist. No painter maintained such a consistently high level. As a portrait-painter, also, he is very eminent. With the exception of Titian, Velasquez and Raphael, I know of no one superior to him.

These notes have swelled out to an extent not intended. I have only space, therefore, to refer to three or four other pictures with which I have been struck. "A Pietà," by D. Crespi.¹ There was a family in Northern Italy of the name, and four of them were painters in the 16th Century. It is said that all of them died of the plague. There are in the Bibliothek Ambrosiana, Milan, two fine pictures by him. I wonder that the above work has not been more noticed. This "Pietà" is excessively fine, the colouring and treatment somewhat resembling those of Correggio. The Madonna's attitude, and countenance of despairing appeal, are sublime.

Mantegna.—A small, but beautiful, and very elaborate *in more suo*, "Death of the Virgin," should be remarked. It is next to the small "Holy Family," by Raphael. I believe that doubts have been entertained as to the authenticity of this picture. But, to me at least, it appears a most genuine work.

¹ One of the Crespis was known as "Lo Spagnuolo." It was doubtless "D. Crespi's," for obvious reasons. G. B. Crespi has a fine picture in the Turin Gallery, "St. Francis, holding in his arms the Infant Saviour." He is known as "Il Cerano."

Correggio ("Noli me Tangere").—In spite of the misdrawing, or perhaps "repainting," of the Saviour's leg—for indeed the picture has suffered from repainting—I cannot but consider this a genuine work. The Magdalene's attitude is notably fine, and this rather than her features discloses the hand of the master. This picture, or a replica of it, was, together with the famous "Aguador" of Velasquez, captured by the then Lord Wellington, out of Joseph's fleeing chariot.

J. B. Tiepolo is not to be confounded with his son, to whom most of the Tiepolos in the Gallery are to be attributed. He (J. B.) is rarely seen out of Venice. He was invited to Madrid by Charles III. He is a great artist, original, and superb in technique. He was the last great Venetian, and inspired many with the hope that the glories of the School were not to be extinguished. Observe especially, the "Immaculate Conception." The Virgin stands upon the serpent, who holds in his jaws the fateful apple. The cherub below has been injured. But the picture has been as beautifully conceived as executed.

The Gallery is poor in landscape painting. A few Claudes, but not of the painter's best. Perhaps two Ruysdaels, but no Hobbema, nor Both, nor Cuyp, nor Poussin. It is painful to observe what injuries have been inflicted upon many of the great pictures here. Time, fire, restoration, and neglect have all been at work. As to neglect, it seems as though many of the later Sovereigns had taken as great pains to allow these invaluable works to go to

rack and ruin as their predecessors had lavished in the acquisition of them. Yet when we remember how many great works of Titian and Velasquez and others perished in the flames which destroyed the Alcazar and El Pardo, we must be thankful how much yet remains (though too often in an impaired condition) to awaken our admiration and enjoyment.

CHAPTER IV

THE ESCURIAL

Erection by Philip II—Dedication to St. Laurence—Position and appearance—Architectural Features—Immense dimensions—The Church of the Escorial—Object of the Architect—Death of Philip in the Building—The Pudridero—Opening of the Coffin of Charles V.—Morbid craving of the Spanish Monarchs—An indoor-Campo Santo—Tomb of Don John—"La Santa Forma"—Picture in the Sacristy—Palace Garden—English Elms—No Spanish Monarch born in the Palace, Ferdinand VII excepted—Philip V hated all things Spanish—Buried at La Granja (the "Grange")—Had abdicated there—Hasty Resumption of Power—Frescoes, Tapestries, no great things—Transference of Pictures to Madrid.

THE great but barren Victory of St. Quentin having been won for Philip upon the 10th of August, 1557, St. Laurence's Day, the King ascribed to the great Aragonese Saint the honours of the triumph.

To the Saint was decreed the erection of the vastest monument in Europe, and to Philip, and the Monarchs that would succeed him, this Pantheon for their sepulture. The Escorial seems a world

too large, as a monument for a victory that is forgotten, and of which it is the solitary but ponderous trophy. Popular opinion has been pleased to assume that the architect sought to express the form of a gridiron in his immense creation. One would like to believe it true. It would have been an imperishable symbol of the cruel Sovereign's own propensities towards the grilling and frying of his wretched subjects, much more than a memorial of the Saint's martyrdom. But in truth any building of a rectangular parallelogram in form, and laterally crossed by lines of Courtyards, may be compared to a gridiron. I was agreeably surprised by the elevated position of the Escorial. It is a cheerful pull up hill to arrive there, and it is grandly backed by a chain of rugged hills. Indeed, it seems to issue from the mountain in rear of it. It is its child, and formed of itself.

The huge whitish granite mass is monotonous to a degree. An immense quadrangle with a towered pinnacle at each corner, and pierced by rows of interminable small windows. Some say that they designedly correspond in number, to the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. It is an ideal Barracks for half an Army, and were even half the rooms inhabited, it would not weigh upon your spirits with the sense of awful solemnity as at present. One thinks of Pope's epitaph upon Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim, "Lay heavy on him, Earth!" Only instead of the architect one thinks of those heavy Spanish Monarchs, and substitutes "them" for "him."

It is not of a very original style even, for it only repeats, upon an inordinately larger scale, the form generally of the Toledo Alcazar, which again was in part the work of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial. Herrera was certainly an Egyptian, or an American, in his proclivities towards the "vast." You believe cheerfully, involuntarily, anything you are told about its hugeness. Unless you are a born statistician, the mind is stunned rather than enlightened by statements of measurements. You *are* told, however, that the square of the building covers 500,000 feet, and it is three-quarters of a mile walk round, that it contains sixteen courtyards, fifteen cloisters, eighty-six staircases, and eighty-eight fountains, and notwithstanding this array of figures, it is less extensive than Versailles or even Caserta! Who could compass an expedition to verify such assertions? The mind, not to speak of legs and feet, shrinks from such a task. The Courts that I visited certainly did not encourage me to proceed. That one especially, the "Patio de los Reyes," whence you pass into the church, is monumental in ugliness, with colossal statues (17 feet high) of the Kings of Judah. Upon the other hand, it must be said that the "Court of the College" is really fine—an arcaded cloister with garden and one of the eighty-eight fountains in the centre. But *the* "sight" of the Escorial is the Church, "El Tempio," *par excellence*, as it is termed. It is one of the really great Renaissance churches of Europe, and alone would have handed down the name of Herrera as a great architect. The Church, with its

two towers and its dome, though forming a portion of the palace, may be considered and studied as quite a separate and detached architectural glory. Herrera had the brilliant inspiration of *not* placing his Coro "in modo Hispanico," in the centre of the nave. You pass under it, and thus the whole length of the vast nave up to the Retablo of the High Altar is revealed. You at once take in, and comprehend, the grand simplicity, the perfect proportions, the harmony of the architecture. It is awfully solemn ; it is appalling in its gloom ;—the architect has struck the chord which he intended—the nothingness of man ; the omnipresence of Death !

The gay note of the irrepressible Luca, over-head, is swallowed up in these profundities, and the gorgeously decorated Retablo, and the painted effigies of the kneeling Kings and Queens, serve only to render the gloom more palpable. Herrera knew what he was about when he planned a temple, so consonant to the gloomy temperament of Philip II, where the ruling idea was to be funeral-masses or funeral-rites for dead Sovereigns.

On either side of the High Altar is an oratory for royal use. Above them are gilded effigies. Upon one side, Charles V, his wife, his daughter, and his two sisters, kneel in prayer. Opposite are seen, in the same reverential attitude, Philip II, three of his wives, (poor Mary omitted from the group!) and even Don Carlos. Philip died close by in a little poky chamber, whence he could have full view of the High Altar, and of the Celebration

of the Mass. Here he languished for several months, until death put an end to his sufferings, on September 15, 1598. Notwithstanding the terrible nature of his malady, he forced himself to attend to the minutest details regarding his funeral, giving the most elaborate directions as to the disposal of his body, and the manner in which it should be conveyed to the "Pudridero" beneath. He even ordered, that his coffin, of gilt-bronze, should be brought into his cell, and should be lined with white satin and lace. He called his children (none of his four wives were alive) around him to receive admonitions, advice and gifts. He had his father's scourge taken from its case and pointed out its blood-stains, as a proof of the Christian virtues of his predecessor. He finally died, holding his father's crucifix in his hand, but, as some say, not quite satisfied at the last, that his prodigious efforts in the suppression of heresy had been rightly directed. I was referring to the symmetrical proportions of this admirable building, one fact, connected with which, is worth mentioning.

The height of the Church to the top of the cupola, is of the same dimensions as the length of the naves, *i.e.*, 320 feet. The breadth of the Church is 230 feet, about the same, *i.e.*, as the width of the Milan Duomo. You descend into the pretty octagonal "Pudridero," or "Pantheon," by a fine staircase of green and yellow marble (one so slippery, however, that it would be as well not to have nails on your soles). You are surprised to find yourself in quite a cheerful chamber, although scantily lit. Shelves,

round the octagon from basement to roof, support black marble coffins, of pretty boat-like shapes, highly ornamented with gilt bronze decorations. From Charles V to Alfonso XII, the Kings are upon the right; their Queens, or Queens Regnant, or Mothers, upon the left, for none but crowned heads are allowed to rest here. Some of the Sarcophagi are untenanted as yet. Two of the Kings since Charles V, viz., Philip V and Ferdinand VI, are not interred here. When Philip II built the Escorial, he contemplated only a plain vault for the reception of his father's remains and his own. The present comparatively smart octagon and entrance, were the works of the son and grandson. And *then* Philip IV, in 1654, moved in the royal bodies, and at the same time caused the coffin of his royal great-grandfather to be opened. Charles's body was found well preserved, and Philip said, as he contemplated, "Cuerpo muy honrado." Curiosity has caused the same scene to be re-enacted some thirty years ago. It was in this Pantheon, too, that another coffin was opened by the last of the Race; the imbecile Charles II. It was that of his first wife, Marie Louise d'Orleans, whose sadly early death has been alluded to. Most of the Spanish Kings had a passion for the inspection of corpses, for the contemplation of death in its material aspects, or in gloomy meditations and reflections. Even Philip IV, who enjoyed life in many ways, loved art and artists, had a passion for hunting and shooting and would laugh over "Don Quixote," would come here

and listen to Mass, ensconced in the niche where his own coffin would one day rest. After leaving the Pantheon it seemed to me that one had to traverse a perfect marble "Campo Santo" of Infantes and Infantas, and of other royal or semi-royal personages. This portion of the Escorial is really an indoor Cemetery. Not gloomy by any means, for most of the tombs and monuments are of white marble, and very often rich in decoration, painting, and gilding. Amongst the most noteworthy being those of the two Don Johns of Austria, Don Carlos, the unhappy son of Philip II, the Duc de Vendôme, natural son of Louis XIV, and of a number of recently deceased Princes and Princesses. It is only of late years that a handsome monument (recumbent statue) has been erected over the tomb of the famous Don John of Austria, the Victor of Lepanto. Upon it are inscribed the words, uttered by the Pope of the day, Pius V, upon hearing of that great Victory over the infidel: "There was a man sent by God whose name was John." There are still some famous pictures in the Church, and Sacristy, but generally the light is so bad that a trustworthy opinion cannot be passed as to their merits. One at least in the Anti-Sacristia, however, should be seen. It is by the second Coello: "La Santa Forma." It celebrates the famous miracle of the Holy Wafer bleeding when trampled upon by heretics in Holland.¹ The picture introduces the portraits of Charles II, the Duke of Medinaceli, and others, as

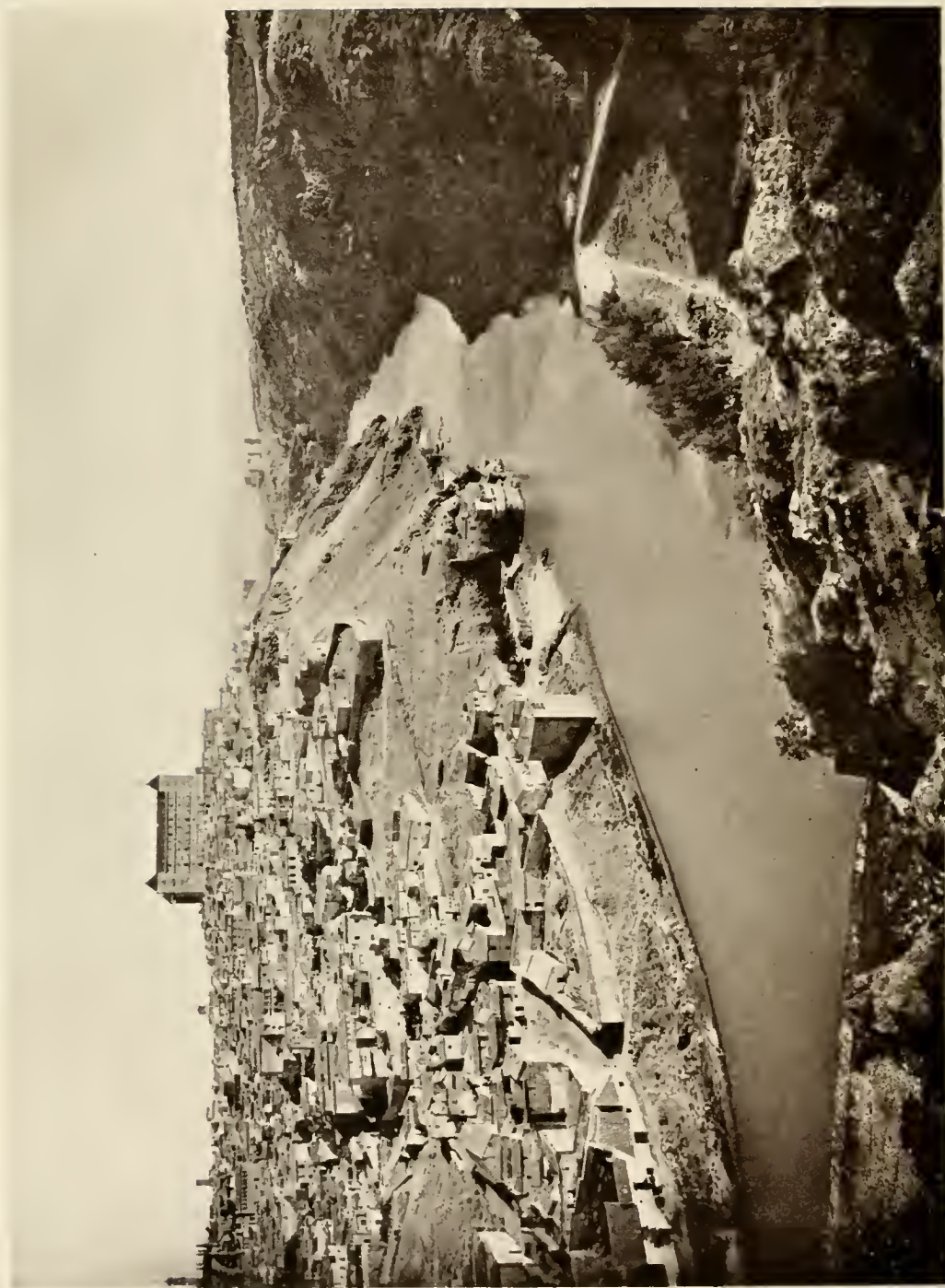
¹ A repetition of the famous Bolsena "Miracle."

present at the apotheosis of this wafer. The wafer, actually, is preserved in the altar, behind the picture. Its preservation is very astonishing, as the Escorial was more or less plundered by the inevitable French soldiery. The Bleeding of a Wafer has happened more than once, it seems, as those who have visited Orvieto, or have seen Raphael's fresco of the "Miracle of Bolsena," will remember. The Palace Garden of clipped yew and box is very pretty and quaint. Indeed, there are bigger trees to be seen, in the garden here, for Philip II had some elm-trees transported from England, and he planted others at Aranjuez. It is a solitary human ray that warms up his character a little! Philip was permitted not only to commence this huge Palace and Sepulchre, but to finish it, and to be taken there to die. Though he took over thirty years to complete it, he did not die until forty-one years after he had commenced the stupendous self-imposed task. The "eighth wonder of the world," as he styled this laborious creation of his. The Escorial has had the privilege of being the birthplace of one Monarch, —that of Ferdinand VII. Noteworthy, any joyful event in a building consecrated to death. But I do not think that a royal marriage was ever celebrated here. Ferdinand VI and Philip V and their Queens are not buried here. The last-mentioned Sovereign hated all the traditions and associations connected with Monarchs of Spanish and Austrian blood, and caused himself therefore to be buried at "La Granja" together with his Queen, Elizabeth Farnese. "La Granja,"—"Grange" or Farm

House,—had been purchased by Philip V as a country residence, and transformed by him into a French Château. There Philip,—rather in the style of one of the Spanish Sovereigns, whom he so disliked,—went through the form of an Abdication. But either the death of his son a few months afterwards, or the distaste of his wife for private life, induced him to resume the power which he had too hastily renounced.

So much of the Escorial as has been here described or referred to, will be found more than ample to employ the nimblest legs, and to slake the keenest historical thirst in the space of one day.

If the conscientious traveller should think it incumbent upon him to do so, some of the innumerable rooms in this huge building might be worth visiting upon a second occasion. There are frescoes,—not of very great merit,—and a certain number of tapestries to be seen. But almost everything of historical or artistic value has now been removed to Madrid.



TOLEDO.

CHAPTER V

TOLEDO

Supposed resemblance to Rome—Alcazar, the dominant feature—Neglected opportunities—River Tagus—The Alcantara Bridge—An ethnological Mosaic—Paucity of Moorish remains—Jewish, rather than Moorish—Treatment of the Jews—Two synagogues—Churches—S. Maria la Blanca—El Transito—El Tomé—El Greco's famous Picture—Alcazar, History of—The Prison of two Queens—A second Don John—Hospital de la Santa Cruz—Marble Relief of St. Helena.

HISTORY does not record the name of the original Founder of this time-worn city. That it was a place of sufficient importance to be "taken" by the Romans some two hundred years B.C. would suggest an antiquity not greatly inferior to Rome herself. To Rome, indeed, a resemblance has been found in that the city is enthroned upon seven hills. I do not think that the hills are as well defined, or as well named, as those of Rome. Certainly Toledo can never have approached Rome in size or circuit. Another resemblance, and a better one, might be found in the fact that both cities are seated upon noble rivers.

The glory of Toledo is, as every one knows, her Cathedral. But that is not the dominant note here, as is St. Peter's at Rome. For upon entering Toledo, the great building, which from its size and commanding position arrests the attention of the traveller, is the Alcazar. Here, had been the true Capital of Spain had Spaniards but recognised their opportunity, and had made use of what Providence had provided, *i.e.*, the Tagus. What a suggestive title would be that of "The history of neglected sites." We might place Toledo at the head of such barren records. The noble river, the Tagus, going begging, because Spaniards had neither enterprise nor energy. When the original founders of Toledo settled down here, they, doubtless, did so, because the river suggested to them all sorts of possibilities—a grand means of communicating with the ocean and of cities springing up upon the banks of this noble river; infinite opportunities of irrigation for overcoming the sterility of a rocky soil, and of fortified bridges to protect them on three sides from covetous enemies. Perhaps the Races that peopled Toledo, succeeded each other too rapidly. But everything was open to Philip II when he added Portugal to the possessions of the Spanish crown. And he did nothing.

The Bridge, the two-arched Alcantara,¹ is a history in itself of all the Races that have possessed Toledo. Romans, Moors, Goths, and Spaniards,

¹ In the time of Trajan eleven cities of Lusitania bore the cost of the great Bridge, "Alcantara," over the Tagus (Gregorovius, "Life of Adrian").

have all left traces of their handiwork here. Toledo was the Gothic capital, and replaced Seville as such until the fatal day of Guadalete, 712 A.D., put an end to Gothic dominion under Roderic, and established a Moslem Power in Spain. The Moors held Toledo for upwards of three hundred years and built a noble Mosque, which the Cathedral has entirely displaced. It is regrettable, considering the length of the Moorish rule, that there should be comparatively little of Moorish architecture to be seen. I should imagine, notwithstanding the *type* of Moorish architecture prevalent in the character of the houses, that the city, generally, has been rebuilt. Nor have I remarked in the features and colouring of the inhabitants, anything that could be regarded as of distinctly Moorish origin. Toledo was always rather a Jewish city than a Moorish one. Indeed, it was largely owing to the Jews, that not only Toledo, but Cordova and Granada, fell into the hands of the Moslems. The Jews had been cruelly oppressed by the Goths, and when the Moors entered Spain, they made common cause with the invaders. And again, three hundred years afterwards, when they had discovered to their cost that the Moors had been more than oblivious of their services, they hastened to the assistance of the advancing Christians under Alonzo VI, and helped them to capture the city. But the unhappy race did not long continue in the good graces of their new-found friends. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, Jews had acquired the fatal reputation of being wealthy. To be plundered and ill-used was the

heritage of the Hebrew race. And when the Inquisition became an establishment in Spain it was as natural to torture Jews and Moors, or any other species of heretic, and even more profitable. Nor was Cardinal Ximenes, the celebrated Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of Charles V, likely to be more tolerant to them, seeing that he was not only Grand Inquisitor, but was himself suspected of having Jewish blood in his veins. *Mal sangre* was a terrible blot, even upon the escutcheon of a Grand Inquisitor. But that Jews must have been here in large numbers is proved by there being still in existence a Jewish quarter and two synagogues therein which have been transformed into Christian churches. These are "Santa Maria la Bianca," and "El Transito." The former is the most ancient. But both must have been built by Moorish workmen, as they are entirely in the Moorish style, even to their details, which are extremely pretty. In the former, the fine capitals of the columns, representing lumps of wheat-ears or fruit, are remarkable. There is, too, a great deal of Moorish tiling, ancient and modern. This church has been very well restored, and is now well tended and looked after. It has been said, that the beams and rafters were made from cedars brought from Lebanon, and that some of the sacred earth of Palestine is enclosed beneath the tiles in some part of the building. The Church of "El Tomé" should be visited, in order to see the famous picture of El Greco, of the "Burial of Count Orgaz" in this very church. It is a very fine work, dark and sombre

in colouring. It is considered as the masterpiece of the artist, who, Greek by birth, made Toledo his home, and was famous also as an architect. To him is attributed the Mozarabic Chapel (or a portion of it) in the Cathedral. Close to this church, is the old palace of Conde de Fuensalida, where the wife of Charles V, the Empress Isabel, died.

The Alcazar.—The Alcazar was the Fortress Palace of Toledo, even in Moorish times. It has served as a fortress, a palace, a royal prison, or even as a workhouse. In more modern times as barracks and military schools. It has repeatedly suffered from fires, either intentional or accidental. In its present shape it is chiefly the work of Alonzo de Covarrubias and Herrera, the architects respectively of Charles V and Philip II. It is a four-towered stone building, of two stories upon a raised basement. The western façade is fine, with much ornamented square windows surmounted by pediments. The Quadrangle Courtyard, with its two-storied arcade, is one of the best works of Herrera. The bronze statue in the centre of Charles V in armour, with a figure in fetters beneath him, is worthy of admiration.

The inscription upon the pedestal runs thus : “ Si en la Pelea veis caer mi caballo, y mi Estandarte levant al primero, este que a mi,”—which may be rendered : “ If in the shock of battle thou shouldst behold my horse go down, and then my standard, be the first to fly aloft,—so may I be the first to leap to my feet.” I suppose the chained figure to refer to conquered Tunis.

The Alcazar is memorable for having served as the gilded prison of two queens. Blanche of Bourbon, the wife merely in name of the ferocious Pedro the Cruel, and repudiated almost immediately after the wedding and deserted for the beautiful Maria Padilla, lived here in state. Her cause was enthusiastically embraced by most of the nobles as well as by the populace. But it was not for long that she was enabled to prolong the struggle. Toledo was entered eventually by Pedro, and the hapless Queen was put to death by her husband.

The other Queen who took refuge in this commanding fortress was Mariana of Austria,—the widow and niece of Philip IV,—the blonde Queen so often depicted by Velasquez. She had been appointed Regent during the minority of her son—the idiotic Charles II. But she was ousted from the Regency by the popular Don John, the natural son of her husband,—whose influence was paramount over the weak King. Don John, however, died early, and Queen Mariana regained her liberty, but not her influence. Her character inspires no respect whatever, as she was wholly a slave to her confessor, Nithard, and her paramour, Valenzuela. The views of the city, the Tagus, and of the wild and bleak country from all sides of the Alcazar, are excessively attractive. Immediately below the Alcazar, upon the western front,—where you entered, is the Hospital de la Santa Cruz. It is a descent of a few seconds through a shrubbery. The building is all going to rack and ruin, but it is well worth visiting to look at the beautiful marble

relief over the entrance porch of "St. Helena and the Invention of the Cross." It will recall to you many an Italian work,—such as you may see in Florence or Siena, or San Gimignano, and might have been called a work of one of the Della Robbias. The whole edifice is of the early 16th Century, by Enrique de Egas. The vast church has been stripped of ornaments, and the chancel walled up. It is now, partly a Military Gymnasium, a School Board, a Barrack, an Arsenal, and I know not what else. The soldiers in the courtyard are good-natured, and are not suspicious of your wishing to run away with parallel bars and trapezes, etc. So you may look about you for fine staircases, and finely-moulded ceilings and fragments of coats of arms, and architectural mouldings, and so forth. But it is a melancholy scene, of corroded splendours and worm-eaten magnificence.

CHAPTER VI

TOLEDO CATHEDRAL

Commenced by St. Ferdinand—He destroyed the Mosque—A breach of promise—Former Gothic Cathedral on the site—The Virgin's favourite resort—Present Cathedral finished in 15th Century—Dimensions—A Museum of Art—Painted Glass of 15th Century—Western Façade—Puerta del Perdon, the finest entrance—The Coro—Magnificent Retablo—Height of the Cathedral—Mental Perception of great Fabrics—A gradual absorption—Beauty of the Carved Stalls—El Rodrigo and Vigarny—Wondrous Metal-pulpits—Tomb of Alvaro de Luna—"Spite" of Henry of Aragon—Capilla Mayor—Fine Retablo—Tombs of "los Reyes Viejos"—Queen Catherine, Daughter of John of Gaunt—Philip II's descent from her—Purport of his "Armada"—Legend of S. Ildelfonso, Primate—The sacred "Casulla"—Madonna's Black Image—Vigarny's Reliefs of the Legend—Vicissitudes of the Image—Ildelfonso's Body—Virgin's Regalia—Deported to Paris—Vestments, Gold and Silver Plate—Capilla, S. Eugenio and de Invierno—Traces of Moorish Art.

TO Ferdinand III, the "Saint," belongs the peculiar glory of having commenced the two great Cathedrals of Burgos and Toledo, and within four or five years of each other, in the early 13th Century. Had he possessed any æsthetic

sentiments whatever, he would have spared some portion, at least, of the Mosque that stood here. Those who built Seville and Cordova Cathedrals were not so remorseless. The destruction of the Mosque at Toledo was also a breach of faith. For when Toledo was captured from the Moors by Alonzo VI, in the 11th Century, it had been promised that their Mosque should remain in their possession. But some Saints are a law unto themselves. There are rumours that a Cathedral, dedicated to the Virgin, had stood here in very ancient times, indeed in the lifetime of the Madonna herself. According to Church Chronicles, it was a favourite resort of the Virgin, and she is declared to have often attended Divine service here, accompanied by Saints Peter, Paul, and Sant Iago. Loreto, that holds the Virgin's house in jealous keeping, would not be pleased to hear of this story.

For us, however, it is good enough to know that the present very beautiful building is a magnificent Cathedral commenced in the 13th Century and finished in the 15th; that it possesses five naves, about 464 feet long by 204 feet wide; that it contains some of the finest monuments, tombs, carved work, and works of Art, to be found in any Cathedral. Here some of the most powerful and conspicuous of Spaniards have found their last resting-places. The 16th Century painted windows are marvels. The translucent Saints and Prophets thereon depicted, seem to be regaining warmth, and life, and motion, in another transitory existence, which is mystically

evolving itself from a conflagration of jewels. As from shattered rainbows, iridescent flakes are bounteously flung around, glorifying with haloes and aureoles, sculptured saints and recumbent heroes. Not the least of the great Arts and Crafts is that of Painted Glass.

How much a Cathedral lacks, that has not that!

If you take a guide, (I hope you will not, for he will probably be unintelligible, and he will certainly be always intercepting your view,) he will try to make you enter the Cathedral by the Northern Door,—Puerta del Raløj,—as the nearest to your Hotel. The street runs up to the door, and is so crowded and narrow, that you scarcely realise that you have a great Cathedral in front of you. Make rather for the western façade, the Puerta del Perdon. This is not only incomparably the finest entrance of the four, but your eyes will be enabled to sweep up the Nave, and over the Coro (placed, as usual, in the middle of the Nave), and up to the magnificent Retablo of the Capilla Mayor. We are told that as regards height, this Cathedral is somewhat disappointing. I do not think so, though the Seville Cathedral is higher. So many of us, for fear that we should miss any of the details and objects, referred to in guide-books, neglect to let the idea of a great fabric sink gradually into the sense. And it is when you wish to absorb in its entirety, and as a whole, some building such as this, that a chattering guide becomes quite intolerable. But sooner or later we must be tightly clutching our Murray, or Baedeker, and upon one of those indis-

pensable companions, friends, guides, we must be relying for information about "storied urn and animated bust." No assistance of the kind will be needed for the appreciation of the extraordinary beauty of the Coro. When you have wondered at the exceeding richness of the 15th-16th Century stalls,—especially of the upper row,—you will look above them and see the genealogy of Jesus Christ carved in alabaster. But the ornamentation of the Lower Stalls is not only beautiful in itself, it contains a most valuable historical record. The campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella,—(the surrender of the Alhambra included), are here represented, by a contemporary artist, El Maestro Rodrigo. Make a note of the name of Vigarny, who is responsible for thirty-five of the stalls, for a great work of his will be seen later, at Granada. He died at Toledo in 1543, and is buried here. Between the two Coros, two wondrous pulpits of metal gilt must be admired. They will be suggestive, too, of feelings other than admiration. They were formed of the bronze tomb erected for himself by Alvaro de Luna, Constable of Castile, Master of the Order of Santiago. That tomb was broken up by the spiteful Henry, Infante of Aragon, in petty revenge for his own defeat at Olmedo. However, the great Alvaro had also erected the fine Gothic Chapel of Santiago, as the family burial-place; *that* has been spared, and there he was laid, after his execution, by his ungrateful and vindictive Sovereign. The present alabaster tombs (mutilated) containing his headless body, and that of his

wife, were erected by his daughter. The Capilla Mayor, beautiful in itself, and possessing a superb retablo (1500), contains the tombs of some of the older Kings, "los Reyes Viejos"; Alonzo VII, Sancho El Deseado, and Sancho el Brevo; the Infante Don Pedro, and other Princes. Here also lies the famous Cardinal Mendoza. He was the great adviser and counsellor of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was even termed "Tertius Rex." One is reminded of another Cardinal with his "Ego et Rex Meus"! But Mendoza was a shrewder man than Wolsey. Next to the Santiago Chapel is that of the New Kings, "Los Reyes Nuevos." The tombs here are the most beautiful in the Cathedral, and the most interesting. Here lies buried, Enrique II, his wife Juana, and their son Juan I and *his* wife Leonora, (1379-1390), Enrique III and his wife Catherine, daughter of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." It was through his descent from Catherine that Philip II claimed the English throne. It will be remembered, too, that Mary Queen of Scots, amongst her other nefarious deeds, had made over her rights to Philip II, and had disinherited her son James for heresy. Her action was confirmed by the Pope of the day. No wonder, therefore, that Philip regarded the English crown, upon the death of Mary, as his own *de jure* if not *de facto*. Thence, the Spanish Armada, hurled against his usurping sister-in-law,—was, in his eyes, as in those of the Holy Father, the logical assertion of his rights.

The Virgin Mary, having taken under her especial protection the Cathedral of Toledo, and also San Ildefonso, Primate of Toledo, in the 7th Century, it will be taken for granted that the Cathedral is not without visible signs and traces of the Madonna, and of her *protégé*. A famous Image in black wood, of the Virgin, enthroned and enshrined, and canopied by silver work, will be seen in the Capilla de Nuestra Senora. In the Chapel of San Ildefonso will be seen the *real* slab, encased and railed off, whereon the Virgin alighted, when she descended from above, bearing with her the sacred "casulla" or chasuble, with which she presented the favoured Saint. A pyramidal Gothic shrine has been erected over the sacred spot. The famous sculptor Vigarny has here represented the oft-depicted miracle in some fine bassi-relievi. The body of San Ildefonso, and the Image of the Virgin have alike gone through strange vicissitudes, of not an unfamiliar type. They have been carried off,—lost, concealed, and eventually recovered. Of course the Virgin, or rather her sacred Image, has been bounteously endowed with a Regalia of jewels; rings, bracelets, crowns, necklaces have been showered upon her. She also possesses, (or did possess,) a wonderful manto (I am not sure whether or not this was the "casulla" which she presented to S. Ildefonso,) which was a mass of decoration, in precious stones.

None of these precious objects can be seen, unless, perhaps, upon a festal day. Repeated depredations have made the Chapter nervous.

Masses of jewels, and even the sacred Image itself, were once carried off to Paris by the universal plunderers—the French. Only thirty years ago, a successful thief carried off a crown and bracelets. Whether it be a Pope, *e.g.*, Pius VII, whose needs urged him to draw upon the equally blazing shrine of our Lady of Loreto, or a thief, who considers that his bodily wants excuse him for appropriating some of the superfluous jewels that adorn a black doll, one's sympathies are rather with the despoiler, than the despoiled. Rich vestments, embroidered albs, and chasubles, vessels of silver and gold, "incensarios," "relicarios," for the *service* of the Church and the Priesthood, and so forth, are quite other matters, and some magnificent specimens of all such things may be seen in the "Ochavo" where they are stored. It will be disappointing to those, who are eagerly hunting after Moorish workmanship, to find so few traces in this Cathedral of Moorish Art. In the Chapel of San Eugenio, there is an arch and tomb of "Turkish" work, with Arabic inscriptions, and a splendid ceiling in the Sala Capitular de Invista, which are proofs that their Spanish masters sometimes had to confess that the hand of the conquered Race could still make itself felt in Art if no longer in War.

CHAPTER VII

TOLEDO

Sala Capitular—Series of Portraits of Primates—Unique position of the Primates—Wealth of the See—Cardinal Wolsey's Pension—Archbishop Carillo—His immense power—Fame of Archbishop Ximenes—His encouragement of learning—His Greek Testament published—A merciless Persecutor—Grand Inquisitor—The "Black Friar" of Philip and Mary—Ancient Frescoes in Capilla de San Blas—Archbishop Tenorio here interred—Beautiful Cloisters—Tenorio's "Pious Fraud," to oust the Jews—Bridges Alcantara ; S. Martino—Tenorio, an "all-round man"—Pagoda-like Tower of Cathedral—Archbishop's Palace and Town-Hall "much criticised"—Cathedral; exterior less impressive than interior—No circuit possible—Toledo Cathedral the Spanish Lateran—The Pope and the Spanish Sovereign always Canons—Fined if failing to attend Christmas Chapter—Church of S. Juan de Los Reyes—Fine views thence—The Church, built by Ferdinand and Isabella—Rack and Ruin—Pronunciation of "Juan"—Chapel better preserved—Modern Sword-factory—Toledo blades still sought after—Toledo-streets—Massive Doors—Street architecture not specially Moorish—Weirdly picturesque effect of Toledo.

IN the last-mentioned Chapel, above the seats, is a most interesting series of portraits,—ninety-four in number,—of the Primates. From Ximenes downwards ; they are said to be from life. In a

priest-governed country like Spain, the Primate of Toledo have always made their influence felt for good or for evil. Many of them have been the counsellors, and Prime Ministers of monarchs, who have not been averse in many instances, to draw upon the revenues of the richest Spanish See, when urged by necessity, or avarice. The portrait of Cardinal Archbishop Sandoval, by Tristan, recalls such an instance of trafficking in ecclesiastical funds. He owed both his hat and his mitre to the fact that he was uncle to the Duque de Lerma, the powerful Prime Minister of Philip III. The Duque de Lerma, (I suppose as a *quid pro quo*) was then able to abstract from the ecclesiastical revenues a sum of £20,000 a year. We must hope that the sum did not remain in the Duke's personal chest. A still more singular instance of Church property being regarded as an available source of profit to State and Statesman may be mentioned. The Revenues of this See were charged with a pension to Cardinal Wolsey, by the orders of Charles V! Amongst other notable portraits may be cited Archbishop Carillo, noted for his power over Isabella the Catholic, and for his resistance to Papal dominion in Spain. He actually drove Ximenes out of a living, which he had received from the Pope, and imprisoned him for six years for opposition to his will. Cardinal Mendoza has already been referred to. His portrait is by Borgona. The portrait of Ximenes is also by Borgona. Ximenes was certainly one of the greatest men that Spain has produced. He restored the "Mozarabic" Liturgy,

and to this day it is still celebrated in the Chapel so-called, in this Cathedral, and which was built and endowed by him. He was Prime Minister to Ferdinand and Isabella, and Regent of Spain during the minority of their grandson Charles V. It was owing to his firmness that Charles was acknowledged King upon the death of Ferdinand—a service most ill-acknowledged by Charles. The chief glory of Ximenes was the impulse which he gave to the revival of learning and the study of the Hebrew and Greek languages. From the University of Alcala, which he founded, issued his Polyglot Bible. The New Testament in Greek was in Spanish hands, two years before that of Erasmus, and eight years before that of Luther appeared. Notwithstanding his enlightened views, and his desire that men should have recourse to the source and fountain of the Christian Religion, he was as intolerant a persecutor as most of his brotherhood. He was Grand Inquisitor for eleven years whilst hundreds were burned for their religious views by his orders. “Carranza de Miranda,” (by Luis de Carbajal,) must be looked at. He was the celebrated “Black Friar” of Mary’s time. He went to England with Philip as Confessor, and exerted great and baneful influence over Philip’s wife. He attended Charles V during his last hours, but did not soothe them, for his peculiarly harsh voice annoyed Charles’s highly strung nerves.

I think that the last of the Primates of Toledo who exercised a great influence upon the destinies of Spain was Puerto Carrero, Prime Minister of

Charles II, the last of the Spanish House. Carrero was, for some reason or another, devoted to Louis XIV, and was determined that Charles should leave his possessions to France, and not to Austria, which latter course the King had been desirous of adopting. As we know, the Cardinal triumphed. If the light will allow you, try and decipher the very ancient frescoes in the Capilla de San Blas. They are grotesque, are said to be of the 14th Century, and are probably the oldest paintings in Spain, where such things do not abound as in Italy. Archbishop Tenorio,—the energetic founder of the Cathedral, and the beginner of the great picturesque Tower, lies interred in this chapel. The beautiful Cloisters, a most attractive spot, were also erected by him. It was formerly the Jews' Market-place. Tenorio wanted at first to buy it of them, but as they would not come to terms, he conceived a brilliant idea, that of dispossessing them. He instigated the mob to burn them out, and thus obtained the coveted site for nothing. Truly Jesuitical!

Archbishop Tenorio was, what we should call, an "all-round" man, and turned his attention to most things. Both the bridges, the "Alcantara," and "San Martino," are indebted to him for restorations and additions. His Tower, turreted and pinnacled, though he did not complete it, is of mixed styles, here square, there an octagon, and over three hundred feet high. It is picturesque rather than fine, and almost a pagoda towards the summit with projecting spikes, like a tiara of thorns,

in three rows. The Gothic Cloisters, planted with shrubs and flowers, invite you to repose, after a prolonged tramp among tombs and monuments. It is the prettiest place in Toledo, and the worthy couple, who have appointed themselves custodians thereof, will give you flowers, and will discountenance those naughty beggars who have been scenting the open-hearted foreigner from afar. You can approach the Cloisters from a fine staircase, (which leads to the upper storey,) from the Capilla de San Blas, before mentioned, or from three beautiful portals, below, viz., the Puerta di Santa Catalina, the Puerta de la Presentacion, and the Puerta de los Canonigos. The two last are in the transition style, from Gothic, to what is called in Spain "plateresque." The West Plaza of the Cathedral, where you should have entered, contains two fine buildings; the Archbishop's Palace, and the Casa del Ayuntamiento (Town Hall). The latter especially is a fine specimen of the ornate architecture of the 17th Century. Both have had to suffer much harsh criticism for not being in better taste. You will scarcely be able to get a good idea of the exterior of the Cathedral in its entirety. You cannot walk "round," for the building is quite blocked by narrow streets upon the North. But what you do see, will certainly not impress you as much as the exteriors of Milan, or Amiens, or Seville, or Canterbury, or, indeed, any twenty other Cathedrals of the Gothic order. It is the interior of the Cathedral that is the glory thereof, and the contents of the building. And

that, notwithstanding the lavish outlay of whitewash throughout. You would think that there was something absolutely holy in whitewash here,—like the red paint with which the old Roman Priests smeared themselves. There is positively an inscription over one of the doors exalting the name of one of the whitewashers, and handing down his name,—with conscious pride, for the admiration of future generations! You must regard Toledo, and the Primacy thereof, as the Lateran of Spain. It assumed the dignity, like the Roman See, of the Mother of Churches in Spain. The Primate was almost always a sort of rival to the Roman Pontiff, and to his behests and decisions far greater deference was paid than to the Holy Father, not only as being a great Prince in spiritual matters, but as a great Column of the State. And when he added to his dignities, as he generally did, the overwhelming influence of Grand Inquisitor, it may be supposed that he was scarcely the inferior of the Monarch. It was the privilege and pride of the Pope himself, as of the Kings of Spain, to be Canons of the Chapter of which nearly a hundred great spiritual dignitaries consisted. The Kings of Spain were fined heavy sums, if they failed as Canons, to put in an appearance at Christmas-tide.

There is in Toledo so much to see and ponder over, that you must make more than a flying visit to this most interesting City. But if you cannot go round her old battlements, and mark well her bulwarks, and her two lines of defences, you must

take up a position upon the elevated bluff, whereon stands the famous and now ruinous Church of San Juan de Los Reyes. Thence you may behold the ~~grand one-arched~~ Bridge of San Martin which spans the swelling waters of the Tagus that storms along far below, and coursing between its crumbling banks, reflects, upon either side of it, the ruined remains of many epochs. It is a scene fraught with historical interest. And having taken all this into your historical conscience, you will turn round and see the Church, above referred to, (mind you say San "Kwan"—very quickly too, for they will not here understand your excellent pronunciation, "Huan"). It is unexplained that such a beautiful Church,—of very fine Gothic, built by Ferdinand and Isabella, and once intended by them to be their place of sepulture, should have been allowed to go to rack and ruin. The statues of Saints upon the walls are headless and mutilated; badges, shields, and most of the beautiful ornamented details, defaced, and crumbling. The chief entrance, and the Cloisters, too, are quite uncared for, but still beautiful. The Convent-Chapel owes its better preservation to the fact that it served as a stable for the French Invaders whose names are more generally synonymous with plunder and destruction. Upon the walls are hung chains. They are the fetters of Christian prisoners who were released from Moorish dungeons upon the fall of Granada. A portion of the Convent has been turned into a Museum of little value. A few steps further you will come upon the modern Arms-

Manufactory, for Toledo still exercises the Art of producing sword-blades, and the damascened work for which she was always famous. Outside the building there are large modern plaques and tiles bearing the Royal arms and other devices. If Toledo does not look exactly Moorish (and I think that the slanting irregular roofs of faded tiles are rather European than Eastern), its appearance of hoary antiquity will satisfy the archæological proclivities of most people. The old square Towers, pierced occasionally with Moorish horse-shoe windows, the irregular, tortuous streets, with their balconies, and bow-windows, and the beautiful, singularly massive doors, studded with nails and bosses, whence issue hooded forms, black-hooded, and black-draped, (like ghosts from the buried past,)—all these things are of immense and picturesque interest. I can imagine an artist unwilling to tear himself away, until he has illustrated all the phases, Gothic, Moorish and Spanish, with which Toledo is so replete. Even the ordinary tourist is loth to go, crammed as he is with his recently-stirred memories of Wambas and Roderics and Count Julians, and Moorish Sovereigns, and Alonzos, down to the comparatively modern Ferdinands, Tenorios, Ximenes and Mendozas.

CHAPTER VIII

CORDOVA

Yellow aspect of Country—"La Mancha" or "Dry Land"—Sparse population—Sites historical—Aranjuez and Palace—Capo di Monte ware—Villapeñas-wine—Le Navas de Tolosa—Moorish defeat near—A mining centre—Linares, and a Roman Victory—The Guadalquivir—"Lifts you" to Cordova—Corduba, "Gem of the South"—A Roman Colony—Magnificence as Moorish Capital—Birthplace of great Romans—Excavations of City urged—Indifference of Spaniards—Possible reasons—Antiquarian treasures awaiting research—Charles V upon the desecration of Mosque—Details of the splendours of the Caliphate—Great extent of the City—A Dream of Cordova—Tennyson's "Haroun-al-Raschid"—Roman Mosaic unearthed.

IF there be travellers who have come to Spain, with the expectation of seeing the loveliness of Umbrian and Tuscan scenes, and sites, even faintly reproduced in this country, they will speedily have to renounce such pleasing dreams of fancy. Yellow table-lands, arid hills, treeless, and generally waterless plains, those are the physical features of the country which the railway traverses. The district of La Mancha (especially immortalised by some of

the adventures of the Knight of Cervantes' creation,) with its tawny steppes, and barren plains, is indeed the very synonyme, as its name imports—of “Dry Land.” Genius can idealise even such sterility as this. But what an absence of human beings! An occasional group of bemantled peasants,—with gaily caparisoned horses, and mules, gathered around a village inn;—a few toilers in the yellow fields,—just rescue the country from the reproach of complete abandonment. But, disappointing and even depressing as the aspect of the country may be, these are still sites of historical interest, and districts of mineral wealth which relieve the monotonous character of the country.

Aranjuez, with its Royal Palace, and its frescoed walls, and its hoard of the famous “Buen Retiro” china, and its avenues and gardens, where are the famous elm-trees, imported by Philip II from England, and immortalised by Evelyn. The “Buen Retiro” is the same ware as the notable “Capo di Monte” of Naples. The fabric was here, set up by Charles II of Naples and Spain. Then you pass (for there is no cause to descend) Villapeñas,—so noted for its excellent and strongish wine of a Burgundy kind. You will find that wine more generally drunk in Spain than any other, with the exception, perhaps, of Xeres.

Near the Station of Vidher is Le Navas de Tolosa, famous for a crushing Moorish defeat in the 13th Century by Alonzo VIII. At Linares the railway traverses a great mining centre, a district rich in copper, and lead, and even silver. It is

chiefly owing to the enterprise of British owners that the mineral wealth has been exploited. When will the Spaniards wake up, and realise how great are the resources of their native country! Not far from the Linares Station is another famous, and yet more ancient Battle-field, where Scipio gained one of his many victories. What debts do we not owe to Romans and Moors for strewing with the laurels of their fame these unpromising and unprolific plains? The Guadalquivir is crossed two or three times during the journey. As we approach Cordova, we are conscious, at last, of a most grateful verdancy, of pomegranate groves, of orange and lemon-trees, of olive-trees, and of waving crops. Finally the grand river seems to give us another lift upon its broad shining shoulders, and sets us down at Cordova Station, from whence the famous City is scarcely visible.

Cordova! "The Gem of the South," as the Carthaginians called her, Corduba "*Patricia*," *par excellence*, of the Romans. Desolated and depopulated by Claudius Marcellus, about 56 B.C. for having sided with Pompey, thousands of impetunious Roman Patricians were given a home here by the ever vigilant Julius Cæsar. We hear little of Cordova in the Gothic epoch. But under the Moors, breaking away from the Caliphate of Damascus, it became the Capital of Moorish Spain, the Athens of the West, and for five hundred years maintained a splendid supremacy. The magnificent statistics of the City, during the Moorish sway, are quite startling. A million inhabitants, with three

hundred mosques to worship in, nine hundred baths for their ablutions, and six hundred inns for the entertainment of the faithful, give some idea of the magnitude of Cordova as well as of the attention paid to the behests of Mahomet. What city indeed, since the decadence of Rome, and Antioch, and Syracuse, could have surpassed her ! She gave birth, too, to such noble Romans as Seneca and Lucan, and to one of the greatest of Spaniards, "El Gran Capitano" Guzades de Cordova, and the Jew, Moses-Maimonides, the most famous of the Commentators on the Talmud. And hence it was, upon the capture of the City by St. Ferdinand, in 1235, that Ibnu-l-Ahmar went off to Granada to re-found the last splendid seat of the Moors upon the eyry Fortress of the Alhambra. Cordova, in her ancient splendour, may be likened to Damascus, to Antioch, to Athens, to Bagdad or to Florence. For she rivalled all those great cities in pride of place, in learning, in wealth, and luxury, and in the arts and sciences. But now how shrunken and faded ! Her silent and grass-grown streets a world too large for the insignificance of to-day !

Were we not in Spain, it would seem strangely unenterprising that so famous a city should not have been partially restored to the light of day ; that old Cordova should not have given up some of its secrets for the study of the historian, for the delight of the antiquarian. It has been with comparatively slight labour that Athens, and Rome, Pompeii and Ostia have been reconstructed, and that even the infinitely more ancient sites of Thebes,

Memphis, Nineveh, and Babylon, have been laid bare before us. A few hundred picks and shovels wielded by stout arms, and backed up by intelligence and enthusiasm, and the dry bones of extinct civilisation are re-animated by some flashes of their ancient fire.

Is there still amongst the Spaniards some crass indifference to the glories of their former rulers;—some jealousy of heretical ancestors,—so much more capable than themselves? Or does some stupid superstition still exist that evil spirits may be lingering amongst and beneath the old Seats of the Moorish Power? It is well known how many legends of the kind,—begotten of ignorance and fear,—are still current in the courts and colonnades of the Alhambra. Modern Cordova, such as it is, has been raised upon the old. But it would not be requisite only to rummage there. The ruins of so vast a city must extend far away into what is now the country. Very unlaborious diggings would disclose portions of the innumerable mosques, baths, palaces, academies, and libraries which formerly rendered Cordova proverbial for magnificence. And even allowing that many of the details of those buildings, that much of the ornamentation may have been of a perishable nature,—as at Pompeii and elsewhere,—we know from the remains of the great mosque, and of the Granada Alhambra, that the composition of the walls and towers was of a cement defying time, and rivalling that of Rome in its indestructibility. The Moors, too, took pleasure in the employment of precious

marbles, and putting upon one side the great resources which they possessed near at hand, they imported from distant lands every kind of that valuable material, as we see in the many-coloured monoliths still erect in their Great Mosque. Of the beautiful Azulejos-work, too, which is practically indestructible, there must be almost inexhaustible supplies very near the surface of the ground.

The desire for these radiant tilings, alone, should urge the modern Spaniards to "wake up." For the Azulejos-work is the one art which they have not been too proud to imitate. In many buildings in Spain, where the Moorish original has to be restored or replaced, you will find the modern artists as proficient as the older. But these things are but details in the greater discoveries that await the excavator. For beneath Cordova and its environs mines of antiquarian wealth are concealed.

Though cupolas, and domes, minarets, and porticoes, have perished, there must exist the ground-plans, at least, of courts and corridors, saloons, and fountains, and the designs of which would be perceptible even to an unskilled eye.

Treasures, too, of wrought marble and stone, friezes, capitals, and arabesques, still bright with colour. Six hundred years of sepulture is as an hour in the suspended life of buried cities, and lay about them as they would, the captors of the great City, in the 13th Century, must have found the work of total obliteration too much even for them. Their fanatical and destructive ardour was, we have seen, baffled by the indestructibility of the Great

Mosque itself. In similar instances destruction has been found to be an undertaking almost as laborious as that of construction. The Spanish conquerors, in the case of the Mosque, at least, had to confess with a sigh, that the task of destruction was too hard for them. Even three hundred years later on when scooping their Coro out of the Mosque, their destructive hands were stayed rather by the solidity of the great structure than by respect for the superlative qualities of the architecture. And what they did effect in the way of spoliation was justly condemned by Charles V, on his visit to Cordova, two years later.

He said, "You have built here what you, or any one, could have built elsewhere. But in doing so you have destroyed what was unique in the world." Brave words! and braver still, Charles would have been, had he stepped in earlier, and forbidden the sacrilege. It is a matter of wonder to us now, how so much of the City could ever have disappeared. It is true that ruins have a way,—a pathetic way,—of getting themselves covered up and concealed. Yet, directly the skilful excavator comes upon the scene, that which, hitherto, has seemed to be a shapeless mass of "ruinous confusion,"—"a mighty maze without a plan,"—turns out to be anything but undecipherable.

And what does the historian tell us, in brief, of the extent and magnificence of Cordova? We need not re-enumerate the details of mosques, baths, shops, academies, inns, libraries, and so forth, that existed principally in the heart of the City. We

hear that the banks of the Guadalquivir for twenty-four miles in length, and six miles in breadth, were crowded with palaces, mosques, streets, gardens, and public edifices. That, for ten miles these thoroughfares were lit up during the night—"lamps which outburn'd Canopus." Those who have seen the Alhambra, or who have steeped themselves in the "Arabian Nights," may imagine the scene. The gorgeous magnificence of the fairy-like palaces,—tempered by the exquisite and harmonious taste of the Saracen architects; the arcades and alcoves; the fretted balustrades and balconies; the golden pavilions, the marble stairs and columns, the odorous bowers, the *patíos* with their spangled fountains, the doors of cedar,—the shrines blazing with a thousand tints! Do not a thousand vestiges of such splendour await the researches of the tardy excavator? At least, we should like to thread our way through the tangled mazes of such remains, as we do at Pompeii or in Egyptian Thebes. The least imaginative of us, would like to give the reins to his fancy, and to evoke the memories of those who flitted their brief hours of splendour amid these palaces and mosques. To imagine, that we saw again reflected in the fountains and running waters, the flashing eyes, the graceful forms of Fatimas and Zuliekas, or the long-garbed, mailed figures of those dusky warriors,—the Muças and the Abdullahs,—who still warm from the embraces of such Houris, leaped into the saddle, and rode forth to the hotter frenzy of battle!

It needs but the removal,—the uncovering, of a

few leagues of earth, and with the pliancy of a willing imagination, we could conjure up again the vision of an enchanting City where Babylon and Bagdad were rivalled, and whose delights very far outshone the banal attractions of all our modern capitals. And how Tennyson, in his exquisite dream of Bagdad,—in the “golden prime of good Haroun-al-Raschid,”—would aid us in our dream!

A Roman mosaic,—unearthed beneath a shoemaker's shop, (unwittingly, perhaps,)—has stimulated somewhat the preceding reflections. If a relic of that elder time has come down to us, does not that urge us on to supplicate the Spaniards to show a little inquisitiveness as to the traces of their great forerunners?

CHAPTER IX

CORDOVA—THE MOSQUE

✓ Cordova Cathedral or Mosque—Marble Columns—General impressions—An architectural Garden—Roman occupation of the site—Utilisation of ancient materials—Unique character of this Mosque—The Maksurah—"Caliph's Seat"—Cupola of Capilla de San Pedro—Mihrab or "Sanctuary"—Exterior Walls—Puerta del Perdon—Campanile—Court of Oranges—Roman Miliary Columns—Reflections in Court of Oranges—A Saracen Renaissance—The Mosque a "Pharos of Art"—Unique among all Mosques—Cordova's venerable appearance—Antiquity of Bridge—Moorish Mills in River—Fortress-like character of the Mosque—Modern aspects of City contrasted with ancient.

I CAN quite picture to myself that a votary of the Prophet might enter there to-day, and not be conscious of any great disturbance having been wrought in one of the greatest shrines of his Faith. In some one of the sequestered and twilight groves of this marble forest, he could unfold his praying-carpet, and with his face Mecca-wards pour out his orisons to Allah, scarcely heeding the muffled music of the Feringhee organ in the Coro, wherein his despoilers are invoking their God. Your first impressions,—after you recover from the wonder and admiration which this superb building has

awakened,—are those of gratitude and amazement, that defacement and destruction should have been so mercifully slight. There has been no laying about them of rude and fanatical hands. What the builders of the Cathedral seem chiefly to have done, was that they scooped out and cleared away so much of the centre of the Mosque as they required for their Coros and High Altar, rearing above, a stately groined roof, and to have placed Chapels and shrines in other portions of the Moorish edifice. And they effected all this,—it seems to me,—with a minimum of dilapidation. Much no doubt has gone, but what an immensity remains! Of the original 1,200 monolithic columns, *e.g.*, no less than 1,096 are still *in situ*. Each monolith is of some precious ancient marble, of porphyry, or verde antique, or pavonazetto, or jasper. And it is even known whence they came. Carthage, Seville, and Tarragona, Nîmes and Narbonne, and even distant Constantinople,—were drawn upon to form these groves of marble. The aisle-avenues, which are thus formed, are in number 19 longitudinal and 33 transverse. One cannot doubt but that the idea present to the mind of the architect was that of the lovely gardens of his native land.

These marble avenues seem to you to be twilight glades formed of low palm-trees, which bend over, one to the other, and fling their arched garlands from one stem to the other. Were birds fluttering from stem to stem and carolling in the capitals you would think it a most natural mistake. And that idea of a garden seems accentuated in the upper

row of arches, upspringing as it were in lavish fecundity from the grove beneath. Just as the naves and aisles of the great Gothic Cathedrals make you think of the noblest forest-avenues that you have seen, so this unsurpassable Mosque seems to be a reproduction by those consummate old Saracen artists of the Eastern gardens and glades so loved of their possessors. Or, again, and it seems to me very consonant to the spirit of an Eastern,—the architect of this splendid fabric may have had present to his thought one of the marvellous Banyan-trees of Orient lands, “that lavish strikes his root reiterant and incessant, begetting forests, till beneath the glades and spreading labyrinths a multitude may couch.”

Picture to yourself the spectacle, when this Mosque shone in the meridian of its splendour, twelve hundred worshippers, (one only if you like, for each many-hued column thereof,) kneeling upon, and touching his prayer-carpet with his turbaned-head, communing with and invoking his God, just as in the groves of Paradise Adam and Eve would seek after and bend before the tremendous and as yet undreaded presence of their Father. Not at Damascus, nor in the Kaaba at Mecca, nor in the beauteous Omar-Mosque at Jerusalem, could there have been witnessed a scene more impressive in solemnity, more replete with fervid emotion! And here infinitely more imposing in the vast numbers of the worshippers, prostrate in simultaneous genuflections. The name itself of “Mezquita,” (or Mosque,) a title it still bears, is derived from the



THE MOSQUE, CORDOVA (*Unrestored portion*).

Arabic word "Masegad," to "worship prostrate." The original Basilica which stood here and which served as the old Cathedral of the Goths, previous to their subjugation by the Moors, stood upon the site of a Roman Temple, dedicated to Janus. Thus the Arabs were well supplied with materials for the erection of *their* Mosque. The greater number of the Corinthian capitals and probably all those of the Western aisles, (the most ancient portion of the Arab building,) were of Roman workmanship, those of the Eastern aisles having been imitated by the Arabs. Nor are those traces of the Roman occupation the only relics of a more ancient *régime* than that of the Arabs. In the Capilla de San Pedro, once the Holiest of Holies, *the* "Zecca," some very fine mosaics of Roman or Byzantine workmanship will arouse your curiosity. But such details of an earlier occupation of Cordova do not in the least affect the originality of the Saracen architecture. Nothing similar to this can anywhere be seen. In Europe, of course, it is altogether solitary and unique. And in the East nothing precisely of the same type is to be met with. In the Cupola of the Capilla de Villaviciosa, once the "Maksurah," or "seat of the Caliph," will be seen some of that rich and fanciful ornamentation in stucco, peculiarly the invention of the Saracens, and with which we shall become so familiar at Granada. Greatly to be admired, too, are the cupolas and arches of the Capilla de San Pedro (referred to above,) where three Chapels meet; the centre one leading to the Mihrab or

“Sanctuary.” At the end of the Capilla is a lovely heptagon, with a shell-shaped roof of the same beautiful stucco-ornamentation.

The exterior of this grand Temple is little less to be admired than the interior. Moorish walls and towers, from 30 to 60 feet high, with their latticed openings and characteristic ornaments, so massive, and unaltered, are not elsewhere to be seen in Europe. For, of the old Moorish walls in Seville almost all has gone. The Puerta del Perdon, which is the gate of access to the Court here, with its bronze plating of Gothic and Moorish texts is magnificent. And so is the Campanile, close at hand, though inferior to the splendid Giralda Tower at Seville, of which it seems to be the prototype. The Courtyard of the “Oranges” forms a noble open vestibule to the Temple. It is 430 feet long by 210 feet broad. Formerly all the nineteen aisles of the Mosque were approached from this Court. All are closed now with the exception of three. Here are to be seen two very ancient relics of Roman times. These are two miliary Columns, (they are supposed to have formed part of the old Temple of Janus) and are inscribed with the distance from that Temple to Cadiz, the “key” to Andalucia, as the Romans termed it, and probably the most ancient City in Europe. This Court is a perfect dream of Southern beauty. Huge orange-trees, palm-trees and cypresses, overgrown with roses, and in the centre King Abd-al-Rahman’s Well. It is a spot to rest in, and to reflect upon all that you

have seen to-day, and to steep yourself in Moorish traditions and in the witchery of Saracenic art. How came such a Fabric,—such a triumphant type of Architecture, unparalleled even in the East, whence the type came, and wholly unknown elsewhere in Europe, to have sprung up here in the Dark Ages? We all know that in the 8th Century, throughout Europe Art had fled from her ancient thrones, and had utterly deserted the abodes of those who had been civilised. For centuries Athens had been living upon reminiscences; and upon the wrecks and ruins of what had been Rome, a blackness of ignorance had descended, so thick, that she had forgotten how to build. Europe, for the most part, was worshipping in woods and forests, or in Stonehenges or in Caves. Venice had not yet arisen. All the Lamps of Art and Architecture had long since been extinguished. And by whom was the spark to be rekindled, by whose hands was the Dunciad of ignorance and forgetfulness to be dispelled? By Arabs,—by Saracens,—by a fanatical Race, whose name was synonymous with slaughter and rapine. Those fierce warriors were to originate a type of architecture, more exquisite, more refined, than the world had yet seen. Here, more than the budding, was the blossoming of the original tree, which nurtured and tended into even richer forms, was one day, though very distant yet, to develop into the very Crown and apotheosis of all earthly architecture,—the unsurpassed and unsurpassable “Taj Mahal.” For us in Europe,

Cordova Mosque represents the re-birth ; the Recovery of Art. And therein it has become, and will ever remain, a priceless possession, "Κτήμα ες αεί," for all Europe. Not to be regarded as a mere Mosque amongst other mosques, but a true and original Art-Idea. And when afterwards we behold the loveliness of Saracenic Art, either at Granada, or Seville, or in Cairo, or Damascus, or in India, this Mosque ought not to be, and cannot be cited as something, more or less great, or attractive, than others there, or elsewhere. There should not be any question of comparison. This Mosque is absolutely a thing apart. A creation, unique and dwelling apart like a star, apart from all other stars. It was a great light that dispelled the age-long chaotic gloom of that epoch which we call "dark." By whomsoever a sacred flame has been once more rekindled, and by whomsoever Art has been rescued and has been set once more upon her throne, a great, an immortal service has been rendered to Mankind. And therefore let us glorify and render all thanks to the Saracens who reared on high this Pharos of Art for Europe.¹

Cordova is certainly the most ancient-looking City now to be seen upon the globe, and its

¹ Of all places in the world, the Renaissance of Art was to burst forth at Cordova, and of all Races in the world it was to be Mohammedans to effect it. Here, really came into being the Revival of Art in Europe, a "Rinascimento" worked out and developed neither by Italians, nor Spaniards, but by Arabs.

famous Bridge of sixteen Arches over the Guadalquivir is the most picturesque one in Europe. It even possesses a hoarier antiquity than the Mosque itself. For the foundations are Roman and the arches Moorish, dating from the earlier years of the 8th Century. Standing at the Southern end, nothing can exceed the melancholy, indescribably ancient appearance of the grey old walled City, and of the Bridge itself. The noble Guadalquivir majestically sweeping through these sixteen grey Arches, curving round about the battlemented walls, and ruinous Convent enclosures, and neglected gardens of tangled palms and olive-yards and forgotten Hospedenas, and Huertas, as though it were seeking to stir them all into life once more! So few inhabitants about! And those few tending their pigs and goats upon the river banks, with great solicitude, lest they should be swept away in the tumultuous leapings of the grey river. I seemed to be in India again. Look over the Bridge at the Moorish Mills in the centre of the river. From this standpoint, too, the best view of the exterior of the Mosque is obtained. You realise here the massive fortress character of the Moorish architecture. And at the Northern (the City-side) entrance to the Bridge a Gothic Gateway of crumbling stone, and a Saint upon a column; and upon the Southern side a grand octagonal tower of the 15th Century,—very Moorish in style,—all these, as it were, for Cordova to put in a claim to a Mediæval character. For modern life and its exigencies, you must return

to that portion of the City which lies towards the Railway Station. There you will find a wholly modern Boulevard, and Plazas entirely given up to drinking and feasting and cafés, and the festive thrumming of guitars. For even at Cordova, the most café-loving populace in the world cannot get on without most spacious and luxurious haunts of that kind. But along the banks of the Guadalquivir which washes the walls and banks of this venerable City, no longer is to be heard the tinkle of the viol or the lute, or the chime of bells (except those of the Cathedral). And the veiled fair-one, ensconced in her lattice window, and in the bays of the old Moorish houses is wooed no more, and sits unbesought by throbbing guitarra of dusky Abdullah or Hosein.

CHAPTER X

SEVILLE

Anticipations of Seville—Still *de jure* Capital—Reminiscences and associations—Don Juan's house—Doñas Annas and Elviras—Figaro—Mozart's and Rossini's operas—Byron's "Childe Harold"—Borrow—"Masher" or "Majar"—Commercial position of Seville—Spanish neglect of Navigable Rivers—Approach to Seville from Cordova, "yellow and arid"—First sight of Seville disappointing—Dissimilarity to Naples—Modern appearance generally—Great extent of Cathedral—Meets you at all points—Dominates City—Exterior less impressive than Interior—Height and width of Nave—Painted Glass—Trophies of Art—Former Mosque, much later than that of Cordova—Hunting-up traces of Moorish Art—The Giralda Tower, the "Muezzin," what Giotto's Campanile is to the Duomo of Florence—History of the Giralda—Threat of the Moors—Counter-threat of St. Ferdinand, or his son—Saints Justa and Rufina withstand the buffeting of Satan's winds—Heat of Seville in June—Unwilling ascent of the Giralda—Interview with Custode—Inadequacy of Castilian language here—Sudden linguistic legerdemain—"Giralda might have proved to be a Tower of Babel"—Views from the summit—Guadalquivir, Italica, S. Lucar—Towers and Turrets—The Alcazar—Relics of old Walls—Lonja—Archbishop's Palace—Bull-ring—The Seville Trastevere—Reflections upon the Siege of fourteen months—View of the Court of Oranges—Well—The Moorish Puerta del Perdon—Ancient bronze doors thereof.

QUITE regardless of the seat of Government, of the *de facto* rights of Madrid, as the capital of Spain, Europe generally has taken Seville to its bosom and crowned her as Queen of Spain. She represents the Capital to the artistic sense of the world—to poets, painters, authors, and to the host innumerable of travellers and tourists. And Seville has even prescriptive and antecedent rights : for she *was* the Capital from the time of Julius Cæsar down to that of Charles V. But it is not her historical records that chiefly stimulate the imagination of the traveller, although even Columbus be one of her golden memories. It is rather of her romantic associations, her legends, and even of the picturesqueness of her every-day life that we are thinking as we near Seville.

We know something already of the glories of her famous Cathedral and of her even more famous Giralda Campanile : of celebrated buildings of many and varied epochs : of Roman and Moorish relics and remains, and of all those sights and subjects which the tourist chiefly goes forth to behold. Yet there are associations with Seville earlier than these.

The mind travels back to the days of our childhood, when we first heard of bull-fights, and matadors, of gitanos, and of zingarellas clattering their castanets, of their ditties and dances : of serenades, of the tinklings of lute and harp, and of throbbing guitarras.

And was it not in Seville, too, that Don Giovanni and Leporello used to thrum upon the too susceptible



SEVILLE.

hearts of love-lorn Doñas, just as they twanged upon the throbbing strings of their guitars? We are instinctively looking out for Doñas Annas, and Elviras, and Zerlinas, flitting through those Cloisters, for Don Giovanni was born in a house which has been turned into a Convent.

A metamorphosis indeed! And did not the most historical Barber ever heard of, here play his pranks, Figaro of Seville?

And so long as Mozart's and Rossini's music endure, are not their creations as much assured of immortality as Julius Cæsar himself? And we shall think, too, of the first canto of "Childe Harold," in which some, (unfortunately too few) of Byron's loveliest verses, are in praise of Seville and Seville's fair Zitellas. Yet, Byron was more in love with Cadiz than with Seville. That, too, was strange, for some of Seville's ladies were very affectionately disposed towards the English poet.

One wishes much that Byron had dilated more upon Seville, and had dedicated more of his "Childe Harold" to her salient features. For there are few exhaustive English works upon the attractive theme either in prose or poetry. Borrow, that great writer, should have given us more, for he had great opportunities.

That Seville is the great centre of the Tobacco-trade will not be the least of attractions to some of us, perhaps. We used some years ago to hear in England of what were called "Mashers." I know not if the class be still existent, or even, if as a "class," it ever did exist. The term at least was prevalent.

And so it is not without interest to learn that it had its origin from the Andalucian word "Majo," derived from the Moorish "Majar," the beau,—the dandy : the arch-type of an influential and ornamental section of that superb insouciance which distinguishes the bearing of the inhabitants of this famous town.

We have to thank the Moors, then, for one more word, of the many that are current in our languages in the present day. And yet we could without a pang, even gratefully, make them a present of such descendants of their "Majars" as may still be lingering amongst *us*. We are told that Seville is increasing in commerce and trade, although her growing population is still very greatly outnumbered by Madrid.

With such a fine navigable river as the Guadalquivir, she should be now, whilst the commercial spirit is everywhere paramount, (even in Spain,) "taking that flood of the tide which leads on to fortune."

For, so many of the Cities in Spain fail to realise their advantages of situation. Grand rivers have been given them by Providence, and some evil genius has stepped in to forbid them making use of them.

After the verdure and verdancy of the groves round about Cordova, the country to Seville reverts to the general Spanish type. Yellow table-lands and hills of modest elevation, sparse inhabitants, little cultivation, a yellow glare, rather, of non-cultivation. The first sight of Seville is disappointing. A monotonous level of two-storied

stuccoed houses, and an uninteresting modernness of appearance throughout the streets. I had not prepared my mind by the perusal of guide-books, purposely, for with all respect to the talented writers of such works, I feared their too common invitation to regard all geese as swans.

I cannot exactly say what it was, that I expected to see upon arrival in this famous City. But I imagined that I should behold something in the streets of the irregularity of Naples, architecturally, and socially also. I thought to see plazas full of rollicking Southern life; Churrigueresque columns, surmounted by Saints Simeon Stylites-wise; heavily ornamented arches gaudily decorated in the proverbially Spanish "bad taste." Later on I came to know, upon exploration of houses and streets, that Seville, though by no means a picturesque City generally, has attractions and characteristics of her own, albeit afflicted with more modernity than I could have wished. Wherever you pitch your tent, or rather, whatever Hotel you may pitch upon, you can scarcely direct your footsteps, or those of your horse, without coming in touch with the Cathedral. That Colossus seems to monopolise the City, and so stretches himself in all directions, that you cannot avoid, and you certainly do not wish it otherwise,—the building sinking into the recesses of your architectural moral consciousness, and so becoming for ever one of your most cherished art-acquaintances. If outwardly it does not possess the serene beauty, the fervent Gothic character of York or Canter-

bury or Lincoln, it has picturesque, though irregular beauties all its own. The abrupt transitions from one style to another, which are apparent, are, of course, owing to the changes of Church-architecture during the many years occupied by its erection. Internally the great fabric is probably the vastest and most impressive now to be seen. The height of the nave is about the same as the naves of Milan and Florence, whilst the width of the aisles far exceeds either, as it does those of Toledo by some 50 feet. The painted glass of the windows (ninety-three in number) is most beautiful, and many of them are dated as of the 16th Century. The artists were Flemings. When we think of the vicissitudes which Spain has undergone, and of her spoliation by foreign armies, we may well gasp with admiration at such trophies of Art.

The "Mezquita," or Mosque, which occupied the site of the Cathedral, is said to have been much of the same style, design, and size as that of the very much earlier Cordova Mosque. It was built four hundred years later, indeed, by Abu Jusuf, Yakub (Abu-Joseph-Jacob), and his son, of the same name, added the magnificent Giralda Tower, the ornament, glory, and dominant note of Moorish and Christian Seville alike! Only the forms (that of an oblong square) and the extent of the original Mosque were preserved in the erection of the Cathedral.

The Mosque, then, having been improved out of all recognition, we hunt after any Moorish traces that remain, with all the greater interest. And



SEVILLE. THE GIRALDA.

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chiefly, therefore, we admire and examine inside and outside, the great Giralda Tower, one of the greatest monuments of Moorish ascendancy that has anywhere been left to us. It is to Seville what Giotto's Campanile is to Florence. It was the Mueddin or Muezzin Tower whence the faithful were summoned to their devotions, and served, no doubt, as a watch-tower whence the advance of an enemy over the flat country round about could very soon be descried. Its original height was 250 feet, but the Belfry added in 1568 by Fernando Ruez has raised it by a hundred feet more. The Belfry is graceful and pretty. The Pinnacle is crowned with a bronze female figure of La Fé—generally known as “El Giradillo,” “La Giralda”—the “Turning One.” For it is a Vane, and though weighing several hundredweight, turns upon the slightest provocation of the breeze. The work has been artistically done, and is not incongruous with the Moorish architecture below. The Moors were so proud of their beautiful Tower that they desired to destroy it before they yielded the City to the Spanish conquerors. But as St. Ferdinand, or his son, Alonzo El Sabio, threatened to do the same to the City, should the Moors persist, the tower was spared, for the delight and admiration of successive generations. The Giralda is under the especial protection of the Saints Justa and Rufina who are very dear to the inhabitants of Seville. These holy ladies are invariably represented in pictures and sculptures as engaged in supporting the Tower. In the 16th Century the Devil is reported as having

summoned forth the winds at their highest to blow away the whole fabric, but the Saints in question scared him and his blasts away.

Than Seville in June there is probably no hotter place in the world, unless it be Seville in August, and I know what heat is at Jubbulpore and Aden as well as at Tanjore and Travancore. I had not, therefore, contemplated an ascent of the Giralda at any hour a.m. on June 5, 1901. I had gone to the Cathedral for its mighty and reposeful shade. And certainly when I asked one of the numerous employés there, to show me the Capilla Capítolar, I had not the remotest idea that in his view of the sphere of operations, it was becoming that an ascent of the Giralda should be included therein. I spoke (being fresh from Madrid) in my best Castellana, such as it might be, a language quite inadequate in Andalucia, but he was good enough not to make the uncharitable remark that he did not understand English. I remembered suddenly, as we were climbing the great broad (not too steep) ascent within the magnificent Tower, that at any cost I must adapt myself to the Andalucian dialect. By some sudden mental legerdemain I transformed my Castillan "ths" into "cs," I dispensed with "ds" (that was a great stroke) and hurled away my "J-hs" (for that is too Della Cruscan for an Andalucian breath) for something like "kh." Before we had accomplished the gradual ascent, we had a fairly good understanding of Spanish "as she is spoke" in Andalucia, and were conversing like two noble hidalgos whose friendship

was of ancient date. It might have been so different. The Tower promised to be that of the Confusion of Tongues! I hope that I did not appear to him to take too much upon myself, when I called upon him for the sea and for San Lucar harbour, some forty miles distant, whence Columbus sailed upon his first voyage. I think that he was impressed by my knowledge of Andalucian geography, as well as of the Andalucian tongue. But he observed coldly that San Lucar could not be seen, because like the memorably-invisible Spanish Fleet in the "Critic," it was not in sight. But there is a very extensive, if not a very beautiful, view of the country for miles round Seville, sandy, flat, yellow. But the gleaming Guadalquivir lights up the country to the south and west, and beyond the river, (probably through clouds of dust) about ten miles off, you descry the site of the old vanished Roman City of Italica. The City of Seville occupies so large a space that from this Tower at least, it seems immense. And yet the population is, I believe, not more than 130,000 or 140,000. From here, too, the City has much more of an Eastern appearance. The Towers and turrets, which are very numerous, are many of them Moorish, and if you cast your glance at the Alcazar, close beneath you, and the lovely gardens thereof, and the small portion of the old walls that yet remain, you will have less of the uncomfortably modern feelings which have hitherto oppressed you. Between you and the Alcazar is the fine "Lonja" (the Exchange), a work of Herrera, and

to the west of that is the Churrigueresque "Archbishop's Palace." Further southwards an immense Convent-looking fabric, with great courts, will catch your eye. It is the celebrated Tobacco-factory; it would be an ideal Barrack for half a dozen regiments. Further to the west, San Juan de la Palma, an old Moorish Mosque, will be pointed out to you. Beyond again is San Marcos, also formerly a Mosque; its tall Tower is one of the highest in Seville. To the south-east, near the River, a large Amphitheatre will catch your eye. Your first hope is that it may be Roman, but it is only the inevitable Bull-fighting Ring. Beyond the River over the Bridge there is the "Triana" District,—the Seville "Trastevere." The proud inhabitants of the Roman Quarter would not thank you for the comparison, for they pique themselves greatly upon their alleged pure Roman blood. And "Triana" is anything but a fashionable quarter of hidalgos. If we may judge by appearances, the population there is of a very mongrel character. Gipsies, smugglers and others of that large class who are supposed to live very much by the exercise of their wits, are a preponderating class. The name Triana is derived from the Emperor Trajan, who was born in this district. So Triana has gone terribly down hill since the days of the great Emperor. One can well imagine how all the interests, hopes and fears of Moorish Seville came to be concentrated upon the summit of this Tower, especially after the Fall of Cordova. For, twelve years were to elapse before Ferdinand the Saint

could follow up his success in capturing the more Northern City. The movements of the enemy in a flat country could so easily be discerned from here. Attacks could easily be warded off, reinforcements at threatened points could be despatched at a moment's notice. An enemy could be held at bay indefinitely, so long as unity prevailed within the walls, and rival leaders could devote themselves to the one overmastering object of defeating the Christians. Had the Moors been what they once were, and had not been torn by dissensions amongst themselves, they could have held out for years. As it was, the siege lasted for fourteen months.

Look down into the fine Patiò "de los Naranjas," for Seville has also her Court of Oranges. Not as beautiful, nor as unchanged as that of Cordova, but still venerable and picturesque and with the Moorish Khalif's Well in the centre. The Moorish Puerta del Perdon, too, is very fine—like that of Cordova—and its ancient bronze doors are also Moorish.

CHAPTER XI

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

The Cathedral-aisles a thoroughfare, or "short-cut," for pedestrians—Thirty-one Chapels to be seen—Number of Janitors—Huge "Rejas"—Chief Monuments—Retablo of High Altar—Image of the Virgin—Gift of St. Louis—Splendid Church Plate—Murillo's Pictures—Theft of "St. Anthony"—Murillo's "Guardian Angel"—Goya's Saints Rufina and Justa—Ford's Anecdote—Puerta de S. Cristobal—De Vergas's "Gamba" Picture—Legend of S. Cristobal—Moorish Walls—Roman Relics—Seville and Milan Cathedrals compared.

THE Cathedral being so notably the centre of Seville life, you are not surprised to observe that the aisles are made a thoroughfare or short-cut by all sorts and conditions of the Seville populace. Women enter by any one of the numerous Puertas, and hurry along with babies or baskets, and men with bags of tools or even loads over their shoulders, pass up or down to their business beyond. It is even quaintly attractive. It does not strike you as incongruous or irreverential, as there is no unseemly noise or bustle. At Westminster or York the vergers would have hysterics. Here it is scarcely noticed, the Cathedral being so vast, there is room



SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

enough for all comers, whether devotion, sight-seeing, or business be their object. There are some thirty-one Chapels to be seen, and if you mean to see them all, you will have to provide yourself with much small change. For there be almost as many janitors as "Rejas" ("Rejas" are the great iron gates which are kept jealously locked,) surrounding nearly every Chapel. Janitors start up around you brandishing their huge bunches of formidable-looking keys, and each of them expects something for his admission, and if that something does not amount to what each gaoler considers himself entitled, you will probably not hear the last of his grievance for some little time to come.

These huge rejas of generally gilded iron give rather a sombre effect to the Cathedral. But I suppose they are necessary, for robberies formerly were frequent; *e.g.*, in 1874 the "San Antonio," of Murillo, in the Chapel of that Saint, was cut out of the picture and carried off to New York, but was fortunately recovered. Although the view of the grand Nave is impeded by the position of the Coro in the centre, the effect of the whole is startlingly fine. You seldom see a Nave 150 feet high. The first monument which strikes the eye, just beyond the Grand Entrance, or Puerta Mayor, is that of Fernando Columbus, the son of the great Christopher. Many go away from the Cathedral under the impression that they have seen the Tomb of the greater man, ignoring the fact that the tired bones of the immortal navigator at last are at rest in the Havanah. And now the remains and the Island

have passed into the keeping of another Power! Advancing, the magnificent Coro, with its Trascoro, and four Chapels clustered around it, will arouse your attention and admiration for some time. The two immense organs, the sculptures, the 117 stalls, the rejas, the marbles, the carvings, and finally the Gothic Retablo of the High Altar. The Retablo (in 44 compartments), containing groups of sculpture, painted and gilded, representing scenes from the Bible, was executed in the 15th and 16th Centuries. Many of the figures are of life size. In the centre of the work is a silver statue of "Our Lady de la Sede," a work of Francisco Alfaro in 1596. No retablo in Spain surpasses this in size and gorgeous *tout-ensemble*. Crossing the Transept, the "Capilla Mayor," the Sacristia of the same, and, finally, the "Capilla Real" occupy the remainder of the Nave. In the "Capilla Real" centres the historical interest of the Cathedral. Here rests the body of Ferdinand the Saint in a silver shrine made in the 18th Century. His body, said to be in a remarkable state of preservation,—he died in 1252,—four years after his capture of Seville—is exhibited upon certain great occasions. This Chapel contains several relics of the famous Sovereign. An ivory statuette of the Virgin of "Las Batellas," which Ferdinand was accustomed to fasten to his saddle during his campaigns, is placed upon the Altar. His sword, (one of his numerous swords,) is also in this Chapel. Underneath the Altar is the original coffin in which his corpse was first placed. Epitaphs upon his "Urna," composed by his sons, in Latin,

Spanish, Hebrew and Arabic, are of interest. Behind the Reja are the Tombs of that son, Alonzo "El Sabio," and of his wife, Queen Beatrix. Here also is buried the famous Maria de Padilla, the Mistress of Pedro the Cruel. Perhaps the most interesting relic of former days here, is the life-size Image of the Virgin de los Reyes, presented to Ferdinand by no less a personage than St. Louis himself. It is made like a marble lay-figure, the hair is of spun gold, and her shoes are like those of the 13th Century, ornamented with the lilies of France and the word "Amor." The Image is seated upon a silver throne of the 13th Century, embossed with the arms of Castile and Leon. St. Ferdinand increased the value of the figure by presenting her with a golden crown. It was carried off by a thief in 1873. In the 13th and 14th Centuries, upon the anniversary of the King's death, one hundred Moors used to be sent by the Moorish King of Granada, to stand round the Catafalque of his Suzerain with lighted torches in their hands. That must have been a strikingly picturesque spectacle!

In the Sacristia Mayor are to be seen other relics of St. Ferdinand, *e.g.*, a cup of rock-crystal, and the identical keys given up to him upon his entry into Seville; there are also some splendid works of silver plate and reliquaries; a highly sculptured large silver Monstrance of the 16th Century; a Gothic cross and candlestick presented by Alonzo El Sabio; the silver altar of the Monstrance; and the famous Tenebrario, or

bronze candlestick, of huge size, used in the Holy Week. There is here the famous picture of the "Descent from the Cross," by Pedro Campana, (born in Brussels 1503). It suffered much of Soult's "braves," and was damaged with no apparent object, but that of wanton destruction. The Sacristia itself is one of the finest of the productions of the Plateresque style. But of all the Chapels in the Cathedral, the Sala Capitulas (Chapter House) is the most beautiful. It appears to be Pantheon-like round, but it is really elliptical. The roof is elaborately worked, and corresponds with the pavement in design. Sixteen marble medallions of Genoese work adorn the walls, and the eight oval paintings are by Murillo. The very fine Immaculate Conception, also by Murillo, above the altar is only second to the Louvre picture of the same subject by him, and certainly the most beautiful Conception by Murillo in Spain. The Chapel, indeed, might be named the "Murillo Chapel," did not the architectural beauty of the Chapel entitle it to the name it bears. It is indeed an architectural gem, reminding you much of the celebrated Chapter House or Jerusalem Chapel at Westminster. Murillo should have been buried here, and his ashes might then have escaped the desecration that was worked by the French brigands. For by his own desire he was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, where the picture of the "Descent from the Cross" by Campana, above referred to, then stood. Murillo was a passionate admirer of that picture, and

desired to rest beneath it. The Church was destroyed by the French; the remains of the immortal Artist scattered to the winds, and the picture, as above observed, wantonly mutilated. And of these Frenchmen, is the nation that considers itself to be the modern Athens, and her sons the descendants of Phidias! As we are looking out for Murillos, do not fail to see the beautiful "Saint Anthony of Padua" in the Chapel of the Baptistry. The adventure of the Picture at the hands of a *private* thief has already been related, as also its *restoration*, in the most favourable sense of the term. By Zurbaran there is also a good picture in the same Chapel. Another of Murillo's best and most famous works is to be seen in the Chapel del Santo Angel, the Chapel, *i.e.*, upon the left of the Puerta Mayor. The Picture has given its name to the Chapel, and was painted, it may be assumed, for the Chapel. An Angel, with outspread wings, leads and directs with his hand a confiding boy. He points to brighter worlds, to the cloud with a silver lining above. The picture is generally not to be seen in a good light. One would wish it removed to the Museum. But if you have the good-fortune to see it in a favourable light, you will be struck with its grace, refinement, and religious feeling.

A very different style of picture is near, and must be looked at, firstly because the artist Goya who died in 1828 is enormously admired just now, and secondly because it represents the famous protectress-saints of Seville, *viz.*, Saints Rufina and Justa.

Ford says that two ladies of not saint-like virtue sat to Goya for the picture. You should make your exit by the Porta de la Lonja (or S. Cristobal) in order to see two famous pictures, which unvisited, you might be taxed with having failed to see, the principal "lions" of the Cathedral. The "Generacion" by Luis de Vergas, commonly known as the "*Gamba*" from the "*leg*" of Adam. The nickname requires explanation. Had it been called the "Rib," for instance, we should not have been puzzled, as that portion of Adam plays so conspicuous a part in the "Generacion" of the first woman. It obtained the name then of "*Gamba*," merely from the modest remark of Perez de Alesio, the painter of the huge fresco of San Cristobal hard by. He declared that the leg of Adam alone was worth more than the whole of his own fresco. St. Christopher figures so often in Italian and Spanish works that the Saint's legend may here be referred to. St. Christopher, a giant in stature and whose walking-stick was a palm-tree, was on one stormy day besought by a child to carry him across a swollen river. When with his burden upon his shoulders he had reached the opposite bank, not without strenuous labour, he laid the child down and demanded whom he had had the honour of bearing. For although but a child, it had seemed to the Saint that he had been like another Atlas, carrying the weight of the world upon his shoulders. The Child replied that that was true. That the Saint had borne not only the world but the Creator of the world. Then

St. Christopher perceived that the Child was the Holy One of Israel, and he fell down and worshipped. It is pleasing to be informed that you will not come to an untimely end, on the day your eyes behold St. Christopher's portrait. You should specially observe, upon the northern side of the Cathedral, the large remains of the Moorish wall, and also the Roman columns as mementoes of the Roman rule. They had been utilised in the Moorish Mosque. It is as regards the interior, that Seville Cathedral strikes you as vaster and more solemnly impressive than any other of similar style. Milan Cathedral perhaps reminds you more than any other of Seville, chiefly because the height of either is nearly similar, and also, perhaps, because of the gorgeous painted windows. But those of Seville are greater in number and generally superior in antiquity. Seville Cathedral, too, is far greater in width than Milan Cathedral, and indeed than any other Gothic Church, and it is that which chiefly gives the impression of vastness. Seville Cathedral, too, has not a roof painted to represent carved stone, which detracts so much from the effect at Milan. The beautiful transept roof also far surpasses that of Milan Cathedral. This Cathedral is much larger than Toledo Cathedral, and possesses a greater number of Chapels. But the Tombs and monuments of the latter are finer, more interesting, and more numerous. But outwardly Seville is grander, vaster, and more impressive, and its splendid Giralda Tower gives it a proud pre-eminence not to be equalled elsewhere.

CHAPTER XII

FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI

Elaborate Ceremonial—Bustle in the Cathedral—Wonders of Silver-plate—Troops of Processional Boys—Their “dressing-up”—Half the Population of Seville “assisting”—Decorations—Miles of Red Damask—The Plaza de la Constitucion—Rank and Fashion—The *oi polloi*—Manners and appearance of a Spanish Crowd—Absence of Mantillas—Ladies dressed in the extremest “mode”—Beauty (or otherwise?)—Andalucian “eyes”—Complexions—Lavish Powdering—Passion for whitewash—The Procession debouches—A stream of Functionaries—Splendour and colour—Incense and chanting—Imbecile Images and Busts—Enormous Silver Monstrance—Bearers thereof—Church Dignitaries—The Sacred Host—Reception by the Crowd—Music insufficient—Courtiers *à la* Philip IV—Procession defective—Inferior to that of Orvieto—*The* Sight of this Day—Dance of Choristers in the Cathedral—Seville, a Phœnician Settlement—Sephela, Ishbilia, Seville—“Muy leal y noble”—Zenith under Pedro “the Cruel”—Abandonment by Charles V—Present aspect—Houses maintain a Moorish character—Arrangement, Pompeian—Might be cooler—Luxuriousness of Seville Cafés—Plazas—Plaza Nueva—Absence of Gardens *in* the City—Promenades—The “Delicias”—River-banks and Quays—Southern Flowers and Shrubs—Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortez—The Torre-del-Oro—Don Juan’s Residence.

AT Seville, no less than in Italy, the great Festival of Corpus Christi is celebrated with very elaborate ceremonial. At an early hour in the morning of the great day, the vast Cathedral presents a most animated spectacle. Preparations of the quaintest and most amusing character are being made. You go behind the scenes and into the green-room, as it were, to watch the marshalling of processions, the distribution of costumes, the production of time-honoured "properties," the hoisting-up of venerated relics, the ransacking of plate-chests, and the transference of sainted idols from their shrines and altars on to movable platforms. Wonders of the silversmith's craft were being carried down the aisles by very much unclad workmen, to be marshalled in due order in the procession. Endless troops of boys, more or less stubborn or unintelligent, were being grappled with by priests, vergers, and school-masters, and made to hold in their hands wax tapers as long as fishing-rods and of many colours (red preferred). Other lads were being arrayed in red stockings, and crowned with gilt or tin tiaras. Affectionate parents and admiring friends were lending a hand to assist, or to encourage puny relatives, upon whom so much depended for the successful development of the pageant. Country people, porters, carriers, messengers, ladies in mantillas, and ladies without mantillas—all sorts and conditions of people were flocking together, to see what could be seen, to criticise, or to admire.

Half the population of Seville seemed to be thronging the nave and the aisles of the vast edifice, such was the crowd, the bustle, the conversation, the excitement. Meanwhile, the streets outside were bristling with expectation. The thoroughfares were canopied and every house in the line which the procession was to follow was hung with red damask. Red damask was *de rigueur*. There must have been miles of it. In the Plaza de la Constitucion, the first Plaza whereon the procession upon leaving the Cathedral was to debouch, all the rank and fashion of Seville were gathered together. Rows of chairs were already occupied by very smartly dressed ladies and by officers and officials of all kinds. The balconies and windows and roof of the fine Town Hall which fronts upon the Plaza de la Constitucion, and the Plaza Nueva, were thronged with eager spectators of both sexes. The *oi polloi* were content to take up positions on foot and to watch the *élite*, and to pass their remarks upon them during the considerable interval that was to elapse before the evolution of the procession. For a foreigner it was an admirable opportunity for studying the manner, appearance, and characteristics of a festive Spanish crowd. Mantillas amongst the upper classes seemed to have entirely "gone out." Many women of the lower middle class still cling to them, but many of the lower classes are content with sticking a single flower in the centre of their hair. Ladies dress here in the extreme fashion of other capitals, especially as regards their hats, which are, as

elsewhere, miniature flower shows. Rather trying to the features, I think, in Seville. For, despite what has been written, I should not think that Andalucian ladies are generally beautiful. Eyes and hair go a long way, however, and in general effect you may pronounce the Seville ladies attractive-looking. The men generally are singularly plain. But the ladies' eyes would deserve a chapter,—or even chapters,—to do justice to them. The eyes are never still. They glide, they swim, they dilate, they contract, they half close, they languish, they curve, they sweep round the corners, and preternaturally recovering themselves, they drop upon yours with a sudden glow. They do all things that eyes and tongue and lips can do. But one thing they cannot do, and that is to keep still ; but they never stare. That is the characteristic of the Andalucian type of beauty if you will. How fatigued must all those eyes be at the close of day, and O ! when the lids are at last permitted to drop down upon them in slumber, what blessed repose !

What the complexions may be like it is not only extremely difficult but impossible to pronounce ! Whether it comes from some idea of keeping the face cool, or from a horror of appearing flushed, I know not, but a custom of lavishly powdering not only those portions of the face which fashion has deemed it permissible to correct with such aid, but the entire features, is so prevalent.

We have seen what a passion for whitewashing

fanés and temples possesses the Spanish Race. Can the idea that such methods beautify and intensify have extended even to the human face divine? I know of no other solution.

At length, after an hour of patient, but not uninteresting expectation, the procession comes in sight. The slowly-moving stream of functionaries commences with Priests, Canons, Choristers, and Acolytes swinging their great incense-censers of silver and brass, bearers of crucifixes, and images, Franciscan Monks, with their bare feet and coarse brown frocks, striking the only grave note in their unadorned habiliments, amongst such a blaze of colour and splendour. Myriads of the aforesaid small boys, each with his taper, and the whole procession chanting and intoning hymns. Imbecile busts of venerated saints, gilded and coloured, shedding stony, unmeaning smiles over the heads of the admiring populace. Two tottering sisters, Saints Rufina and Justa, with marionette-fixed grins, pretending to support a tottering Giralda, at a greater height, survey the multitude, with exasperating self-complacency. And now advance, borne with difficulty, some of the weightier and more valuable treasures of the Cathedral, splendid trophies of the silversmith's art, some of them Reliquaries, and Shrines and Pyxes, the chief amongst them all, in size and value, the famous Silver Monstrance and Altar. It is in form a Doric Temple, and upon its platform takes twenty men to bear it along. One pitied the sweltering bearers beneath the drapery which

concealed them, and kept such air as there was to breathe excluded from them. Then comes with banners and flags, and escorted by a crowd of Monsignori and other Church dignitaries, the Sacred Host, and then the Archbishop and his Satellites beneath a canopy. Most knelt, all uncovered, and crossed themselves, the while the Archbishop dispensed his blessings upon either side, with his two raised fingers. Bands of music, and an immense number of officers, military and civil, accompanied the Procession. But the quaintest part of it was a crowd of courtiers, in the old Spanish Court-costume of sad colours, with hatless heads clothed with flaxen wigs. These, both in colour and shape, modelled upon the coiffure peculiar to Philip IV such as we know in his pictures.

But of music there was not sufficient, though the artillery and cavalry, who had been occupying the Plaza throughout, had done what they could in that way to enliven the long "wait." The procession was also too broken, and halts were continually being made to enable lagging porters to come up. There was an absence, too, of different "orders" of monks and friars. Of nuns, too, there were none. In Italy processions are in those respects much more diversified. At Orvieto, *e.g.*, the fountain-head of this great ceremony, the procession upon this day is far more striking. Even at little Capri I have seen more colour and variety. But *the* sight, upon this day of "Corpus Christi" is the dance of choristers in the Cathedral. It is only to-day, at Christmas and

during Holy Week, that this quite unique spectacle can be seen. A dozen boy-choristers, attired as Court-pages, in slashed scarlet and gold coats, in white stockings and three-cornered plumed hats, dance in front of the Coro. They oscillate and gyrate in a kind of "Tempête" in minuet time, singing and playing castanets, whilst an orchestra assists their movements with a larger volume of melody. I do not think that there is any similar ceremony to be seen elsewhere. What may be the origin of it I do not know. But it is quaint, picturesque, and original in the highest degree.

That Seville was the site of a Phœnician settlement seems proved by the Phœnician name of Sephela. The Moors scarcely transformed the name by calling it in their tongue Ishbiliah. The change is very slight to the Spanish "Sevilla." Under the Spanish rule it was dignified as a City "muy leal y noble." "Leal" it certainly was not under the Moors. For during their sway of 536 years, changes of government under rival sheiks were frequent. And it was mainly owing to their dissensions, that St. Ferdinand found the capture of the City a comparatively easy task. Under Pedro the Cruel, the contemporary and ally of our Black Prince, Seville, his "Ciudad predilecto," reached its high point of prosperity; Charles V rather strangely preferred Valladolid as a Capital. Most of the broad and deep, but low, houses of Seville still maintain a Moorish character. The windows are protected by "rejas," iron gratings, and shaded by awnings; balconies

are universal. An entrance-porch,—“Zaguan,”—leads to the “Cancel” or Gate of fine iron-work, which opens upon the “Patiò” or Courtyard. This “Patiò” is the characteristic of all the houses. It serves as the principal drawing-room, and is at once the reception-room, the garden and the resort of the family. It is surrounded with columned arcades, often beautifully decorated with “Azulejos” (Moorish tile-work) and sometimes frescoed. A fountain in the centre with flowers, trees, and shrubs, and a heavy awning above, completes the style.

The “Patiò,” then, is not unlike a Pompeiian house and combines the atrium, the Impluvium, and the Peristyle. But although the heat can be sensibly reduced by these arrangements, the Sevillans might well borrow some of the Indian customs for the further reduction of the temperature. Punkahs, thermantidotes, and wetted tatties of cus-cus grass, might well be introduced in a climate almost as sultry as India. Far the coolest resorts in Seville are the great Cafés, and Restaurants, *e.g.*, in the Callé de la Sierpe. The Cafés in this Callé especially are magnificent,—really palaces. The wide and well-paved Callé is canopied above, and reserved for pedestrians; noise and dust are excluded from these Callés by wheeled traffic being banished. Most of the Cafés are of quite Moorish architecture, becolumned and arcaded, and so are many of the shops in these cool Callés. No wonder, with such palaces for Cafés, that the Spaniards are, in Seville at least,

the most Café-loving race in Europe. No wonder, too, that they are of all nations the most loth to put themselves under the yoke of Cook, to put a girdle round the world in eighty days. Where could they find elsewhere such luxury and comfort? How they would sigh over their delightful resorts, were they to find themselves in the Boulevards of Paris, or in the Regent Street of London. The monotonous exterior of the streets, of low two-storied houses, is broken by the number of Plazas, small for the most part, but generally boasting some highly decorated church, or public building, and enlivened by trees and seats, and the stalls of vendors of cooling drinks. Quite the largest Plaza in Seville is the Plaza Nueva or Ayuntamiento, which is the site of the very beautiful "Casas Capitulares," or Town Hall, and of some of the better inns. You will generally be passing through this Plaza on your way to the Cathedral, and other notable sights. It is the chief resort for flaneurs and loungers, and being well furnished with seats, is a good place to watch the lower life of Seville. But the City is ill-furnished with gardens and shade. You must go outside the town for parks and gardens, which lie along the left Bank of the River. The "Delicias," as they are called, are the resort of carriage-folk, and equestrians, and there all the smartest equipages and the best-mounted caballeros assemble in the evening. It is an animated scene at that hour, and very beautiful in the richness and abundance of Southern flowers and foliage. The River, too,

is a scene of animation. Broad Quays have been laid out, and at times steamers and shipping are here in considerable numbers. Although we know that Columbus embarked here upon his first voyage of discovery, I did not know that Seville was so considerable a Port. It is said that Pizarro and Cortez also started on their wonderful enterprises from Seville.

The picturesque tower, a little higher up the river, should be looked at as a relic of Moorish days. Although why it should be called "Torre-del'-Oro" requires explanation. Some say that the Moors kept their treasure there, but it seems to be in rather an exposed position for such a purpose. I think that the name may have a more plausible solution in gold connected with the discoveries of Christopher Columbus. Whilst we are upon the search for great or notorious Sevillans, one of the most famous names is that of Don Juan. He seems to be no mere invention of poet or romance, and even the Commendatore of whom Don Juan made such short work was a very real flesh-and-blood Sevillan. Don Juan's name was Tenorio. It is to be hoped that he was not a member of the family rendered famous by one Archbishop of Toledo at least. But he certainly lived in a house which is now a Convent, that of San Leandro, and he betook himself to the family Chapel in a Franciscan Convent, as "Sanctuary," when he had disposed so summarily of the unfortunate father of the injured Doña Anna.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MUSÉO SEVILLE

Plaza de Murillo—His Bust—Numerous Works of his here—Four or five Masterpieces—A disestablished Convent—Fine Azulejos, modern—Murillo's Masterpieces described—Zurbaran's Pictures—Roelas—Valdez Leal—Pacheco—"Pretty rather than great"—But one Caño—Alanis Vicente—His powerful "Prodigal Son"—Portraits here "terribly bad"—Torrighiano's Terra-cotta—Anecdotes of Torrighiano—The Patiò here—Roman Antiquities from Italica—"A great Diana"—Moorish Vases—The first Muséo in the "Lonja," founded by Murillo and other artists—"La Caridad"—A 16th Century Alms-house—Renovated by a "reformed rake"—The Chapel—Murillo's six Pictures—Description of them—"San Juan de Dios," the finest—Who *he* was—Pedro Roldan's "Descent from the Cross"—The Pictures by Valdez Leal—Murillo's remark—V. Leal's jealousy of Murillo—Murillo's Pictures journeyed to Paris.

THE Muséo is situated in one of the prettiest Plazas, that of the Muséo or "de Murillo." His bust stands in the centre. It is a recent work, but seems as a portrait of the Painter to have been well and faithfully copied from his well-known portraits by himself. The Muséo is chiefly attractive owing to the numerous works of Murillo,

twenty-four of which are here. It must be admitted that there is much of the master that could have been spared. But still there are four or five of his very greatest masterpieces. The building itself is an old and ugly convent, that of "La Merced," and was founded by St. Ferdinand himself. Upon entering you will be greatly struck by the splendid decorations of "Azulejos" or "Moorish" tiling, which adorn the walls. They are chiefly, if not entirely, of Spanish work, and most interesting as proofs that the secrets of the art did not die with the Moors. They form an exhibition of themselves, and for the most part have been gathered together from the many disestablished conventual domiciles in Seville. In the large room, formerly the Convent-Church, now called the Salon de Murillo, all Murillo's pictures are placed. "*Si monumentum quæras, circumspice*"! The four works of his, which universal admiration have declared his best, are the following: "St. Thomas de Villanueva"; "St. Francis embracing the Crucified Saviour"; "San Felix Cantalicis," with the Infant in his arms; "San Antonio de Padua," kneeling before the Infant. San Tomaso de Villanueva is succouring the poor and is giving alms in a Church-porch to a beggar and is surrounded by other expectant mendicants. In sentiment and in execution, the picture recalls to you the famous St. Elizabeth at Madrid. Both in conception and execution the work is one of Murillo's greatest. So he thought himself, and called it "Mi Quadro." But the "San Felix," next to that,

runs it very close. The Saint upon his knees, bears the Infant in his arms. His face and posture express the utmost love and devotion. A celestial vision appears to him from above. The Virgin, attended by angels and cherubs, stretches out her arms to her Son. As a composition this picture may be considered by some as even superior to the "St. Thomas." But the nobleness of the countenances and the inspired sweetness of expression of both are quite perfect. The accessories, too, of either picture, whether of cherubs, or angels, or beggars, are just sufficient, and do not draw away the attention from the chief personages represented. That characteristic is always one of Murillo's great qualities, one so often absent from works of the Spanish School. There is here another picture of "San Felix," but much inferior. The "Vision of St. Francis" is an extremely beautiful work. The Crucified Saviour is withdrawing His right hand from the beam of the Cross, and is resting His hand upon the shoulder of the Saint, who embraces the body of his crucified Lord. Two cherubs upon the left support an open book, where you read the words, "Qui non renunciat omnibus qui possidet, non potest meus esse discipulus." St. Anthony of Padua, with his arms round the Infant Jesus, who returns his embrace, is seated upon a book. Above these are four Cherubs. These four pictures are the glories of this Museum. The "Pietà" I think to be the best of Murillo's other works here. The very large "Immaculate Conception" was painted for the Cathedral. It has been much damaged,

but it never could have been equal to other representations by Murillo, of the same subject. "The Madonna della Servilleta," too, has been cruelly ill-used. It is said to have been painted upon a "*napkin*." Hence its title. But it is a very inferior picture.

Of Zurbaran, one of the chief lights of the School of Seville, there are numerous instances here. His best work in this Gallery is the "St. Thomas Aquinas." It represents the Apotheosis of the Saint, and the Foundation of the College of St. Thomas of Seville. It is very large and is certainly a fine picture. All the colossal Saints and Fathers of the Church represented here are grandly drawn, and the figures of Christ and the Virgin above, nobly expressed. It is an interesting picture also, the artist having introduced, upon the right, portraits of Charles V and himself. But the picture altogether is wanting in poetical feeling, and St. Thomas certainly lacks spirituality. Zurbaran was apt to overcrowd his larger pictures. I prefer him in his smaller subjects, and even in his single figures. But he is undeniably in the front rank of the Spaniards. There is no other picture in this Gallery which in any way marks a distinctive epoch in Spanish Art. Many should be looked at, more perhaps from the painters having been masters of great artists than from any merit of their own. Roelas, the master of Zurbaran has, however, great powers of colouring. The same remark may apply to Valdez Leal, a powerful master, who delighted in rather repulsive subjects.

Pacheco, the master and father-in-law of Velasquez, has a good "Immaculate Conception," pretty rather than great. Castillo, the master of Murillo and Caño, has pictures here, but nothing remarkable. It is disappointing that the latter master, undoubtedly one of the most pleasing of Spanish painters, has but one picture in this Gallery. To Alanis Vicente is ascribed a rude and realistic, but certainly powerful "Prodigal Son." Some of the modern pictures are worth looking at, but all the portraits are terribly bad. An extremely fine terra-cotta of "St. Jerome," by the famous Torrigiano should not be overlooked. The artist is well known to Englishmen, as the Sculptor of the Henry VII Tomb at Westminster. But he has secured an even more certain immortality by having modelled the nose of Michael Angelo in a mode quite otherwise than natural. A dispute arose between the two great men at Florence, and Torrigiano made use of his hammer, in a very inartistic spirit, upon the nose of the divine artist. Torrigiano visited Spain once too often for his own personal advantage, for he ended his days there as a prisoner to the Holy Spanish Inquisition. Not the least attractive portion of this Muséo is the Patiò, assigned to Sculptures and Roman antiquities from Italica chiefly, and also to Moorish capitals, tiles and vases. First and foremost among the Roman Antiquities, is a really great work, a statue of Diana. It is one of the finest representations of the Huntress-Goddess that I have anywhere seen, and would do honour to any

Gallery. Excepting the loss of portions of both arms, it is perfect; the head is very beautiful. The countenance serious. The position is easy and graceful, and the drapery very boldly worked. Behind the Goddess is the trunk of a tree with a deer-skin. It is, I should think, a Roman copy of a Greek original. There are here also several torsos of statues, one colossal, (without a head,) and a great many busts, one of which is Hadrian. Mosaic pavements, columns, Cippi pottery and statuettes in considerable numbers, all from Italica, are here to attest to the importance of that City. Some of the Moorish vases deserve to be looked at, especially a large green one, with rows of ribs in relief. This Museum and Gallery have only been in existence during recent years, but it may be noted that Murillo, Valdez Leal, Herrera, and other artistic notabilities founded an Academy of Art in the year 1660, and established it in that fine building of Juan Herrera, the Lonja or Exchange.

The spirit of Murillo dominates so many of the buildings in Seville. He rules our spirits from his urn, it might be said, if the brutality of man had not shattered and scattered the sacred dust. And the creative faculty of the great Master is by no means least powerfully manifested in the "Caridad," as it is called.

This Institution is an Alms-house, founded in the 16th Century, for the shelter of some eighty poor old men. It was renovated in the following century by a certain Don Miguel de Menasa, a

reformed rake and a friend of Murillo. Here he is buried. It was fitting, then, that his friend should have adorned the walls of this Chapel with such pictures as these. They form a fine monument to the charity of the one, and to the genius of the other. The Chapel is gorgeously ornate in other ways. But the six pictures of Murillo form the attraction. The three most celebrated, (and the largest,) are: "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes"; "Moses striking the Rock"; "San Juan de Dios." The first presents a wonderfully fine group. Our Saviour, in the centre, is blessing the five loaves, and St. Peter, near Him, is taking the two fishes from the hands of a youth. The "Moses" is equally fine. All are pressing forward with healthy and headlong eagerness to drink. Man, woman, and beast, and not the least to be observed, is one of Murillo's characteristically masterly dogs, who slakes his thirst with a calm delight quite in contrast with his human companions. San Juan de Dios (he was canonised in the 16th Century) is said to have been remarkable, even in that charitable age, for his boundless charities to the poor. He is supposed to have been the first founder of a "refuge" for the poor. His picture is appropriate enough in the Chapel of an Alms-house. In this picture he is represented as bearing upon his back an apparently dying beggar. He looks upward for assistance. An Angel appears above, shining through the gloom of the stormy night, to strengthen the Saint in his self-appointed labours. To Murillo's kindly heart it was peculiarly

congenial to chronicle such pious acts, and in no picture of his has he more brilliantly asserted his power of representing them. The other three works of his in this Chapel are : "The Annunciation" ; "The Infant St. John" and a small "Madonna and Infant." "The Annunciation" is not one of Murillo's best works. The "Infant St. John" is. The "Madonna and Infant" is exquisite. It is painted with such startling force, that at first sight I imagined it to be a work in relief. There are three other pictures in the Chapel worthy of admiration. The powerful "Descent from the Cross," over the altar, by Pedro Roldan. Two pictures by Juan Valdez Leal. Death, as a skeleton careering over treasures and types of luxury and wealth, and a putrefying Bishop surrounded with treasures ; "Sic transit gloria mundi" is inscribed. It is repugnant, (both are repugnant), but the decaying corpse is represented with consummate power. Murillo had so high an opinion of the realistic force of the picture, that he said : "You must hold your nose, when you approach it." Valdez Leal was born in Cordova. He was extremely jealous of Murillo, though he did not die of the disease, as did one of the Castillos. As regards Murillo's pictures here, it is almost needless to observe that five of them made the inevitable journey to Paris early in the century. However, they do not seem to have suffered. They are in good condition.

CHAPTER XIV

SEVILLE—THE ALCAZAR

The Alcazar—A Saracen Palace—Fanciful derivation from “Cæsar”—Moorish Architecture equally adapted for religious and domestic purposes—Suggested by a hot climate—Loveliness of apartments—Rival those of the Alhambra—Skill of modern Spaniards in renovation—The “Alcazar” replete with associations—Pedro “the Cruel”—Maria Padilla—Two of their daughters wives of English Princes—John of Gaunt claimed the Spanish Throne—His daughter First Princess of Asturias—Spanish blood in English veins—The assistance of Pedro by the “Black Prince”—Story of Pedro, and the Great Ruby—Court of the Ambassadors—Pedro’s victims—Pedro’s subsequent fate—The Gate of “Las Banderas”—Pedro’s “Justice”—Maria Padilla’s apartments—Comtesse de Paris born here—Chapel—Charles V married there—Antiquities from Italica—Rooms of Isabella “the Catholic”—Gardens of the Palace—An Ideal realised—Groves and Labyrinths—A Realm of Pleasaunce—Baths of Maria Padilla—A Prison?—Palace of S. Telmo not far from River—Built by Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher—Dedicated to the Mariner’s Saint—Formerly Duc de Montpensier’s Palace, and Picture Gallery—Extensive Gardens—Adjoin the Public one. Tobacco Factory, colossal—A Tobacco Escorial—Has been a Convent, or Convents—Cuba no longer available as Government-source—Thousands of women employed—“Natural” sticking of cigars not permitted—Babies and female relatives, but no “followers”—

An absence of “Carmens”—“Mancia” for guides *not* cheerfully accepted. Recollections of Naples more forcible—Seville comparatively free from mendicants—Casa de Pilatos—Another Saracen Palace—Erected by Enriquez de Ribéra—A “mystical” original in Jerusalem—Azulejos; Columns; Moulded Vaults—Patiò with Fountains—Statues from Italica—A Mosaic of the “crowing-cock”—A *coup-de-grace* to the tradition—The Grand Staircase, a development of Moorish architecture *here*—No access to the fine Gardens—Italica—A short drive there, through Triana, a “doubtful” suburb—River has changed its ancient course—Italica the birthplace of two Emperors—Amphitheatre thoroughly excavated—Absence of other ruins—Has been made a “quarry”—A coin of Adrian—Return by another route—Castileja de la Cuesta—Birthplace and residence of Cortez—Buried here—Ashes removed to Mexico—Other excursions round Seville—Hurrying Tourists.

I DO not know why our guide-books should be at pains to derive this name from “Cæsar.” “Alcala” was the Moorish name for “Castle” or “Fort.” The transition is slight enough, to “Alcazar.” The Moors knew nothing about Cæsar, and you find an “Alcala” in most of the towns occupied by them. Besides, how unlikely that a Castle or Hunting Box (as this probably was) should be styled “Cæsar.” The Spanish word even, “Casa” (House), if another derivation be preferred, would be simpler and more natural. The early Saracens are probably the only artistic people that have invented a style of architecture equally adapted for religious or for domestic purposes. No style could be better adapted for a hot climate than these arched and colonnaded courts

and cloisters. These alcoves and grottoes, screened and shrouded from the sun's glare, and from the hubbub of the streets, invited repose, or stimulated to religious contemplation. Silent worship would develop into soothing recitation, and thence into fervent exhortation of the Deity. Then as the congregations of the Faithful became larger and more intent upon religious observations, the buildings preserving the same character would become larger and more spacious. Anyhow, more lovely suites of Arab apartments than those in the Alcazar are scarcely to be seen, not even at Granada.

Where restoration has been needed (and of course in the long vicissitudes of centuries it has been imperative) of roofs, ceilings, floors and doors, it has been carried out with the utmost taste and with fidelity to the spirit in which the old architects worked. Even if it had been otherwise, the ineffable grace and elegance of the architectural *forms* and designs could scarcely have been marred. The beauty of the colouring of the Azulejos, the many-coloured stalactite decoration of alcoves and domes, the carved ceilings, the joinings and fittings of marble pavements, and columns, have been preserved and renovated in a true artistic spirit. The whole dazzling series of the chambers of this brilliant and fascinating Palace are full of historical and romantic interest as well. These colonnades and courts vibrate with the echoes of love and poetry, or with the dark memories of cruelty and assassination. Pedro "the Cruel" and his wife,

the lovely and gentle Maria Padilla, seem still to haunt the scenes of their pomp, their power and their loves. To Maria Padilla, the husband of her heart was no mere bloody tyrant, and his constancy to the beauteous golden-haired Maria has covered a multitude of his crimes. Both are specially interesting to Britons, for two of their daughters married English Princes, John of Gaunt and the Duke of York. After Pedro's death at the hands of his illegitimate brother, Henry of Transtamarre, John of Gaunt unsuccessfully claimed the Spanish throne. He had, however, the consolation later, of seeing his daughter (the first Princess of the Asturias, by the way) wearing the crown of Castile and Leon. For she married the grandson of the above-named Henry, and who afterwards became Henry III. She was the granddaughter, therefore, of Maria Padilla. Thus in the veins of the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Spanish blood flowed. This connection with England it was, in conjunction with later alliances, upon which Philip II based his claims to the English crown. Pedro the Cruel lost his throne for a time, having been defeated by his brother, Henry of Transtamarre and the famous Du Guesclin. Our still more famous Black Prince, however, then resident at his Court of Bordeaux, espoused the cause of his relative, the defeated Monarch, and by his victory at Navarrete placed Pedro once more upon the throne. The huge ruby in the crown of the English Monarch, which we have all admired at the Tower of London, was presented to the Black Prince in

acknowledgment of his victory. It was in this very palace (likely enough in the most beautiful of all the apartments, in the Court of the Ambassadors) that Pedro had possessed himself, by a most iniquitous act, of this famous precious stone. An usurping King of Granada, Abu Said, had in his turn become a fugitive, and, trusting to the good faith of Pedro, had taken refuge in his Court in the Alcazar. Pedro, with even more than his customary cruelty, was not ashamed to commit the blackest of treacherous crimes. He murdered the wretched man and seized his treasures. We will hope that the ill-gotten ruby may never bring down misfortune upon any English head that may wear the crown, whereof it is the most distinctive ornament. You will not be in a hurry to leave the splendid Hall, where we suppose the above-mentioned deed of blood to have been consummated. So perfect is it in proportions, so fancifully gorgeous in the decoration of its roof, and in the brilliancy of its Azuléjos work. But you will either go out, or enter by a doorway, where the exact spot of Don Fadrique's murder will be pointed out. He was the King's left-handed brother, and bore the rank of Master of Santiago. He had come expressly to his brother's Court to swear allegiance to him. Maria de Padilla, who was aware of her husband's designs upon his brother's life, had done all in her power to move the King to pity. But Pedro was not a man to be moved to mercy, especially when a brother's life was in question. It was fully in accordance with historical retribution, that Pedro

himself was to fall a victim to the dagger of another brother. The latter event is the subject of a Spanish poem, which, with many other Spanish ballads, has been spiritedly done into English by Lockhart. In the great gate of "Las Banderas" (for here the Royal banner is upon occasion hoisted) Pedro was wont to seat himself in Eastern manner, for the administration of what he called justice. It must have been a queer kind of justice,—not much differing, one supposes, from that which has been termed the "wild Justice of revenge." Pedro must have been half a Moor indeed in this way, and also in the erection or renovation of this splendid Moorish Palace by Moorish artists. We are shown the lovely apartments of Maria Padilla, in one of which the present Comtesse de Paris first saw the fierce Spanish light. For the Palace is used still as a Royal residence. All has been so cared for and so artistically renewed in the best manner, that it is not only in every way a suitable residence, adapted to modern usages in a most sultry clime, but one of the most unique and splendid of Palaces. In the Chapel above, Charles V married Isabel of Portugal. He erected the fireplaces, too, for even in this fervent climate, the slow circulation of Cæsar's blood required accelerating. In one of the rooms a great trouvaille of Roman antiquities from Italica was, for a long time, placed, and so forgotten eventually, that they ran the risk of again being buried. They were at length unearthed again, by an artistic Alcayde, and were placed in the Muséo, where we have already seen them. Other inter-

esting rooms are those of the Grandmother of Charles V, Isabella the Catholic. In your search for the garden of the Palace, you will have to make a circuitous route, for you are not allowed to descend, as could be wished, from any balcony or steps, from one of the apartments. It would be a pity to miss seeing these Hesperian Gardens, for they are such, that any one with an ideal in his soul of what a truly Southern Garden should be, and to behold which has been the aspiration of his life, will make his heart bound with the delight of realisation. It is a small Arcadia, tempered by cinque-cento beds of myrtle and box, fantastically fashioned into the eagles of Charles V and other quaint heraldic devices. Bosky labyrinths of cypress and box, groves of pomegranates, blossomed with their little feathery tongues of flame, alleys and lanes of citrons, and palms and orange trees,—the last clipped and nurtured into towering avenues.

“Imbowered vaults of pillar’d palm,
Imprisoning sweets of violets and rose ;
A realm of pleasaunce, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer’d lawn,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar. Tamarisks, thick rosaries
Of scented thorn,—tall orient shrubs.”

It would seem that Tennyson had been in Seville! In one’s ugly modern garb one is an anachronism here. Man, at least, is an anachronism. It is a Twelfth Night “Pleasaunce.” Olivia

and Malvolio should be haunting these terraces and groves and fountains. The gardens should be crowded by stately forms of Señoras and Hidalgos arrayed in all the sumptuousness of cinque-cento costume. You will also see vast vaulted alcoves, beneath the Palace, at the top of the garden. They are Maria Padilla's baths. They are quite Roman in style and scale, and still echoing with the plashing ripple of waters. It is said that they have also been used as prisons.

The Palace of "San Telmo," close to the left bank of the River, and which you will pass every day on your way to the "Delicias" or Rotten Row of Seville, is worthy of admiration. It is a very picturesque building of the 16th Century, built by Fernando Columbus as a Naval College. It is "Churrigueresque," and as that term is, in the mouth of architectural purists, almost synonymous with contempt, we should not be allowed, I suppose, to glance at it with admiration. But, both as a fine building, and as a monument to the memory of the son of Christopher Columbus, it must come in for some of our attention. Fernando Columbus dedicated the College to San Telmo, the mariner's Saint, and as some suppose, as a special offering for mercies vouchsafed during a more than usually perilous voyage of his. It was recently the Palace of the Duc de Montpensier, and once contained a collection of pictures, and *objets d'art*. But it is no longer a Royal residence, and is, I believe, again devoted to secular purposes, by the Seville Municipality. It possesses a fine garden, which,

again, abuts upon another large garden—a public one—with restaurants and cafés, where entertainments, musical and others, make glad the souls of pleasure-hunting Sevillans after dark. Being so near the famous Tobacco Factory, that institution will probably be visited when you are sight-seeing in this part of the town. One requires a very large pen to describe this colossal edifice. A pen six feet in length, like those which the Apostles brandish in the spandrels of St. Peter's dome in Rome. It is a Tobacco Escorial in magnitude. The succession of Courts bewilders one, and the rooms are past counting. I suppose it to have been a Convent originally. For even with the unbounded capacity of all true Spaniards for consuming cigarettes and cigars and snuff, and with every allowance for the exportation of the same, this fabric might supply Europe with tobacco. Formerly, the Spaniards had the huge resources of Cuba and other Colonies to draw upon, duty-free; now the loss of their American possessions has materially curtailed the supply of their tobaccos. Even now some thousands of women derive their living from the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes. I was glad to see, as I went through these crowds of pale females, that they did not employ natural moisture in rolling cigarettes, or in flattening tobacco-leaves. Bowls and goblets of water are ranged along the tables, where these toilers are seated. I fear that their day's work is a day of ten hours. Those who have got babies, (the majority of them, I should say,) are allowed to take them here, and other

relatives too, I imagine, for they were not all at work. Men seem to be rigidly excluded. Indeed, if they were admitted, I suppose that very few of the ten hours would be occupied in making cigars. It may be imagined that these huge rooms are not caves of silence, nor that Spanish babies have lungs less obstreperous than those of other nations. Let no one come here with the expectation of finding any "Carmens": I really did not see a pretty face; all of commonplace feature and colouring, and even so the dress unassisted by mantillas. Another illusion gone, for "Carmens," with coquettish glance and roguish becks, have been conspicuous by their absence. You, of course, hand a little "mancia" to the matronly lady who has been conducting you through the mazes of feminine fascinations for so long, and the janitor who had the honour of conducting you to her presence will not be forgotten. I thought that I detected a shade of disappointment passing over both parchment visages. But to that manifestation of chagrin I have become inured. The modest recompense, which in Italy at least is cheerfully accepted, appears to be deemed short of the justly-due in Spain. So you must bear it like a man unless you prefer requiting such services with needless generosity. I have been more strongly reminded of Naples to-day, than I have been since I came to Seville. Perhaps it has been in the larger buildings that I have seen, especially those that boast of Churrigueresque, or Baroque ornamentation, or in the predominance in this part of the City of spacious Convents whether dis-

established or not, or in the freer port and carriage of the populace.

Certainly there is a remarkably Spanish character in portions of Naples, both in the ethnological type, and architecturally. There is one great dissimilarity. Seville is pleasingly free from beggars; one cannot say that of the other attractive but *décousu* city. Whilst upon this subject, I am tempted to hazard a remark that in Spain the average of comfort and "well-to-do-ishness" (excuse Barroqueness of expression) seems much more general than in Italy.

You would search in vain at Jerusalem for the original of the very beautiful Casa de Pilatos. Yet Fadrique Enriquez de Ribéra, who built it in the 16th Century, is credited by the chroniclers as having erected it after the model of a house existing in the Holy City known as the House of Pilate. It is possible that upon its site, some one may have, in years long subsequent to the epoch of Pontius Pilate, built to his soul a lordly pleasure house in the Saracenic style. But of such a building we know nothing. We are quite content, however, to accept this Palace as a very splendid example of Moresque Architecture whatever may have been the cause of its erection. Its present owner is the Duke of Medina-Celdi, one of the greatest of Spanish families. It is a Palace worthy of housing so illustrious a stock. All the lovely things that make a Moorish Palace so delightful are here in abundance. Azulejos-tilings of singularly varied hues and patterns, graceful columns, with glittering capitals, carved ceilings, brilliant pavements and



SEVILLE. PILATE'S HOUSE.

symmetrical colonnades, and a grand Patiò with fountains. In this Patiò are placed Roman statues and busts, which are said to be spoils from the Roman City of Italica. There was not any one of surpassing merit, but for general decorative effect good enough. The grand staircase (a work of supererogation for a Moorish house) struck me as magnificent. The Moorish style of decoration being carried on without stint, and with splendid effect, especially in the cupola and ceilings. To keep up the idea of Pontius Pilate, a "crowing cock" has been introduced in "Azulejos" upon the staircase. That particular decoration gives the finishing stroke to the other lavishly beautiful tilings—and also to the credibility of the legend that the house represented that of Pontius Pilate. I was not permitted, I know not why, to enter the gardens, but from the glimpses which I obtained from above, it seemed to me almost a second edition of those of the Alcazar.

The considerable relics of the old Roman City scattered about in Seville, (at the Muséo especially) will inspire most people to visit the site of Italica. It is very easily reached in an hour and a half. You cross the river, through the Triana quarter, and that doubtful quarter cleared, you find yourself upon an extremely dusty and ill-kept road. The country, too, is uninteresting, sparsely cultivated, and with but few dwellings. The River, since Roman times, has played false to Italica by altering its course, which accounts both for the desertion of the City and for the sterile aspect of the Country.

As the birthplace of one of the greatest Roman Emperors, Trajan, and also of Theodosius, one expected and would have wished, indeed, to have beheld the City unveiled. But, with the exception of the Amphitheatre, there are no remains whatever visible now. The Amphitheatre repays a visit. It is a large one, the rows of seats still fairly defined, and the corridors and vomitoria thoroughly excavated. The custode, too, will be sure to have a coin or two to sell you, as a memento of your visit, and presented me with a small silver penny of Adrian. The absence of other ruins, or remains, may be explained by the place having been made use of as a quarry. If you return by another road, that near Castileja de la Cuesta, you have learned where one of the very greatest of Spaniards, Hernan Cortez, lived and died. "He was first buried in the village-chapel upon the site of Italica." His bones were subsequently removed to Mexico, the scene of his astonishing and chequered glory. Any one with time at his disposal will, no doubt, visit many other sites, and objects, near Seville, such as are duly noted in the guide-books, but many, I think, will content themselves with seeing what has been detailed above. I think that one is generally apt to see too much rather than too little. Crowding too many sights into a few days, results in weakening, rather than in vivifying the impression subsequently. If we visit two or three churches in one day, for example, what do we really remember of each one six weeks later? Or, if we run through two picture galleries, or museums, one

after the other, will our recollections of this or that Murillo, or of that tomb, or monument, be very clear when afterwards we strive to bring them before us again? And then again, in endeavouring to ransack all those records of the Past, which a tourist is told by his guide-books to be indispensably necessary to his education, is he not wont to shut his eyes entirely to the Present. When propelling himself out of one Gallery or Church, and into another, the mind of many a tourist must often I think, turn to the reverse of that antique medal, the Past, to find out what people are doing in the Present. To have a glimpse of the commerce and trade which are employing thousands of toilers; to visit one of those charitable institutions, or factories; even to converse with that shopkeeper, and to acquaint oneself with his ideas and his interests, for all these things, the tourist has no time. I suppose it is inevitable, and thus there is scarcely a City, perhaps, in the course of our headlong sight-seeing that one can be said to *know*.

CHAPTER XV

THE ALHAMBRA

From Cordova to Granada by rail—Road through featureless, yellow tracts—Montilla an "Oasis"—First verdant spot—La Roda, Seville Junction—Thence to Granada, smiling scenes—Beautiful Hill-scenery—Look out for "Loja"—Neighbourhood rife with Moorish associations—Broiling journey—Arrival at Granada—Another Clime, another Country—Entrance to precincts of Alhambra—Gate of Charles V—A beautiful Forest—Fountains and Running Waters—Nightingales—Hotels—"Washington Irving," "Siete Suelos"—"Siete Suelos" *not* of the hotel—Blocked-up Tower—Boabdil-el-Chico—Alhambra, an ideal Fortress—The Romans were here, too—Similarity to Italian Hill-cities, or Indian Fortresses—Entrance to Palace through a small door—Puerta della Giustizia—"Sublime Porte"—Description of—The Mystic Hand—The Key—Imposing scene of yore—Keystone as Fortress—Torre de la Vega—Ramparts and Towers—Torre del Vino—Plaza de los Algibes—Moorish Cisterns—Renaissance Palace of Charles V—Entrance into the Alhambra Palace—Patiò de la Alberca—Tower of Comares—Arabian Art-atmosphere—Perfection of Moorish Art—A preternatural race of Bees—Ornamentation, "Inscriptions," Sermons in stucco—Freshness of—Artistic renovation—Alhambra, no Pompeii or Palatine—The Moors, "out for the day"—Perpetual youth—Contemporary Art-critics—Fountain in "Court of Lions"—"Pyramus and Thisbe," recalled—"Las dos Hermanas" ("The Two Sisters")—Ford's remarks—Sultan's favourite rooms de-

stroyed—Upper story—Patiò Lindaraja—Sala de los Abencerrages and Court—The Mezquita—King Yusuf stabbed—The oldest portion of the Alhambra—Transformed and rebuilt, *temp.* Charles V—Charles's Architect, Machuca—Garden, so-named—A fascinating Chamber—Mirador, della Reina—Loveliness of views thence—El Baño del Rey—Chamber “del Riposo”—Gallery—Silence and languor—Spirit of the Alhambra.

IT is not until Montilla is reached, upon this Railway line, that the country becomes interesting. Hitherto, it has been bare and sandy and nearly featureless. Montilla has a pleasing sound for those who have ever imbibed the very good wine for which this district is deservedly famous. Your heart has been cheered before now by its vintage, and now it leaps up to greet the first pretty spot you have seen since leaving Cordova. Montilla stands high up on your right, much exposed to the sun, but girdled below by groves of pomegranates and olive orchards. The district is famous for olive oil, and the cultivation of the trees extends far and wide in this part of Spain. But it is at La Roda, where the Seville line meets that of Cordova, where the really pretty country commences. And thence to Granada the eye is gratified by beautiful hill-scenery and a varied landscape. Look out for beautiful Loja, both town and district, crowned with Moorish history and traditions. After the hottest of journeys ever to be experienced, nothing could be more gratifying than the arrival at Granada, the cool fountain-tinkling city. The feeling was that of being in another country, and in another clime. And so it is. You have left Spain

behind you, you are in Granada. They are worlds apart. The longer you stop in Granada (and who has ever willingly torn himself away?) the stronger will be your conviction that Spain is merely a fêoff of Granada. It is by a handsome modern gate (that erected by Charles V) that you enter the precincts of the *Alhambra*, the "Red" Fortress-Palace of the Moorish Sovereigns. It is a stiff pull up hill, and the slower you go the better, for you are in a beautiful wood of plane and elm and poplar and lime and cherry trees, and you hear the splashing sounds of running waters and fountains all about you, with the pipings of nightingales thrown in! It is a joy, after so many leagues of treeless, yellow Spain.

Your coach sets you down at the end of these charming forest-groves, at one of the two Hotels, the "Siete Suelos," and the "Washington Irving," which face each other. The name "Siete Suelos," "Seven Stories," does *not* refer to the Hotel. It commemorates the much blocked-up Tower of that name, immortalised as that from which the hapless ejected Boabdil-el-Chico, the last of the Moorish Sovereigns, took his sorrowful farewell of the glorious home of his ancestors. The elevated position of the Alhambra must, long before the Moorish epoch, have made it an ideal Fortress,—an Acropolis,—for whatever Races may have preceded the Moors. The ubiquitous Romans must needs have been here, but I suppose that any work of theirs has disappeared beneath the buildings of later Conquerors. You may be reminded, perhaps, of



GRANADA. THE ALHAMBRA.



some of the fine Hill-cities of Italy—Perugia, or Cortona, or Orvieto, upon your first sight of the Alhambra. But it may be likened rather to one of the vast Fortress-Palaces of India, such as Dowlatabad (near Aurungabad), or that of Pertabghur, in the Mahratta Country.

It is to be regretted that you should not enter into the lovely Courts and colonnades of the Alhambra, by one of the grand Moorish arches. It would be much more impressive than having to creep in through a small door near the Palace of Charles V. But you do enter the *precincts* of the Alhambra by the grandest gate of all, that known as the *Puerta della Giustizia*, *The Porch*, the “Sublime Porte” *par excellence*. It is the typical Entrance-Gate of a Palace, such as you have often seen in illustrations to the “Arabian Nights.” Over the Arch is inscribed a large hand, open, and open especially to any interpretation you may put into it. The Gate was erected in 1348, by Yusuf I, one of the greatest decorators of the Alhambra. His name is introduced here, and in countless other places in the Palace, as was only fitting and appropriate. You will see before you, high on the inner Arch, another mystic sign, a “Key.” A “key” is suggestive of so many meanings, and here again you are at liberty to interpret the symbol as you will. In this magnificent entrance to the Palace, the Sovereign dispensed justice with “open hand” (as above) surrounded by his Wuzeers and ministers, and generals, and men of war. One can imagine the imposing splendour of the scene. The now

swallow-haunted gate is not without ingeniously-contrived defences, and at night, when attack might be reasonably expected, the invader would have found the intricate tortuous passage that gives access to the Plaza beyond, hard to negotiate. It is this Gate that gives the keynote to the whole Alhambra as a *Fortress*. And as soon as you have passed through and seen the great Tower de la Vega rearing itself before you, and the Ramparts, and other Towers springing up from the long circuit of fortified walls, you realise that it is not only a succession of lovely apartments that you have come to see, but the strongest Fortress of Moorish Spain. Do not fail, before you pass on, to look at an isolated Tower,—called “del Vino,”—with a lovely Arch, encrusted with radiant and many-coloured Moorish tiles. Proceeding onward, you cross the famous Plaza de los Algibes, with its truly Moorish cisterns. They are filled by the River Darro. It is considered to be the best water in Granada. Donkeys, mules, and ponies are always ascending to carry off the much-prized water, forming scenes worthy of the East and of the painter's brush. This Plaza divides the Palace from the Citadel proper. Fine as may be the never-finished Renaissance Palace of Charles V, which is the next object which presents itself, you will be disinclined to tarry now, and you make for the obscure and insignificant door, in rear of that Palace, which is to admit you into the glories of the Alhambra. You have to swallow your objections to entering by a portal of so small impressiveness. You find yourself at once in

the Patiò de la Alberca ("Fish Pond"). It was altered and interfered with by Philip V, and more usually bears the name of that Monarch. It recalls to mind the very similar avenue of waters and fish ponds, that leads up to the world-famous Taj Mahal. The marble pavement shines brilliantly through the waters, which are bordered by verdure of orange trees and myrtle and Japanese medlar. Upon your right, as you stand contemplating, the further end, which is overshadowed by another grand Tower, that called "Comares," runs a fascinating double colonnade. Your feelings at the outset of your journey, and so they continue to be, are not those of bewilderment as they were when you first plunged into the labyrinths of the Mosque at Cordova, but rather of intense admiration. Here, and throughout the Palace, all is much what you expected to see. You have been from childhood, perhaps, half-familiar with these pillared grottoes, these arabesqued courts. But how serenely beautiful, how fairy-like, how restful, how enchanting; how noble even, were the courts and colonnades not so intricate and shrouded. How delicate and dreamful it all is, as you seem to pass without an effort upon your part into the Arabian atmosphere of the 13th Century. What a perception of beauty these old Moorish artists possessed! What a prodigality of fancy, yet always restrained in its expression. What a sense of harmony, proportion, balance, colour! and everywhere the refinement of a perfect taste. The Moors absolutely revel in ornamentation. So lavishly and so minutely, too, has their

genius for decoration impelled them to overspread with ornament and colour every apartment of the Alhambra, that you are prone to overlook the regularity, the almost mathematical precision of their mode of work. You would almost say that the intricate delicacies of the honeycomb work of the domes and recesses, had been executed by a preternatural race of bees. That the filagree-like beauty of the stalactites, the recurrent embroideries as of lace-work, had been formed by specially-selected coral-insects or ants. Who thinks when he first casts his eyes around the incessant ornamentation of these walls, and domes, that he is regarding inscriptions? Yet so it is. The walls of these lovely apartments are open books in Arabic or Cufic. Verses from the Koran, pious aspirations, poems or records in praise of those who built or reigned here. Verily sermons in stones! In praise, too, of the Buildings themselves; ejaculations to Allah,—all sentences couched in the flowery style peculiar to the Easterns. Here, the tired warrior, or the meditative loungeur, had no need of books, when the walls around them soothed them with poems and sentiments, or aroused their devotion to Allah, or to the occupant of the throne. Who would have thought it possible that mere Arabic inscriptions could have produced such infinite combinations of patterns, and of decorative effects? Solomon in all his glory would have sighed for such a Palace as this. It is a marvel that so much of a perishable nature should have been preserved. Certainly the

modern Spaniards have so carried out the repairs in a most conscientious, careful, and artistic spirit, that the bewildering succession of lovely halls and apartments seem to be as fresh as when the original workmen laid down their tools. They tell you that many of the rooms have been destroyed, altered, and removed. Of that you are not conscious, whatever may have been the case fifty or a hundred years ago. You are only wonderingly and expansively grateful for the treasures that remain. For here in the Alhambra, there is no question of ruined Palaces, nor of abandoned seats of fallen greatness, crumbling and shattered. The Alhambra is no roofless and desolated Pompeii, no ruinous and gutted Palatine. It still remains what it always was, a vision of architectural beauties, and a scene of ever-renewed enchantment. You do not realise that there ever has been any abandonment of their splendid courts and corridors. The Moors surely have only gone out for the day. And so you go, onward, spellbound from Court to Corridor—Courts of “Lions,” “Abencerrages,” “Ambassadors,” “Mezquitas,” apartments of Princesses and Sultanas, bowers and boudoirs; bewildering oriels and balconies; baths and latticed nooks, and niches, and alcoves, for solitude and meditation; glimpses of lovely gardens, or views of valley and mountain; sounds of gurgling waters, and plashing fountains; and each chamber seeming more magical and more entrancing than another.

And it is not only the freshness and vividness of colour and decoration throughout the Alhambra

that give a perpetual youth to its really venerable walls. It is also that we are placed upon the same standpoint as that of the founders and architects, by reading the very criticisms and opinions of contemporary poets, upon the beauties of the building, and which are inscribed upon certain alcoves and doorways, medallions and fountains. These very poetical observations are couched in the highly ornate style peculiar to Eastern Poets, and are perfectly in keeping with the romantically beautiful architectural effects to which these poets have drawn the attention. But what an original idea, that of inscribing upon the walls of a Building, the opinions of contemporary poets upon the artistic details! Some of the inscriptions¹ round the basin of the Fountain in the "Court of Lions" runs thus: "Blessed be he who gave the Imam Mohammed a mansion which in beauty exceeds all other mansions. . . . Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around. . . . For what else is this Fountain, but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the Lions underneath like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the Lions of War? Oh! thou who beholdest these Lions crouching, fear not: life is wanting to enable them to show their fury," etc. One is amused by the spectator being entreated not to give way to fear; that the Lions are really not savage beasts at all! The mind is carried back to the delightful burlesque

¹ It should be here observed that all the inscriptions here quoted are from the vivid renderings of the eminent Mr. Ford.

of "Pyramus and Thisbe," interpolated in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where the ladies are reassured by the Lion declaring himself to be only Snug the Joiner. As is well known, the Koran prohibited the Faithful from the representation of graven images of living things. If here the Artist seems at first sight to have departed from that commandment, he might well have pleaded that he had made these lions as little like real lions as possible. They are quite guiltless of being at all leonine. They are lions as quaintly conventional as anything you may see in Verona or Pisa. Again, in the lovely Sala, "Las dos Hermanas" ("The Two Sisters")—so called from the two similar slabs of marble which are inserted into the pavement, "an apartment," says Ford, "unequalled for the beauty, and symmetry of its ornaments and its stalactite roof," may be read the following glowing lines, none too laudatory of the exquisite architecture thereof: "Look attentively at my elegance, and reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration; here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial,—columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl. Indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in the exterior; more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments." This last remark refers, probably, to others of the same suite, which have been destroyed and which were the

private rooms of the Sultan. There is an upper storey with latticed windows, whence the ladies of the Harem could behold, without being beheld, all that might be going on below of festive or romantic. The "storey" is a romance in itself. Nor should the window at the extremity of the Sala be left unvisited, for it commands the shaded orange groves, and the fountain of the Patiò de Lindaraja.

Another inscription in this Boudoir of the Sultana runs thus: "Praise to God! delicately have the fingers of the Artist embroidered my robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a Bride, but I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me." How one likes the pious aspiration beginning these sentences! "Exquisitely lovely dwellings, ease, luxury, refinement, were not given to man only for his selfish enjoyment. God must be first praised that He had made such things possible to human ingenuity." The Sala just noticed is opposite that of the "Sala de los Abencerrages," where Muly Abul Hassan had the unfortunate Abencerrages massacred. It is one of the Courts most celebrated for its wonderful beauty. The guides will *not* point out the blood-stains, unless you insist. For another deed of blood,—if not for its own sake, the "Mezquita" must be visited. Here Yusuf, King of Granada, was stabbed. It is considered as being the oldest portion of the Alhambra, and has one or two *square* doors. It was transformed, and more or less rebuilt in the Moorish style, during the reign of Charles, as a

Chapel. Machuca, Charles's architect, lived in this portion of the Palace, and the truly lovely garden which you can look at from the windows here as well as from the Court of the Ambassadors, is named after Machuca. Another most fascinating Chamber is that called the "Tocador" or "Mirador della Reina," the Queen's Dressing-room. It is small, but it is a gem of architecture. One can suppose that the lady who had the privilege of attiring herself in this exquisite boudoir would never hurry over her toilette. Indeed, she would be always laying aside her combs, and cosmetics, in order to gaze at the beautiful views which surrounded her. For the boudoir is surrounded by one of the most lovely colonnades it is possible to conceive, and through each of the horse-shoe arches some enchanting view of the surrounding country discloses itself. There, the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada; and there the Country Palace of the Generalife, embowered in groves and gardens, and cypress-avenues. And through another arch, there is a background of more rugged hills, and through another, you catch glimpses of gardens and towers of the Alhambra itself. To complete the luxuriousness of this delicious room, a portion of the floor is perforated in order to admit a current of perfumed air from below. Truly a superfluity of Eastern luxury, worthy of Haroun-al-Raschid himself, or of Nero in his Golden House. Nor are the Moorish Baths, called "El Baño del Rey" and "El Baño del Principe," inferior to the "Tocador," in graceful splendour and in refine-

ment of taste. Perhaps the most exquisite of the chambers devoted to purposes of the kind, is that called "del Riposo." The upper portion is surrounded by a gallery. The light is here subdued and soft, and yet the colouring and the decorations are so vivid, that you seem to be inside of a prism, where an amethystine hue prevails. The pensive silence of the room steeps your senses in a dreamful languor. It is a place where a "Lotos-eater" would be content to breathe out his soul into a kind of Nirvana. He would here feel that all the rest of the world were idle bustle, mere weariness to the flesh. It is in such retreats as these, that the spirit of the Alhambra takes full possession of you. More so, I think, than in the more spacious Courts. These "creep into the study of imagination" more potently. You think of them afterwards with even greater delight.

It is interesting to note that just before the Mussulman Power was being crushed in Spain by the capture of Granada in 1492, another of the heads of the Hydra should have reared itself so fatally over the East of Europe by the capture of Constantinople in 1453.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ALHAMBRA

Ecstatic writing unavoidable—Moors, flawlessly perfect—Risk of forgetting more modern figures—Charles V's Honeymoon here—Remark on Boabdil by him—His Renaissance Palace never roofed—His Gallery in the Tocador—Devote a day to marking well Alhambra bulwarks—Towers of the "Cautiva Isabella," and "Dos Infantas"—The Alhambra, as Fortress—Dimensions—Torres Bernue first fortified—"Al Hamra," or "Enclosure of the Red"—The Palace proper—Torre de la Vela, or "Watch-tower"—Vega from thence—Soto de Roma—Iron-Duke's property—Santa Fé—Mendoza's Silver Cross—Other Towers—Another Mezquita—A Jewel—Sympathetic Custodes—Convent of St. Francis—Ferdinand and Isabella's Coffins—Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra"—"Dazzling white" or "colour"?—Torre del Agua—Hill of the Generalife—Torre "Siete Suelos," again—El Chico's Monument!—His last request to Ferdinand—His "Via Dolorosa"—La Cuesta de las Lagrimas—"El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro"—The Woman's Last Word—Belshazzar's Doom—Kismet and Yasoul—The Tower, blown up by the French!—Can be partially explored—Torre Gran Capitano—An unforgettable Walk—The Generalife Palace—A purchase, not a confiscation—An annexe to Alhambra—An enchanting Residence—Present proprietor, an absentee—Destruction of trees—Canals and Fountains—The River

Darro—Courts and Colonnades—A Portrait Gallery, apocryphal—Terraces and Hanging Gardens—"La Silla del Moro."

IT is difficult when writing about the Alhambra, to abstain from a style hyperbolical or ecstatic. You seem to be dipping your pen in the rainbow-like tints of the Moorish artists. You are always in danger of overstepping the boundaries that divide prose from poetry. It would be a relief to your soul if you could only, as Time has done, pick holes here and there; the Moors are too faultless, too flawlessly perfect, and you cannot do so. So, you are ever protesting too much, like the actress in the play in "Hamlet." You are in danger here, too, of forgetting more recent personages who have strutted their brief hour upon this Moorish stage. And so it must be recalled to mind that above the apartments, just referred to, there is another suite of rooms that Charles V had modernised for his honeymoon in 1526. The very place for a honeymoon, any one of these rooms in the Alhambra, every one would say.

But Charles V, or his wife, found them all too small or unadapted for a residence, I suppose, or why should they ever have thought it necessary to erect a Palace here, which, however fine in itself, is quite incongruous and out of keeping with the Alhambra. And the more inexplicable as Charles greatly admired the Saracenic style of architecture.

"Ill-fated the man," (he is said to have observed in the Comares Tower,) "who lost all this!" And he was extremely annoyed by the partial destruc-

tion of the Cordova Mosque. But I believe that he is to be acquitted from the charge of having destroyed any portion of the Alhambra, in erecting his Palace. Its erection was in every way a mistake, for after eight years had been employed in building, it was abandoned, and has never been furnished with even a roof. Among other handiwork of Charles V, is the Gallery in the "Tocador" quarter, decorated somewhat in the Pompeiian style; there are frescoes and medallions, some representing mythological subjects, and some the campaigns of Charles in Tunis by land and sea.

The views of Carthage, as it then existed, are especially noteworthy. One day at least, ought to be devoted to going round the bastions, to visiting all the Towers, and to exploring those which are to be opened when required. Indeed, two of the Towers (those of the "Cautiva Isabella," and the "Dos Infantas") may strike some people as more romantically beautiful than any other portion of the Alhambra. It is as a great and splendid Fortress, as much as a lovely Palace, that the Alhambra demands our attention. No Fortress in Europe can compare with it either in beauty, or in interest, or in antiquity. It is to Spain much what the Tower of London once was to England.

The space within the walls is roughly about 2,690 ft. long by 730 ft. in width. The walls are 30 ft. in height, and some 6 ft. in thickness. It is worth noting that this famous Citadel should not have been the first work upon this hill. That portion of the hill which directly overlooks the City of

Granada, known as the "Torres Bernuejas," was the first fortified post, and was certainly in existence in the 9th Century. The Alhambra as we now see it, emphatically called the "Kassabah Al-Hamra,"—"the enclosure of the Red,"—was commenced by Habus Ibn Makesen in the 11th Century.

The fine square towers which rear themselves above the curtains, are, generally, in good preservation and are eleven in number. The Torre de la "Vela," the "Watch-tower" *par excellence*, confronts you as you clear the Puerta de la Justicia,—well styled the Watch-tower, for it commands the whole country of the Vega, with all its varied interchange of irrigated plain and glistening river, verdant meads and rugged mountains.

There was the site of old Illiberis, where Goths and Vandals possessed a town before Granada existed, and not far thence were the woods which enclose the Soto de Roma, the property conferred upon our "Gran Capitano"—Wellington. *There* is Santa Fé, a mere vestige of the famous town built by Ferdinand and Isabella during their long operations against the Moors of Granada. It was thence that the intrepid Columbus started upon his momentous journey, having at length bent to his will the Spanish Sovereigns. From hence not a horse could move, nor a cavalcade start without being perceived. The task of subduing the Moors, ever upon the watch, like eagles from their eyries, might indeed have appeared hopeless. Upon this Tower,



GRANADA, FROM THE ALHAMBRA.

when the Moors did at length surrender, Mendoza planted the Silver Cross presented to him by Sextus IV.

Next comes the Torre del "Homenage," (Eng. : "Homage,") and then the Torre de Comares, seemingly the loftiest and most massive, and containing, or commanding some of the most exquisite apartments of the Palace.

Then comes the Torre de los "Picos," commanding the ravine which runs round the Alhambra upon the north and the Generalife Palace. You can make your exit here by the Moorish postern gate below.

This Tower is pierced by one or two beautiful windows. The French—the French again !) were designing, for some reason—or no reason—to blow up this Tower, but missed their fell opportunity. In the vicinity of this Tower are pretty gardens and detached buildings, once the residences of courtiers or ladies,—“Torres de las Damas.” Hard by, is one of the very choicest specimens of architecture—a little Mezquita—perched in a lovely little garden full of cypress and odorous shrubs and clipped box-hedges. Two “Moorish” lions guard the entrance. They are more terrible of aspect than their cousins in the Court of Lions. They came here from the Mint. This “Mezquita” is a gem of architecture and an ideal of poetical dreamfulness. And it is all the more valuable from a religious point of view, as the Great Mosque that stood near has disappeared. A particularly nice couple act here as custodians. It was agreeable to

hear their subdued remarks, and they seemed to enjoy the society of a sympathetic traveller.

Here you are within a stone's-throw of the Convent of S. Francesco, founded by the first Alcayde of the Alhambra. I fear that he must have been guilty of great disrespect to the Moorish artists in the erection of his building.

But the Convent is noteworthy from the fact that the coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella rested here, whilst their splendid tombs in the Cathedral were being prepared to receive them. After passing the Torre de los Picos, we arrive at a portion of the walls, where the towers seem to have been set apart for Princesses or Sultanas. Three Towers in succession bear the names respectively "de la Cautiva Isabella," "de la Sultana," "de las Infantas." What historical authority gives them these names I know not. Legend is all that is wanted here, and Washington Irving has re-peopled these Towers for us.

The retired position of these Towers would point them out as specially adapted for the seclusion in which Moorish ladies were placed. But never could prisoners have found their confinement so little irksome, or prison-bars so gilded, as in these beautiful two-storied palaces. Nowhere in the Alhambra could they have enjoyed more entrancing views, not only of the Alhambra itself, but of the Generalife Gardens of the Sierra Nevada, and of all the fine and varied scenery of the far-famed Vega.

The architecture is fully as exquisite as in any

other part of the Alhambra. And here, strangely enough, colour has been almost abandoned, but the ornamentation, though white, is quite as intricately beautiful, and increases the resemblance to lace. There is, too, an absence of Azulejos-tiling, on walls and flooring. You begin now to think that you prefer dazzling whiteness to colouring, however brilliant. It will be remembered that Washington Irving has made the "Torre de las Infantas" the scene of one of his most attractive stories; that of the "Three Princesses." No one will ever compete with Washington Irving in resuscitating the Moorish past. Certainly he had unequalled opportunities for doing so. Who, like him, can ever hope to occupy rooms looking into the garden of Lindaraja, and to live amongst the denizens of his own day, who really believed that the Moors were still about them in a sort of suspended animation? Who can ever hope to attend a banquet in the beautiful Tower of "Las dos Hermanas," and to adjourn thereafter to a concert in the Hall of the Ambassadors? And these were some of the privileges of Washington Irving.

The last Tower upon this side of the walls, which have been skirting the ravine which separates the Alhambra from the Hill of the Generalife, is the Torre del Agua.

As its name imports, it is connected with the water-supply. An aqueduct, forming a most picturesque arch over the ravine, joins the Hill to this Tower. Hence, until you reach the Torre "Siete Suelos," there is no Tower demanding especial

attention. This Tower of the "Seven Stories" may be regarded as a monument to the last King of Granada—an indestructible mausoleum of ruined greatness and a sign-post upon the path of exile. Hence it was that Boabdil the Unfortunate, El Re Chico, "Zogoybi," the "Luckless One," emerged, upon that fateful morning, 1492, as he left for ever the Throne and the Palace which his fathers had occupied for some five hundred years. He is said to have made a last request to Ferdinand and Isabella that none should ever pass through the gate again. There seems no reason to doubt this story. History has left a record of the sorrowful road, a Via Dolorosa indeed, traversed by the Man of Destiny and his followers upon the disastrous morning.

The sad cavalcade, upon issuing forth for the last time, from the "Torre de los Siete Suelos," pursued a course almost due south, down the ravine, where now stands the Church of "Los Martyros." Thence, passing to the "Puerta de los mulinos," and skirting the City upon the right, they found themselves upon the River Xenil. Poor Boabdil had every reason to avoid the City no longer his. Then they arrived at a mosque, now the site of the "Hermitage of San Sebastian." There, so it is recorded, Boabdil gave up the keys of his beloved City to King Ferdinand. He had before leaving his Palace sent his Vizier Aben-Comixa to the Puerta de la Justicia to hand over the Fortress of the Alhambra to Ferdinand's officers. Having gone through that pathetic ceremony, Boabdil passed southwards to a little village

situated upon the skirts of the Alpuxarra Mountains, amongst some bare and barren spurs thereof. There, his family, who had preceded him, met him upon a little hill—"La Cuesta de las Lagrimas," the "Hill of Tears," thence for ever to be known as such. From that little hill Boabdil took his last farewell of the glorious heritage that yesterday had been his. "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro," "You do well," said his high-spirited mother Ayxa, or, as others say, his wife, "to weep as a woman over that which you had not the courage to defend."

A woman has always the last word; Boabdil had the last sigh. Nothing in history has been more pathetic than that exit of a great Race from the Kingdoms won by heroic deeds and preserved by sleepless vigilance for some seven hundred years. The sceptre so forcibly wielded for centuries, had at length passed into feeble hands. Belshazzar's doom had been written upon the Alhambra's Walls. Mahomet's once invincible dominion was no longer to give the law in Western Europe. "Kismet" was the conqueror.

The fateful word "Yasoul" ("it will all come to an end") had been uttered, and had extinguished the Crescent.

It is to be regretted that an Hotel should have sprung up in front of the "Torre de los Siete Suelos." But you can explore some of the "Suelos" still. A portion of the winding staircase within exists, and you can descend to a floor beneath the present level. But the entrance-gate, which still exists, is not to be negotiated. It has

been blocked up in a way that poor Boabdil did not anticipate. For the French were here more fortunate in their destructive efforts than they were at the "Torre de los Picos"; fragments of wall, and huge stones, half buried beneath pines and pomegranate, are scattered about, a picturesque scene of ruinous confusion.

There is another Tower beyond this, known as that of the "Gran Capitano." It is inhabited by some of the fortunate loafers to whom so many of the Alhambra Towers have been granted as residences. A few paces further on you come in sight again of Charles's Palace,—and you have completed one of the most interesting and beautiful walks that you have ever undertaken.

The beautiful country-villa of the Generalife or Garden of the Architect, was purchased by the reigning Sultan in the 14th Century. One is glad to hear of purchase, not of confiscation. It has already become a very familiar object, as we have been regarding it from Towers and other "coigns of vantage" during our visits to the Alhambra. It seems strange that the Monarch should have felt the want to possess another Palace so near to the Alhambra, from which it is separated only by a narrow ravine which skirts it on the south. For it is scarcely more of a country residence than the Alhambra itself. I suppose, however, that the Sultan objected to being overlooked by a subject. And he was right. The modern road, whereon the Hotels are situated, brings you to the entrance in a few minutes. It is an enchant-

ing residence, although the present possessor, the Conte Palavicini of Genoa, does not appear to be in love with it. All the better, therefore, for the foreigners, who are permitted access thereto every day.

The proprietor, or his representative, has had but little respect for the place, for havoc has been played with the grand cypress-trees, which have been uprooted or cut down in a very inexplicable manner. The most famous trees disappeared as lately as 1896. But the Palace and Gardens still remain worthy of Italy itself, with the added charm of Saracenic Architecture of the 14th Century; gardens and terraces, abounding with flowers and verdure, trees, shrubs, peculiar to a Southern clime; avenues, and arbours, and bushy groves, canals and fountains, and gushing waters; and everywhere the joyous and ceaseless piping of delighted birds.

The canals and fountains are fed by the waters of the dashing Darro, which disappears into yonder ravine, until you again discover the river hurrying from below to join the sister-river, the Xenil, in the Vega. After admiring the beautiful courts and colonnades of architecture similar to the Alhambra itself, you are asked to inspect a small collection of portraits (?) of Moorish and Spanish notabilities. They are mostly bad, and all, I should suppose, quite apocryphal as representations from life—El Ray Chico, Ferdinand and Isabella, El Gran Capitano, some of the Philips of Spain, &c. Then you will climb up terraces, and hanging gardens,

with more hurrying waters, until you reach the summit of the hill known as "La Silla del Moro,"—"the Moor's seat,—a point always made for, as much for the sake of its associations as for the consummate views of the Alhambra, Granada, and the whole of the historic country spread around. A little further on upon the hill are remains of what seems to have been a fort.

CHAPTER XVII

GRANADA

City of Granada an appanage of the Alhambra—Immense population once—The Albaycin Suburb—Still Moorish—Bridges and Arches—The Elvira Arch-tradition—Boabdil's "shivered Spear"—El Zogoybi taken prisoner—Recovers his liberty—Albaycin derived from Bayisin—A second fortress—Old Granada—S. Nicola, the Summit—Consummate views—Abode of Zitanas—Their pursuits—Dancing-maidens—The merits of Granada Cathedral over-rated by Ferguson—Too modern aspect—Græco-Roman style—Fine Tombs—Ferdinand and Isabella—Huge Rejas—Gothic Chapel, refreshing after cold Renaissance—Vigarny's Statues of the Monarchs—Peralta's Tomb of Juana and her husband—Torrignano's blighted hopes—Ferdinand's remarriage—Contrast with Juana's long widowhood—Capilla de los Reyes—A subject worthy of a Gibbon or a Macaulay—Mementoes of the Sovereigns—Portions of the old Mosque—Valiant Act of Herman del Pulgar—His reward—Ferdinand's Place of Burial—The Effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella—Those of Juana and Philip—Isabella's last directions—Isabella too bigoted to be "Great"—Juana's Pilgrimage to Granada—The opened Coffin—Same morbid craving inherent in her descendants—Henry VII sought her hand—Vigarny's Bassi-relievi in the Capilla de los Reyes—Kneeling Effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella—Alonso Caño's Pictures and Sculptures—Bad light—Velasquez's

Portrait of Caño at Madrid—Philip IV made him a Canon — Remonstrance and reply—Caño's finest Picture stolen and recovered—Torrignano's "Charity"—West Door, a Moorish Cloister — Casa del Carbon — Washington Irving's Inn—Grim Abodes—"Civil" Carboneros—The Chancelleria, Plateresque — Barracks — An old Palace — Granada Streets generally dull—Shops bad—Good Antiquities—Beauty of an Antiquary's Courtyard—"Zok" ("Market"), our "Soke," at Winchester, *e.g.*—The Alameda, "Public Garden" — River Xenil — Promenade—Carriage-folk — White Mantillas — "Did Zara drop her ear-rings here?"—Dappled Waters—Gold in the Darro River?—Sources of the Xenil—The one Glacier of the Sierra Nevada—Granada, "Pomegranate" (?)—Phœnician Karnattah—Excursions from Granada—The Cartuja—Hovering Mendicants—The Cartuja-Convent—A monument of "bad taste" — Rich decoration in the Chapel—Fine Spanish Marbles—General neglect of Spanish Marble—Alonzo Caño's Madonna—Cloisters and Frescoes—Carthusians martyred by Henry VIII (?)—An irate Custode—Author suspected of being an accomplice of Henry VIII—The Mad-house or Hospital de Locos—Plateresque style—Ferdinand, Isabella, and Juana—Plaza del Triunfo, once the execution-ground—Then a Bull-ring—Hospital S. Geronimo—S. Juan de Dios—A Lunatic (?) confined in Cage—Convent of S. Geronimo—Its chequered history—"El Gran Capitano" here interred—A Corpus Christi Procession again—Preponderance of Children—Shadows and Shades—Glamour of the Old Race—Unseasonable reflections—"Hasta la Vista," to Alhambra, and to Rey Chico.

THE City of Granada suffers from her position. She seems to be a poor though proud relative of the Alhambra, an appanage merely.

"If not the Rose herself, I have always lived beneath her shade," she seems to say. No doubt in Moorish times, when she boasted of 400,000 inhabitants, with mosques, and palaces, and forts in



GRANADA.

proportion, she must have made a much more impressive figure than with her population of to-day, shrunken to 75,000, and with houses generally modern and prosaic. Yet, if it were not for that overpowering Alhambra above her, she might be giving herself Moorish airs. For one of her suburbs, that of the Albaycin Quarter, climbing up the hill to the west of the Alhambra, separated therefrom by the brawling Darro, is still half-Moorish in population and architectural features. Houses hang over the river quite Moorish in architecture, and there are bridges, and arches, without doubt of the same work. The Elvira Arch, too, whence the road from this Quarter passes into the country beyond, to the old town and mountain-pass of Elvira, is Saracenic, though terribly disfigured by Spanish restorations. A Moorish tradition in connection with this gate has been handed down. When Boabdil upon one occasion had been worked up to go forth and fight the ever-advancing Spaniards, his lance struck against the archway and was shattered by the contact. His mother, Ayxa, and his newly-married wife, Morayma, who had been watching his departure, wept over the ill omen. Their fears were justified. "El Zogoybi," the "ill-starred one," was taken prisoner in the ensuing battle, and his grim old father, whom Boabdil had displaced, returned for a while to his Alhambra-throne.

The Albaycin ("Bayisin") was assigned to fugitives from *Baeza* in the 13th Century, when their town had been captured by Spaniards. Hence its

name. It may now be termed "Old Granada." Its great height, nearly as elevated as the Alhambra hill, suggested itself as a second fortress. It has been surrounded by walls and forts of different epochs, many remains of which are interesting to trace, and picturesque to draw.

As has been suggested, it is the only beautiful portion of the City. Certainly the views of the Alhambra, backed by the Sierra Nevada, from this Albaycin Quarter, and notably from the Church of S. Nicola, its highest point, are quite stupendous. You are here pursued by gipsy-women. For this Quarter has long been the abode of gipsies, no doubt of Moorish blood. They offer you all kinds of little brass toys, and are importunate to tell your fortunes. The little girls, too, are amusing. They break into dances about you, snapping their fingers like castanets, and swaying about their lithe little bodies with indescribably supple movements, the secrets of which they have inherited from their long-ago Saracen progenitresses. This Quarter is the portion of Granada, that after the Alhambra itself, you will most frequently visit. I think that Ferguson, in his "History of Architecture," although a very notable authority, is inclined to over-estimate the merits of the Granada Cathedral.

It will be allowed that the proportions are fine, that it is very large, and that the dome is more impressive than cupolas in Spanish architecture are in general. But, owing chiefly, perhaps, to the avalanche of whitewash that has descended upon

the building, within and without, the Cathedral presents a painfully modern appearance. It is a 16th Century edifice, built in what is called the Græco-Roman style, when the Gothic style was being supplanted by the Renaissance. There are some fine things to be seen in the way of pictures, statues, effigies, monuments, and tombs, and the iron work of the "Rejas" is often superb. The splendid Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella are notably the objects towards which the wandering footsteps of tourists are directed.

These monuments of departed greatness are enclosed in the Capilla Real or "de los Reyes," by the hugest and highest of "Rejas"—an immense girdle of iron and gilt work wrought by Maestre Bartolomé.

The Chapel itself is in the Gothic style, thus rescuing the Cathedral from the imputation of being wholly given over to the new and cold architecture of the Renaissance. The sepulchres of Ferdinand and Isabella and their fine recumbent statues are by Vigarny, a Spaniard; those of their daughter Juana, and her husband Philip "the Handsome" of Burgundy, and their effigies are by Peralta. The rival claims for excellence are difficult to decide. They are both very splendid, both in the full-length figures and in the very ornate execution of the bassi-relievi which surround them.

Torrigiano, who made himself a great name in Westminster Abbey, is said to have come to Spain expressly, with hopes of being employed in the execution of the Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Their grandson, Charles V, however, entrusted the work to Vigarny. Ferdinand survived Isabella only about twelve years, and very unnecessarily remarried. But poor Juana struggled through an unhappy existence, always half demented from the loss of her passionately adored husband, for some forty-nine years after his decease. In fact, she died in the same year as her famous son, Charles V.

It is indeed a solemn and a sacred shrine, this Capilla de los Reyes, filled to overflowing with great associations and immortal memories, and where an imperishable chapter by some Gibbon or Macaulay of the future has yet to be written.

The Chapel is full of records of the past and of relics connected with the Capture of Granada, each of which serves to bring the old Moorish epoch very near to our own; *e.g.*, the Royal standards that floated over the victorious army; King Ferdinand's sword which he wielded over the conquered City; the Queen's own missal, and a chasuble embroidered by her own hands; a sceptre, a crown; authentic portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their effigies in marble and wood.

A dark passage connects this Chapel with the Sagrario which was the original Mosque, and especially famous for the daring deed of Herman del Pulgar, who during the siege of Granada rode in and affixed a taper and an "Ave Maria" upon its doors.

In reward of his pious daring, he was buried here, and before his death had the privilege of a special

seat in the Coro. There is a picture here representing the Knight's doughty deed.

In the vault beneath the Chapel and their effigies, rest the bodies of the great King and Queen, and of their unhappy daughter and her husband.

Isabella died near Valladolid. Her body was transported to Granada by her own desire. She had in her will expressed two paramount wishes; one was that she should be buried at Granada, the crowning scene of her glory; the other, that Gibraltar should never be relinquished.

Isabella had some very great qualities, but she was not great enough to resist the baneful influence of Torquemada. The extirpation of heresy, whether Jewish, Moorish, or Christian, was her ruling passion, overshadowing fine qualities of both head and heart, and one that became hereditary in the Royal House. It has been said that Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, had been a suitor for her hand.

Philip's body had to make a still longer journey to this vault. He died at Burgos, aged only twenty-eight. His distraught widow determined personally to conduct his corpse to Granada. To make the long drawn-out ceremony still more gloomily impressive, she would only travel by night. Three months after her husband's death she had his coffin opened in order to gaze at the remains of one who had been known as "Philip the Handsome." She thus seems to have been the first of the Royal House to develop that morbid craving for contemplating

the dead which afterwards became so strongly marked a characteristic of her descendants. She seems never to have desired to remarry, during her long widowhood, although Henry VII is supposed to have made her an offer of marriage. That sagacious Monarch was probably desirous of becoming King Consort of Castile.

The Retablo of the Capilla "de los Reyes," is famous for some very quaintly-remarkable bas-reliefs by Vigarny. It contains a history in marble of the Surrender of Granada. For a complete chronicle of the great event, for portraiture of the personages concerned, both Christian and Moors, and for details of the costumes of the day, these bas-reliefs speak more eloquently than a volume of history. On each side of the High Altar are kneeling effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is a pity that the light for the proper appreciation of the pictures here, especially those of Alonzo Caño, should be so defective.

Alonzo Caño is nowhere else to be seen in such force as in the Cathedral of his native City. I always regard him as the most attractive artist of the day. Not to be compared with Velasquez or Murillo, of course, but bearing somewhat of the same relations to those great men that Palma bore to Titian or Parmegiano to Correggio.

He was a fine sculptor also. Perhaps the reader may remember a portrait of him in the Madrid Gallery by Velasquez, and also a remark made by Philip IV, when remonstrated with by the Chapter of the Cathedral for having made Caño a Canon

thereof : " God alone can make an Alonzo Caño ! " He lies buried in this Cathedral which so many of his works with brush and chisel adorn. There are seven great pictures of his, representing the chief events in the Life of the Virgin, in that Chapel sacred to her. Above the High Altar are two large Heads of Adam and Eve, carved and painted by Caño.

Another great carving of his, " The Virgin and Child," is now in the Sacristia. Two other carvings by him, in the Capilla " de la Vergin del Carmen," are the life-size heads of Saints John and Paul. Another work of his, in the smaller Sacristia, is a " Concepcion." In the Capilla de San Miguel is his kneeling " Virgin de la Soledad," perhaps his finest work here. The canvas was cut out of its frame a few years ago. Fortunately the thief did not escape very far with his booty. It was found, not long after, in a house in the Garrera de Darro in the Albaycin.

Over the door of the Sala Capitular is a " Charity " by Torrigiano, said to have been offered as a specimen of his powers when he came to Granada in the hope of being employed upon the sepulchral monuments of Ferdinand and his Queen. Upon leaving the Cathedral by the west door, you come upon a sort of Moorish cloister. The arches have been filled up with shops and modern houses. Probably it formed a portion of the Great Mosque. As a genuine Moorish relic, in a part of Granada where so little of such architecture is to be seen, it will, one hopes, long be preserved. In the

"Zocatin," the shopping street,—the "Zok" ("Market"), there is, however, one very fine Moorish Archway still. It is the entrance into a most picturesque Courtyard, known as the "Casa del Carbon." It is quite a Caravanseraï of the Oriental type, and has been an Inn. It was, I think, to this very hostelry that Washington Irving was conducted by his too civil friend the Notary, some seventy years ago, as affording the very best accommodation in Granada. Irving describes the scene with all the *bonhomie* habitual to him, and with his customary picturesqueness of style.

The Court is now the abode of all sorts and conditions of men and women of humble trades,—chiefly Carboneros. I found them civil enough, and they pressed me to enter. But the noise and grimyness of their abodes rather put me off from exploring this scene of picturesque untidiness.

Apropos of "Zok," the Arabic word meaning "Market,"—referred to above. It is curious that the word has been preserved in English. "Soke" is still a term in England, *e.g.*, at Winchester, for a market-place.

For those in search of fine architecture, other than the overmastering Saracenic of the Alhambra, there are some pretty façades and gateways of the 15th and 16th Centuries. One of the best specimens is in the Plaza Nueva, where ends, or commences, the chief street, known as the "Zucatin."

It is the Chancelleria, once the residence of the terrible official known as the "Captain-General." Balustraded, and "pepper-boxed," with ornate

windows surmounted by pediments, it belongs to the latter years of the 16th Century when the "elegant exuberance" of the Plateresque style was beginning to make way for the cold formality of the Græco-Roman.

In connection with this building, read the amusing story of the "Governor and the Notary," in Washington Irving's *Tales*. Some of the troops occupy a picturesque Churrigueresque Palace, near the Public Gardens, and the Plaza Campilla. An ornamented façade here, a pretty gateway there, just redeem the Granada streets from the charge of being monotonously dull and uniform.

The shops are common and bad, except one or two of the Antiquaries,—where I saw a great deal that was distinctly good. One such collection deserves a visit, if only to see the attractive beauty of the owner's house, and his pillared courtyard, "Cura Campo," "Carrera de Darro," which part of Granada, as has been remarked, is in the old and pretty portion. But every one will be glad to get away from the streets, and to wander about the Alameda, or to rest in the charming Public Gardens upon the banks of the historical Xenil, with canopies of great white-blossomed "Bomba" trees overhead. And when you are tired of watching the gay crowds, who here make holiday in the evenings, and you have finished admiring the pretty horses and mules and the carriages of the Señoritas, who, with their pretty soft faces, so resemble lumps of rahat la kourm, even to the powder with which that Turkish sweet-

meat is covered, and their white mantillas, (it is your first experience probably of the white mantillas) you can get up and stroll along the banks of the River. And now you find yourself once more amongst the scenes of romantic history. You may wonder in which well it was that "Zara" dropped her ear-rings (*vide* Lockhart's Spanish Ballads), or where it was that Abu-Abdillah (Boabdil) met Ferdinand and Isabella,—and by which path it was that he and his immemorially sad cavalcade reached the unforgettable "Cuesta de las Lagrimas."

You may look into the dappled waters, and half fancy, that as in some magic crystal, Moorish dusky faces are turned up to yours, and that you have caught a gleam of a falchion or the flash of a rejon; and perhaps you may really pick up a piece of Azulejos and treasure it thereafter as a true relic of the old legendary Moors.

But if you wish for gold (and who does not?), you must go to the other river, the Darro, where, even to this day, the Spanish peasant washes a few grains out of its sand.

The Xenil has its source in a glacier,—the one glacier, they say, which the Sierra Nevada can claim. Its waters, when swollen by the melting snow, are not in request for drinking purposes by the Granadites.

Although Granada has taken the pomegranate as her badge, in the belief that the City was so named from the Roman word "granatum,—it seems much more probable, that Granada is only a corruption of Karnattah, her Phœnician name, and the "*Kar*," as

also in the case of Carthage, merely signifies an "eminence." One does not feel very eager to make excursions out of Granada, at least I did not, although any one with leisure at his command would gladly go over some of the villages and ruinous towns to the west of Granada to study the ousting of the Moors from site to site until finally they were hemmed in and overcome in their ancient Capital.

Those also who have proclivities towards geology and botany would find a wide field, I am told, in visits to the Alpuxarros and the Sierra Nevada.

And I was also told, that no one with any pretensions to his duties as a tourist, could omit taking into the sphere of his operations a drive to the suppressed Carthusian Convent, known as the "Cartuja."

It is only an excursion of an hour, over an extremely ill-kept road, to the west of Granada. All the beggars of the district apparently make it their resort. Never did I see such an ill-conditioned gathering of the halt, and the maimed, the distorted, and the bandaged brotherhood,—like a swarm of vultures, awaiting the coming of the "forasteros."

The Convent is very spacious, with its Court and Cloisters and Chapels, and is a striking monument of perfect bad taste. I was nevertheless glad to have gone there, if only to see the lavish expenditure of tortoise-shell, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and marble displayed,—principally upon the doors of the Chapel, and in "Comodas" (cupboards) of the

Sacristy. Here also, I had my first sight of the beautiful marbles of the Sierra Nevada. Not so much of the rather sad-coloured brown kind, of which the Capilla del Sacramento almost wholly consists, but more of the excessively beautiful "splashed" white and brown in the Sacristia. This marble has the appearance of very white frozen snow, intermingled with large streaks of earth, of a fine brown colour.

It is to be regretted that the Spaniards avail themselves so little of their native productions in marble.

Even the Tombs in the Granada Cathedral are of Carrara marble. There is one very pretty Madonna by Alonzo Caño, over the Altar. Formerly, there were many pictures here by the same artist, but they were swooped upon as usual by the irrepressible French under Sebastiani. The Cloisters contain some highly sensational, not to say repulsive, frescoes by Fra Cotan, a Carthusian monk. They purport to be authentic representations of martyred brother Carthusians in England, suffering for their faith, by command of Henry VIII. The custode (a very grumpy person), who was vengefully pointing out these mendacious frescoes to me, glared at me defiantly when I ventured to suggest to him the probability of their being fictitious. Shaking his keys at me, as though he had reason to suspect me of being, at least, an accessory after the fact, he declared them to be as authentic as the Gospel.

I assured him that I had not been an accomplice,

nor even a contemporary, of Henry VIII, although one of the wives of the much-married King had been a kinswoman of mine. I refrained from crushing him with the additional information that the said kinswoman had not been one of the decapitated. For I knew, that either he would have shed scalding tears of rage, or, (and *that* is more probable) that he would have crushed *me* with the information, (such is the superficial omniscience of the spiteful) that Henry only refrained from sending her, too, to the scaffold because she had died in child-birth! He was quite pleased when I left the building, and shut the door with a bang, as much as to say, to a would-be assassin like myself never should ingress be again permitted. No creature is nicer than a well-educated Spaniard. No creature can make himself more disagreeable than a Spaniard who is *not* well educated.

Look at the fine ~~Hospital de~~ "los Locos" (Madhouse) in the Plaza del Triunfo,—as you go back. You will not want to go inside. It was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, and finished by Charles V. It is in the fine "plateresque" style. Some suppose that Isabella felt especially sympathetic towards the crazy, both her mother, and Juana, her daughter, having been distraught.

This Plaza was once the place for the execution of criminals, or those who were looked upon by the laws as such. Later it was the Bull-ring. "San Geronimo," and the Hospital of "San Juan de Dios," are two other buildings that should be seen. The latter Saint was a miracle of goodness and

charity. He was, naturally, in Spain, looked upon as a madman, and shut up in a cage accordingly. His cage is shown. The Convent of S. Geronimo is still splendid, although a wreck of what it was and of what it was intended to be. It first fell from its pride of place by being plundered by the French. It was, and should have been still, a worthy monument to "El Gran Capitano," who built it, and whose ashes are supposed to rest here still. It has been, and is now, devoted to military requirements, in honour possibly of the Great Soldier—Barracks, Arsenal, Cavalry Stables.

The great whitewashed arcades of the Cathedral assume a less garish hue in the evening, when a softer and more genial light is streaming through some of the fine painted windows. It was at such a time that I went there again in order that I might haply establish some kinder relations between ourselves. I was rewarded by coming in for a beautiful procession.

It was one of my last days in Granada, and when the Corpus Christi Festival was verging on its conclusion. The seemingly interminable procession consisted chiefly of children. Upon such occasions children are more than usually attractive. They take themselves and the occasion so seriously, with their innocent rivalry one of the other, and their pretty efforts to keep step to the chanting, and to maintain their candles alight and straight. And as their chanting and the hymns of the priests and acolytes woke up the echoes, and their torches, through the gathering gloom, threw here and there



GRANADA, FROM SAN GERONIMO.

weird shadows about them, I strove to keep my mind directed to the scene and to its suggestions. But the other Shadows and Shades would not have it so, and seemed to command that I should evoke Abduls, and should summon Ahmids and Ishmaels from their long slumber in the Alhambra above. The glamour of the old Race, even in this fane dedicated to a creed other than theirs, is too potent to be resisted. The Saracens rule our spirits even from the urns of their conquerors. Our sympathies are always with the Moors. They were the stronger Race, and they went down, because of their own dissensions, because they failed to present an united front in presence of their foes. They seem to have wrought their own defeat, and to have dealt themselves the final blow. No one can say that the Spaniards, although they could boast of many great Capitano, great Kings and Cardinals, Saints and Poets and Artists, were the greater Race.

In the arts of war and peace, in science and agriculture, in law and order, the Moors were undoubtedly far greater. Their greatness, their virtues, their knowledge, were always in excess of their rivals. And whatever we may think of the creed of Mahomet, when we recall to mind the gloomy superstition, the frightful persecutions of Jews, Saracens and Heretics, which represented, for the Spaniards, the symbols of the Gospel, it will scarcely be urged that in practical religion the Spaniards were in advance of the Moors.

It is almost a personal pain leaving Granada.

You feel more sympathy than ever for poor El Rey Chico, and you re-echo his immortal "Ultimo Suspiro," as you throw your last glance at the hillock where it was breathed. But your farewell to the Alhambra is very gradual, for it will be long before those proud Towers fade from the view. You watch them recede, as you have watched some stately vessel far out at sea, with its great burden of invaluable lives and precious freight, until it "sinks, with all we love"—perhaps,—
"below the verge."

CHAPTER XVIII

RONDA

Byron's lines on Cintra applied to the Vega—"The Kashmir" of Spain—Verdancy of the Vega, thanks to the Moors!—Fertility and Fighting—Archidona's chalk soil—Mountain scenes—Cork Woods—Arrival at Ronda—An English Country-town—Hotel at Station, possible, and convenient—Modern City a dead-level of whitewash—Old City unique—"Make for the ancient Bridge"—The "Taja" chasm—Strongest natural fortress of Spain—Aldagueta's Bridge—A monument of his hapless fate—Similar destinies of Murillo and Corenzo—Another Bridge above—The Casa Mandragon and Garden—An architectural gem—Coats of arms whitewashed. Why?—Market-place; Norman Arcades—Tower of Ronda Cathedral—Wood-carvings—Youthful Cicerones—Half of the Building the old Mosque (?)—Very modern aspect—Alcazar in the Plaza—Present occupation—Moorish Towers—Calle de San Pedro—Casa del Rey Moro—A Polyphemus—Ford's story—Victims' skulls for drinking-cups—Rock-hewn Stairs, to River—"Mina del Ronda"—Moorish remains sparse—Prevalence of Moorish blood—Alameda—The Paseo for Populace of 25,000 inhabitants—Longevity, a Proverb in Ronda—"Chickens" at eighty!—Grand old Men—An inducement to live here—Old Testament types—Drives and rides innumerable—Roman aqueduct, a "snare"—Malaga Road—An abandoned Posada—Good Wine—Electric Light at Ronda—River-power utilised here—Flour Mills, old and new—Less apparent Poverty in Spain than in Italy—Beggars more restricted—Better treatment of animals—Cleaner personal habits.

“O CHRIST! It is a goodly sight to see,
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o’er the hills expand.”

Byron’s exclamation over the beauties of Cintra are more than applicable to the Vega over which the train now careers. These verdant meads,—some thirty miles in length and twenty-five in width, sparkling with streams and irrigating rills, bringing forth all kinds of crops and fruits, and delighting all the senses,—might be termed the Kashmir of Spain.

All that Moore has written of the Vale of Kashmir, might be re-echoed here, “And, O! if there be an Elysium on earth it is this, it is this!” There is nothing in Spain, to compare with it. And, fruitful and productive as it is now, it must have been a hundred times more so under the enlightened and fostering care of the Moors, who always made the most of the slightest gifts of Providence. They never wearied in their efforts to get the fullest profit out of every stream and to increase it a hundredfold. They even knew how to make the desert blossom like a rose. It can be imagined what they made of the Vega. Yet the Vega was by no means always the synonym of peace and plenty. These streams have been dyed with blood, and countless war-horses have quenched

their thirst in the waters of the Xenil and the Darro, which have so often reflected the glittering arms of heroes and the watch-fires of opposing hosts. These fields have too often been fertilised with blood. Such things, let us hope, are of the Past. May the peacefulness and the verdancy of the Vega to-day long be undisturbed!

After you have got over these green and fertile plains, the scenery, through which you pass on your way to Ronda, except for the mountain ranges which adorn the distant landscape, becomes less attractive, though the cultivation continues to be plentiful enough to remind you that you are still in the Garden of Spain. At Archidona you come upon a chalk soil and a range of fine mountains setting their faces south and west.

Some hours before you reach Ronda you are passing along and through the cork woods of an undulating country surrounded by bold and rocky mountains. It is a journey of eight hours from Granada to Ronda. You discover nothing of the beauty of this celebrated City from the Railway Station. But it is better to put up at the little Hotel there, which affords you sufficient comfort, instead of pitching upon some other, less comfortable, in the modern town itself. That portion of the City consists of a perfectly dead-level of whitewashed houses, and you feel entirely disappointed until you get into the real old City. Almost every house in the former portion of the town has a bow-window grille, upon the ground-floor, rather resembling in that respect some of the old country-towns in

England. The glare of all these whitewashed houses is very trying to the eyes under a burning Southern sun. But in the real Ronda,—although not ungarnished with liberal whitewash, an artist would spend many a delightful hour in its picturesque, tortuous old streets full of artistic effects in colour and varied architecture. You have only to make for the fine one-arched Bridge over the River Gandiario to take in instantaneously the splendidly romantic position of the City. You are hanging over a huge chasm, called the “Taja,” which divides the two towns. Some 350 feet below you dashes wildly through this rent the Gandiario. It is one of those stupendous scenes to which Turner alone, perhaps, could do full justice. It seems to you as though an earthquake had rent the two towns apart, without, however, disturbing the equilibrium of the churches and castles and other buildings of either, and then that the convulsion had evoked out of the heights the river which dashes down the ravine into the plains beyond.

And so this great fissure became a natural impregnable barrier around the Moorish City, and combined with the precipices that surround it made Ronda what it is, the strongest natural fortress in Spain. The noble bridge itself was thrown over this chasm in 1761, and was the work of José Martin Aldeguela. A strangely cruel destiny has made it not only the triumphal arch of his own engineering genius, but also the monument of his tragic fate. He fell from the

parapet of his bridge into the abyss beneath. One seems to hear the despairing cry of the poor fellow as he, Icarus-like, beheld the Shadow of the Valley of Death beneath him.

In that brief moment of his fall it must have seemed to him as though he had been dealt a death-stroke by the hand of his own offspring. One thinks of other artists who have met an almost similar fate in the contemplation of their masterpieces. Murillo at Cadiz fell from his platform when painting, and died from his injuries at Seville.

Belisario Corenzio also tumbled from a dizzy height whilst engaged in decorating the vaulted roof of San Severino at Naples, and was buried in the Nave beneath.

There is a fine Bridge, higher up, of some eighteen small arches, as picturesque in its way as this arch of painful memories. Ronda is quite unsurpassed in Spain for romantic and extensive views in all directions. From any one of the buildings which gird the heights and precipices upon which the City is built your eye is equally delighted.

To one small Palace, the Cassa Mandragon, you should make a point of going, if only for the views from the little terrace. You have as a foreground, gardens full of pomegranates, lemons and myrtles, and bright flowers, and an immense sweep of plain and valley far beneath you, (for you are standing upon a precipitous cliff) with glorious mountains of

every shape and size, flung around. This little Palace should also be seen upon its own account, for it is an architectural gem in the Moorish style, with pretty pillared arcades, and courts,—shining with Azulejos. The Proprietor does not live here, is always absent, I should think, otherwise he would scarcely have permitted his fine coats of arms to be whitewashed. I have observed shields thus treated in other parts of the City. Is it possible that the stains upon the family escutcheons can only in this way be expunged?

The graceful Norman Arcades of the Market-place, (close to the Bridge,) although of a fine stone, have also been whitewashed nearly out of architectural recognition. The pretty Moorish Tower of the Cathedral has been spared a baptism of this kind, and so is one of the most agreeable features in the City, as well as the most ornamental portion of the Cathedral, to which it seems to stand as Godfather.

The Cathedral, inside, has little to boast of, except the wood-carving of the Choir.

The young man who conducted me through the building, and showed it off, I thought, with more pride than it deserves, desired to impress me with the fact (?) that exactly one-half of it had been the Moslem Mosque. If so, that half has been most successfully transformed into the likeness of the other half, which is admittedly modern of the most modern.

The Alcazar, which occupies the greater portion of the rest of this Plaza, is a handsome building,

probably of the 17th Century. There seems now to be a lack of magnates, military or civil, in Ronda, for most of the rooms are closed, and others have been occupied as schools. There are several Moorish Towers, besides the Campanile of the Cathedral, still standing. The principal one, in the Calle San Pedro, of the Casa del Rey Moro was, it is said, built in 1042, by Al Motadhed, the Polyphemus of these parts, if the records have not belied him. Ford, at least, is responsible for the ghastly story, that not only did he drink wine in defiance of his Prophet's behest, but that he quaffed the unbeliever's beverage in jewelled goblets, formed out of the skulls of the unfortunate men whom he had, with his own hands, decapitated. Hence a staircase hewn out of the rock descends to the river below, for the service of those slaves who had to convey its waters above.

Water was required, I suppose, for the ablutions, at least, of this bibulous monster. "Mina del Ronda," is the name of this staircase.

The Moorish remains in Ronda are not as conspicuous as those in many other Spanish Cities. It is in the antique appearance generally of the old City, in the lineaments of the inhabitants, and in the black-robed, black-hooded women, that you see the prevalence of the Moorish type. The Alameda, the public garden, is remarkable rather for the excessive beauty of its position, perched, as it is, upon a precipitous cliff some 1,000 feet above the plains beneath, than for any botanical merits of its own. Apparently, the inhabitants do

not cry out for those charms in the way of gardening, to which we are so accustomed in most cities of the present day. But it is the resort, the promenade, the *Paséo* of the people of Ronda, who number over 25,000. Ronda has one recommendation, an enormous one, if true, that longevity here has passed into a proverb—"En Ronda los nombres a ochenta son pollones." To be quite a "chicken" at eighty, is more than a recommendation to repair to Ronda. What numbers of grand old men the City must harbour! And now I think of it, I did come across a great many apparent patriarchs.

But appearances, as to age, are very deceptive in Southern climes. Men and women in hot climates are disposed to avail themselves of the privileges of age upon very moderate provocation and to retire upon their reputation, (without pensions, I fear,) as having attained an Old Testament span of years. You certainly will feel the air inspiring and invigorating even in June. I should have liked to have passed all June here. The drives and rides are infinite. The country is not only lovely, but rejoices your heart with its agricultural capabilities encouraged to the utmost. A drive along the Malaga Road, at least, will prove that.

I chiefly went in search of the Roman Aqueduct, of which guide-books speak too encouragingly. The remains are small and dwindling. I took the opportunity of trying to find some of the excellent wine upon which the aforesaid guides so often

lavish undeserved encomiums. Upon this occasion I was fortunate to discover in a very large, though almost deserted Posada, near the aqueduct referred to, some really good light, country white wine, which gave me a higher opinion of the Spanish grapes than I had hitherto held. Steeped in mediæval twilight as Ronda may seem at first sight, the City is not too proud, nor too ignorant, to avail herself of the electric light of to-day. The river-power has been utilised to illuminate the town as well as to turn the flour mills, of which latter service, however, the Moors long ago availed themselves as they did at Toledo, and Cordova, and elsewhere. You may see the millers far below you, when you are upon the bridge, still making use of the Moorish mills.

The electric light,—so much more common in Spain and Italy, than in most of our own rather behind-the-times, small towns,—adds immensely to the traveller's comfort, and economises his time. You are able, now, to stroll about at night, to extend your observations, and to restudy much that you may have only glanced at by day. The Spaniards are generally supposed to be a very impoverished Race. There is no doubt but that their want of enterprise and energy, in working and taking advantage of the many sources of wealth which so abound in this fine country, has prevented, and still does prevent, a much greater diffusion of wealth and comfort. But so far as a tourist's observation may justify him in expressing an opinion upon the subject, I should be inclined

to think that there is much less poverty in Spain than in Italy. That may arise from Spain being less densely populated than Italy, for the Italians are certainly more industrious than the Spaniards. We hear many complaints, too, about Spanish beggars, but in that respect also, I think, Spain has the advantage. Certainly, in Church-porches and in similar places, the Spanish beggars become a great nuisance to travellers. But in such spots they seem to concentrate themselves. For in the streets themselves, they do not appear in anything like the numbers with which you have to struggle in Cities like Rome, and Naples, for example.

I should also say that the Spanish lower classes were far cleaner in themselves, and in their habits, than the Italians.

In another, a most essential, point, the superiority of the Spaniards to the Italians is remarkably evinced. That is their care of, and attention to, their animals. I have never seen any gross cruelty to horses, mules, or donkeys. And I really believe that a Spaniard would stint himself, if necessary, so that his beast should not want. Hence the far superior condition of animals in Spain. In Italy, upon the other hand, scarcely a day passes, but you see the galled jade wincing and every creature having his withers cruelly wrung!—with what cruel reflex action upon your own feelings, every traveller in Italy can attest.

CHAPTER XIX

ALGECIRAZ AND THE ROCK

Approach the "Rock" by Algeciraz—Hopes to have entered by a tunnel—Algeciraz bristles with romance—Moorish "Green Island"—Alfonso XV—Donizetti's "Favorita"—Medina-Sidonia—Phœnician "Sidon"—Guzman Buenos—Algeciraz, Moorish Key to Spain—King of Spain, emphatically King of Algeciraz—Ruins of Roman Carteia ("El Rocabille")—"Queen Isabella's Chair"—Fears that "Seat" may unseat us—Custom-house at Gibraltar—Gentle treatment—How unlike Victoria and Charing Cross—Rooke's Rock—War of Spanish Succession—Gibraltar, loved of British Subalterns—Spirit of "Rule, Britannia"—Eastern appearance—Costumes—Moors and "Handy-men"—Tailless Monkeys—Descendants of Solomon's Apes?—Andalucia—Tarshish—Solomon and Queen of Sheba—Absence of "native" gold—Gibraltar fears the "Levanter"—Once famous for unhealthiness—Plague or Drains?—Water-supply—Monkeys "clear out" when the Levanter blows—Hot discussion about the Moles—Experts—Possible Spanish Batteries—Leonine Form of the Rock—Kingleake's "Eothen"—A Lion Couchant—"Watching jealous Navies from his lair"—Britannia rules the Waves!

THE shadow of the Great Rock, "Rooke's Rock," seems to assert its supremacy over you even at Ronda. It is only like turning a corner suddenly and finding yourself in the arms

of an old friend. You may perhaps have been aroused by the boom of its multitudinous guns long ere you have quitted Spanish soil. So you must be throwing aside fanciful pieces of costume, Spanish or Moorish, with which you may have supplied the deficiencies of a dwindling wardrobe, and appear wholly in the garb of a right-minded Briton. Short as is the distance from Ronda to British soil,—it is much magnified by having to embark at Algeciraz, for half an hour's trip across the Bay. I had dreamily pictured to myself, a luxurious drive up to the Rock, diversified by an occasional challenge from a Khakied British Sentry, or perhaps passing through a tunnel. The latter mode would be such a convenience. And one tunnel more or less through the honeycombed old Rock, would make so little difference. The nerves of the leonine eyrie Fortress would not be affected.

For *miles* round Algeciraz the country bristles with romance, and sparkles with knightly traditions. The Algeciraz of the Moors (*their* name for it was "Green Island") was destroyed by Alfonso XI. To all who have seen Donizetti's "Favorita," Alfonso is a familiar figure. For Leonora de Guzman was his "Favorita." A few miles distant is Medina-Sidonia, a place that has given a title to her descendants,—the "Guzman Buenos," one of the greatest Spanish Patricians. But that family is a mushroom of modernity in comparison with the origin of the title. The Phœnician emigrants are declared to have given it the name of "Sidon" in

commemoration of the City whence they had come. Algeciraz was the Moorish Key to Spain. The King of Spain is emphatically styled "King of Algeciraz."

Algeciraz has been partly formed from the ruins of Carteia (now known as "El Rocardille,") where the Romans had a colony, and before them the Phœnicians, and the Greeks. Before fixing your eyes upon the Great Rock which is looming nearer and nearer to you, cast a glance at the commanding hill, (almost as high it seemed to me as the Rock itself,) known as "Queen Isabella's Chair."

Some of the more nervous amongst us predict that that seat, unless jealously looked after, may unseat us. You have to pass through a Custom-house, when you descend upon the British Rock. A not very formidable ordeal, for the authorities will accept your *parole d'honneur* about your goods. If only they would do as much in those highly civilised bear-gardens, known as Charing Cross, and Victoria!

And this Rock was Calpe,—the European Pillar of Hercules, as Abyla, (now Ceuta) was the African Pillar. Then "Gebal-Tarik," from its Saracen Conqueror,—the "Hill of Tarik," a Moorish possession for six hundred years, then Spanish, thanks to the Guzmans aforesaid. The Spaniards held it for some three hundred years. The great Rooke captured it in 1704. It is one of the few material guarantees that remain to us for our sacrifices in the Spanish War of Succession.

It is a monument to English valour at least

during the long and barren contests of the Wars of the Spanish Succession. What centuries lie between the old Moorish Chief and the British Admiral!

Now it is "Gib." *tout court*!—the "Gib." loved of British middies, and subalterns, whereto they bring all their sports, and pastimes to make a British holiday lark,—hunting, cricket, rackets, races, and what not! And yet "Gib." though suffused with British spirits, (and *others*!) and steeped, too, in the spirit of "Rule, Britannia," remains one of the most Eastern-looking places.

There is an incessant bustle in the precipitous streets—a perpetual masquerade of Arab and Moors, in caftans, and burnouses, going on for the benefit especially of red-coated and white-helmeted "Tommies" and of white-trouserred, straw-hatted "Jacks."

During your visits to and clamberings up of galleries, and batteries, you may, possibly, with a good pair of glasses, discern one of the tailless monkeys, of which "Gib." is justly proud. You may, if you have proper faith in the tales of Biblical annotators, welcome them as descendants of "Solomon's Apes," who again, of course, were also descended from his Ancestors, and your own. For this is Tarshish, or rather Andalusia was Tarshish, (so it is declared,) and supplied King Solomon with gold, silver, ivory, peacocks, and apes.

Yet one thinks that the wisest of Kings could

have procured all those commodities very much nearer home and at a much more reasonable rate. The Queen of Sheba, for instance, who certainly was very good at receiving presents, must have had plenty of spare articles of the kind at her disposal.

Anyhow, some one seems to have drained "Tarshish" quite dry of the gold. For the always impoverished Spaniards seem rarely to have had anything more than a bowing acquaintance with the most precious of metals, except during their brief sway of the New World.

And in "Gib." itself, British sovereigns have quite ousted whatever may be or may have been the Spanish equivalents, such as "doblons," and "doblons d'Isabel."

Gibraltar, in spite of its great heat, is generally supposed to be healthy. But "rock-fever" can be, though not often, deadly, as well as disagreeable. It is most to be feared when the extremely depressing Levanter blows.

That wind has much the same effect upon the nerves as the Sirocco in Italy. The monkeys even, are affected by it, and change their spots (unlike the leopards) to get out of its path.

But it must be noted that "Gib." has not always enjoyed a reputation for healthiness. In the early years of the last century, a malignant and most deadly sickness long raged upon the Rock. Whether it was a kind of plague brought over from Africa or elsewhere, or whether it proceeded from the quality of the water, (and the latter supposition

seems a probable explanation,) cannot be determined. As there has been no return of this mysterious epidemic, since the water supply and the drainage question have been dealt with, it may be assumed that it had its source both in the defective quality of the water and in bad drainage.

The Rock nearly faces the west. Its length from north to south, at Europa Point, is about three miles. It is about 1,430 feet high at its highest point. There has been much hot discussion of late years about the Moles. "Experts," or those who consider themselves as such, wish us to abandon the Moles upon the West Bay, as being liable to destruction, by some (as yet unconstructed) Spanish Batteries. These "critics" would substitute harbours upon the south-east of Europa Point, whereon the whole force of the formidable Levanter discharges itself. These "experts" add, that the south-west wind encountered by the present Moles, or those in construction, is fully as violent. It is to be hoped that those who have lived at Gibraltar, and who have studied these winds and currents and tides for years, may be permitted to decide the question.

I thought it rather pleasing amongst other aspects, physical or moral, of Gibraltar, to admire the leonine form of the Rock,—a British Lion in form as in symbol. The words of "Eothen," when in contemplation of the Sphinx, came to me as strangely appropriate. That page, ("Islam" having been here also,) may be, with but little change, applied to our "Rock."

"And we,—we shall die,—and Islam will wither

away,—and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot upon the “Rock,” and sit in the midst of the Faithful, and still that sleepless ‘Rock’ will lie watching and watching.”

And, as I said, the vast and massive Rock resembles a Lion couchant,—regarding from his great sea-lair, all that pass below him in the ocean beneath, and disregarding with majestic unconcern the jealous Navies that seem to gnash their iron teeth with envy, as they glance, with impotent rage, upon the Rock whence Britannia rules the waves. And hence she means to rule them and here to hold on (with God’s Providence) so long as Land and Sea jog on together.

REFERENCE-SKETCH OF EARLY HISTORY OF SPAIN

PHŒNICIANS, occupying the South of Spain, lived 800 B.C., or if Andalusia were "Tarsish," as has been supposed, long before the above-mentioned date, Solomon's era being 1015 B.C.

CARTHAGINIANS held Southern Spain from 235-206, during the the second Punic War, Spain generally having been the base of Hannibal's Invasion of Italy.

ROMANS in Spain up to 412 A.D.

VISIGOTHS conquered Spain 412 A.D.

MOORS defeat Roderic, the last of the Visigothic kings, with the assistance of the renegade Count Florestan, at the Battle of Gaudalete, 712 A.D.

MOORISH DYNASTIES.

The Moorish Dynasties are divided into four periods:—

The First Moorish Period.

The first extended from 711 A.D., the year in which Tarik took possession of the Rock of Gibraltar, to 756 A.D. During this period their Spanish dominions were governed by Emirs deputed by the Caliph of Damascus.

The Second Moorish Period.

The second Moorish period extended from 756 A.D., in which year Abd-al-Rahman declared his independence of Damascus, till 1009 A.D. Abd-al-Rahman made Cordova his capital, and commenced the mosque in that city. During this second period ten Sultans reigned.

The Third Moorish Period.

The third period extends from 1009 to 1227 A.D. It is marked by the internecine dissensions of two great religious factions—the

Almoravides-Murabitins and the Almohades. The latter fanatics (founded by a Mahdi, "Ibn-Abdullah") eventually got the upper hand.

The Fourth Moorish Period.

The fourth period, signalised by the capture of the great Moorish capital, Cordova by "Saint" Ferdinand, dates from 1235 to 1492 A.D., when the Moorish dominion was put an end to by Ferdinand and Isabella the "Catholic."

Ibnu-l-Ahmar, the vassal of St. Ferdinand, had founded the last dynasty, that of Granada, when Cordova had fallen in 1235 A.D.

It is to be noted, as regards the Moorish dominion, that although the Moors had been supreme in Andalucia, and in their superb capitals of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada, they never possessed themselves of the entire kingdom.

Although they occupied Portugal and foraged far and wide to the north and west as far as Leon and Oviedo, and even established themselves for a time in Saragossa, where their kings ruled from 1014-1118 A.D., the chief seats of their power continued to be in Andalucia, Toledo, and also in Valencia.

Notwithstanding the overthrow of Roderic at Gaudalete in 712 A.D., small Visigothic dynasties had continued to rule in Oviedo, in Leon, and in the Asturias. Castile, Aragon, and Navarre still possessed rulers who rarely ceased to wage war upon the Moors and to resist their encroachments.

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